

FIVE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY



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Five Centuries of English Poetry

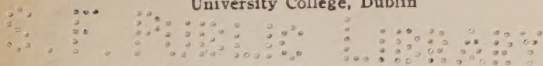
From Chaucer to De Vere

REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS WITH NOTES
AND REMARKS ON THE ART OF
READING VERSE
ALOUD

BY THE REV.

GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., M.A.

Professor of English,
University College, Dublin



"Κτήμα ἐς αἰὶ μαλλον ἢ ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παράχρημα ἀκούειν"

—*Thucydides*.

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Five centuries of
English poetry from
1912

"A possession for ever, rather than a theme for
transitory hearing and competition."

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PREFACE



THE editor of a new volume of selections from English poetry can hardly shirk the necessity of writing a preface. "Many such books exist already; some of them are very good books; why then produce a new one? The *genus* is hardly one to be encouraged; it means scrappiness, snippets, and (for students) the evasion of serious and useful literary study." Objections such as these must be looked for. I trust then, I may occupy some space in explaining how the present work does not increase the number of books that are either noxious or superfluous.

I will not dilate upon my primary aim, which was to make provision for the special wants of certain students in whom I am particularly interested. But that the work was intended for methodical study by students, not for the literary recreation of casual readers, this has to be noted, as it excludes the notion of attempted competition with a large class of works compiled without any scholastic intention and best represented by the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*.

In the next place, this volume is by no means a lyric anthology. Nor, again, is it an assemblage of

“purple patches” from great poems. It aims at illustrating successive types of English poetry. It keeps in view the importance of providing the student (even the ordinary non-specialist student) with *some* knowledge of the larger masterpieces and of the special poetic powers displayed in them. Hence six or seven long and notable poems have been given almost in their entirety. Great authors not represented in this way have been represented by very substantial extracts from important works. The remaining poets selected as characteristic figure in extracts or (much more commonly) in complete poems of very various lengths. If uniformity of treatment has thus been sacrificed, more than one compensating advantage has (I trust) been gained. A degree of variety has perhaps been secured which will prove not only agreeable but also serviceable, as tending to bring out more clearly the contrasting characteristics of the successive selections.

Cheapness and portability being highly desirable from a student's point of view, greater brevity was aimed at than belongs even to the *Golden Treasury*. Why give more matter than was likely to be of direct value (in addition to the other elements of an English course) for a year or so's work? Of course the question had to be faced and decided—what quantity of matter “a year's work” implies. On the highly controversial subject of length of courses I will not dilate: I will only say that I am altogether on the side of briefer and more definite programmes than are favoured by some professors of more idealist views. In prescribed courses of great length I see much more clearly the danger of dulling the edge of youthful literary appetite than the hope and

promise of increasing its keenness—most desirable of results!

The purpose of illustrating English literature as it is, not as one might wish it to have been, must be the answer to a possible demur which may arise in the minds of some whose opinions I value. "Could not this volume," it may be said, "have been made more distinctly edifying, more of 'a handful of pleasant delights' to devout and elevated souls?" The desire for such a thing is reasonable; it has already been responded to: such an anthology has been compiled by that admirable man and poet, Aubrey de Vere. But my purpose was different from de Vere's and a different demand had to be met. It was a question of making acquaintance with that huge complex called English literature; and it is as impossible to do this (even superficially) without taking into account greatness seriously faulty and genius ill-employed, as it would be to endeavour to know the ocean and take no account of rocks and storms and ice-fields. One may recall some of the admirable words wherein Newman treats of literary studies as a university pursuit:—

A literature . . . is a fact . . . and can be as little ignored as the present, as little undone as the past . . . One literature may be better than another, but bad will be the best, when weighed in the balance of truth and morality. It cannot be otherwise; . . . man's work will savour of man—in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. (*Idea of a University*, pp. 308 and 316).

My business, however, being only to give brief illustrations of what is *best* in English poetry, it has not been difficult to avoid quoting anything which could give serious offence,

The student who uses this volume is supposed to have already made acquaintance with certain well-known specimens of English verse, and therefore some popular and much-edited items from Goldsmith, Scott, Moore, Cowper and others are not found here. Some of the greatest names, notably Shakespeare and Milton, are represented in an obviously inadequate manner; the reason being that the serious student of literature must seek, concerning such writers, much deeper and wider knowledge than the scope of this book could possibly afford him. The omissions thus motivated have left space for some novelties and for some slight gratification of the editor's particular tastes.

A few words may, I think, be profitably devoted to answering the question—why our poetic survey ends about the year 1850. It will seem to some pedantic and unkind not to provide for the pleasure and benefit of the youthful reader something from the delights of modern lyric—from its finely-developed technic, its enthralling verse-music, its kinship with our own sentiments, etc. I would answer briefly that these very attractions are reasons why a teacher may, without scruple, leave this region alone. If there is any poetry which his pupils may be trusted to read for themselves, it is this poetry. His business is to lead them to pastures less obviously attractive. He has to teach them the value of “inestimable stones, unvalued jewels” that lie enmined in the past. He has to turn their eyes from the shining copper currency of the day to the gold and silver, stamped with

The antique shapes of kings and kesars strange and rare,

that time and ever-fickle fashion have now left dim and obscure.

A further reason is the vastness of the material represented by a bare "five centuries." It would have been a hopeless overloading of the book to add specimens (even very inadequate ones) of recent poetic production in English, had I to have even touched on the consideration of such types as (to mention but three): Francis Thompson, Walt Whitman, and Mr. Yeats. With Chaucer, the Renaissance, the Elizabethans, Milton, Dryden, the Queen Anne wits, the Romantic Revival, Tennyson, Browning, not to mention minors, we have quite enough to occupy us. And I thought it just as reasonable to omit everything after 1850 as to omit everything earlier than 1380.

In the greater difficulty involved in a study of ancients, I see a reason for preferring, rather than for postponing them to the moderns. This is a view which has long been so unfashionable that it may seem quite paradoxical. We have learnt to rejoice unboundedly over machine-simplifications and all the devices of learning-made-easy. There are, however, some signs that this nineteenth century idea is passing away. Once again, perhaps, we may find ourselves assured with authority that education cannot profitably be a process of facile absorption, that it must rather mean a straining of mental and moral sinews, a hardening of teeth on intellectual crusts, nay even a discipline in self-denial! Meantime, while waiting for the possible revival of such ascetic ideas, I gladly make my own the words of Professor Hales in the Introduction to his *Longer English Poems*: "The better part may not be won without dust and heat,

and there is nothing worthy to be achieved without sincere, undaunted, never-wearying industry."

Not unconnected, doubtless, with this disciplinary character is the power which remote and difficult studies have of developing original gifts. That they possess this virtue has been proved by the history of all the Arts. In the primitive, simple, and long-obsolete has repeatedly been found a germinal and stimulating force which is sought for vainly in the highly-developed and modern.

Coming next to speak of that necessary evil—notes and comments—I find that my theory and practice on this head differ from those of the distinguished precursor whose words on another theme I have just made my own. I have refrained from exercising the patience and memory of the student with any such apparatus of commentary as Professor Hales has thought well to put before his readers. Admirable, but certainly formidable, is the display of varied erudition with which he expounds his selected English poems. Does he wish to introduce us to Burns' *Two Dogs* and their plain rustic talk? He leads off with quotations from Cervantes, Wordsworth, St. Francis of Assisi and Horace. Then, on the first line of the text, comes a note of thirty very small-printed lines in which the single word 'Coila' serves to bring in a flood of information about King Coil, Kyles in Scotland, Kyles in Wales (Ireland, indeed, is omitted), Geoffrey of Monmouth, King Lucius, the Empress Helena, Spenser, Colchester, and the Black Book of Carmarthen. This overflowing erudition may bring pleasure or profit to a reader already highly cultivated and well-informed; it may excite envy in the breast of a less learned

editor; but of what value can it be for the ordinary or even the very intelligent student? What use can he make of this whirling dust of perfectly miscellaneous information, which, could he assimilate it all, would yet be but a fraction of the matters which form his year's course of study? The worst danger is that it may prove not merely useless but actively harmful; that it may raise up a cloud of repulsion and ennui between the eyes of his mind and the masterpieces for which we desire to win his understanding and appreciation.

I have therefore endeavoured to avoid lengthiness—with its accompanying evil of small type. I cannot, of course, hope to have hit exactly the golden mean. I may sometimes have dilated unduly upon favourite topics. Some explanations of meanings will seem to some superfluous; yet they will be excused, I fancy, by experienced teachers, or examiners, who know how seldom explanation of this kind is really superfluous. The philological notes are necessarily unsystematic and incidental; they may, however, be useful helps towards the beginnings of philological study. Those whom that science already interests will find noted here and there some very recent speculations or conclusions.

I have to acknowledge a large amount of indebtedness to previous editors or commentators—the names of many will be found in my notes; to standard authorities such as the N.E.D., Kluge, and Wright; to Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench, and Trübner for permission to include Mr. Austin Dobson's portrait of Johnson; for similar permission with regard to the poems from Mr. Aubrey de Vere to Mr. R. S. de Vere and Mr. Wilfrid Ward; to Rev. P. J.

Connolly, S.J., for much helpful counsel; to the Art Mistress at Loreto College, Rathmines, for the design of the book-cover; but to none are my obligations so great as to my colleague, Mr. C. M. Drennan, M.A., Cambridge, for aid towards the compiling of the book and most kindly-given and valuable aid in revising my proof-sheets.

G. O'NEILL.

University College, Dublin,

Michaelmas, 1912.

REMARKS ON READING POETRY ALOUD

Poetry is primarily intended to be recited or read aloud. This is particularly true of the older and more primitive poetry, but it applies in a measure to all. The reason of it lies in the intimate and vital connection of the intellectual and musical elements in this art. The poet is not to be conceived of as "clothing" thought in a dress of metrical and ornamental language: such an image, though frequently employed by writers of the eighteenth century, is wholly misleading.

The poet's creation, when he is successful, presents to us matter and form, thought and language, in absolute union, either element possessing and exerting its power only in virtue of the other. Such a creation is made real for us by an adequately-gifted reciter or reader. His task is to bring out as fully as possible the meaning and the music that are in the poem, lending to neither undue prominence, but interpreting the work as a whole. He must not, on the one hand, obscure the writer's thought by over-emphasizing merely sensible effects—the pattern of verse, the ring of rhymes, the technique of vowels, consonants, cadences. Nor, on the other hand, may he read verse just as if it were prose, defrauding the hearer of the measured music which the poet has put into his lines.

But the reader, anxious to do his best, will often be confronted with passages where the writer has effected but an imperfect unison of sense and sound, of metre and meaning, and where, therefore, unable to set entirely right what is wrong, he must make some choice between evils. His guiding principle then should be to side with the spiritual rather than the material; he should make sense and its perfect delivery his first concern, and glide as smoothly as he can over whatever tends to roughen the music.

The most difficult verse to read is blank verse. To reproduce all the freedom and variety of a Milton's epic melody; to break none of its long flights while yet maintaining some feeling of the single lines; to slur over no felicities of sound and cadence while yet never sacrificing to such minor beauties the dignity and impressiveness of the "great argument": this will tax the abilities of the most sympathetic and careful reader; nor will he succeed in doing justice to his poet without foresight and preparation.

At the opposite pole of verse stand the lightly-tripping, but singularly invariable anapæstic rhythms, such as we meet in *Farewell to thee*, *Araby's Daughter* or *Bendemeer's Stream*. Verse of this kind should be read musically, but with care to avoid monotony and mere jingle, and all the more according as the matter is more serious.

Finally—to mention (and barely to mention) three important points—the good reader will enhance the effect of his rendering by variety of **speed**; furthermore, by variety of **pitch**; and when different characters are introduced as speaking, he will make the dramatic alternation intelligible to his hearers by associating a slightly different tone and **style** with each personage.

Five Centuries of English Poetry

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(1340—1400).

This exordium and these pen-portraits—types of fourteenth-century England — illustrate Chaucer's ordinary manner in narration and description. They afford but a very inadequate representation of a poet so many-sided that (at least as regarded his own country) he may be said to have summed up the Middle Ages and inaugurated the Renaissance.

I FROM PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

WHAN that Aprillè with his shourès soote
The droghte of March hath percèd to the roote,
And bathèd every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertú engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetè breeth 5
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendrè croppès, and the yongè sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfè cours y-ronne,
And smale fowelès maken melodye
That slepen al the nyght with open eye,— 10
So priketh hem Natúre in hir coráges,—
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straungè strondes
To ferne halwès, kowthe in sondry londes . . .
A Knyght ther was and that a worthy man, 15
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he lovèd chivalrie,

Trouthe and honóur, fredom and curteisie :
 Ful worthy was he in his lordès werre,
 And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre, 20
 As wel in cristendom as in hethènesse,
 And ever honóurèd for his worthynesse.
 At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne ;
 Ful oftè tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
 Aboven allè naciõs in Puce. 25
 In Lettow hadde he reysèd and in Ruce ;
 At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
 And foughten for oure feith at Tramysse
 In lystès thriès, and ay slayn his foo.
 This ilkè worthy knyght hadde been also 30
 Sometymè with the lord of Palatye
 Agayn another hethen in Turkye ;
 And evermoore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
 And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meeke as is a mayde. 35
 He never yet no vileynye ne sayde,
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
 He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght.
 But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors weren goode, but he ne was nat gay ; 40
 Of fustian he werèd a gypon
 Al bismoterèd with his habergeon,
 For he was late y-come from his viage,
 And wentè for to doon his pilgrimagè
 A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also, 45
 That unto logyk haddè longe y-go.
 As leenè was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake,
 But lookèd holwe, and ther-to sobrelly ;
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy ; 50
 For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,

Ne was so worldly for to have office;
 For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
 Twénty bookès, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie, 55
 Than robès riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie:
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet haddè he but litel gold in cofre;
 But al that he myghte of his freendès hente
 On bookès and his lernynge he it spentè, 60
 And bisily gan for the soulès preye
 Of hem that yaf hym wher-with to scoleye.
 Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede,
 Noght o word spak he moorè than was neede,
 And that was seyð in forme and reverence, 65
 And short and quyk and ful of hy sentéce.
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche . . .
 A Shipman was ther, wonynge fer by weste;
 For aught I woot he was of Dertémouthe. 70
 He rood upon a rouncy as he kouthe,
 In a gowne of faldyng to the knee.
 A daggere hangynge on a laas hadde he
 Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
 The hootè somer hadde maad his hewe al broun; 75
 And certainly he was a good felawe.
 Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he i-drawe
 Fro Burdeuxward, whil that the chapman sleep:
 Of nycè conscience took he no keep.
 If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond, 80
 By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
 But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
 His stremès and his daungers hym bisides,
 His herberwe and his moone, his lodemenage,
 Ther was noon swich from Hullè to Cartage. 85

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
 With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake;
 He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
 From Gootlond to the Cape of Fynystere,
 And every cryke in Britaigne and in Spayne. 90
 His barge y-clepèd was the Maudëlayne.

A good Wif was ther of bisidë Bathe,
 But she was som-del deaf, and that was scathe.
 Of clooth-makyng she haddë swich an haunt
 She passèd hem of Yprès and of Gaunt. 95
 In al the parisshe wif ne was ther noon
 That to the offrynge bifore hire sholdë goon;
 And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she,
 That she was out of allë charitee.
 Hir coverchiefs ful fynë weren of ground,— 100
 I dorstë swere they weyëden ten pound,—
 That on a Sondag weren upon hir heed.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite y-teyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe.
 Boold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe. 105
 She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
 Housbondes at chirchë dore she haddë fyve,
 Withouten oother compaignye in youthe,—
 But ther-of nedeth nat to speke as nowthe,—
 And thries hadde she been at Jerusálem; 110
 She haddë passèd many a straungë strem;
 At Rome she haddë been, and at Boloigne,
 In Galice at Seint Jame, and at Coloigne.
 She koudë muchel of wandrynge by the weye.
 Gat-tothéd was she, soothly for to seye. 115
 Upon an amblere esily she sat,
 Y-wymplèd wel, and on hir heed an hat
 As broad as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot mantel aboute her hipës large,

And on hire feet a paire of spore's sharpe. 120
 In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe;
 Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,
 For she koude of that art the oldè daunce.

2

CAROL.

(Circa 1400).

The poetry which may be strictly called "of the people" in the Middle Ages is lost to us except in a very few instances, and these usually modified by the oral tradition which has brought them down to us. This applies alike to the boisterous effusions of mediæval Burns and Bérangers and to the delicate flowers of cloistered piety and refinement. We know nothing of the singer who has left us the exquisite lyric here quoted. First published by the antiquarian Thomas Wright in 1855, its quiet beauty has been noted by many, Professor Saintsbury comparing its light notes to "the harp of Ariel."

I SING of a maiden
 That is makeless;
 King of all kings
 To her son she ches

He came all so still 5
 There his mother was
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the gras.

He came all so still
 To his mother's bour, 10
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the flour.

He came all so still
 There his mother lay
 As dew in April 15
 That falleth on the spray.

1 Mother and maiden
 Was never none but she;
 Well may such a lady
 Goddes mother be. 20

GAWAIN DOUGLAS

(1475—1522).

Of all Chaucer's followers, none was more zealous than Gawain Douglas to reproduce in his own dialect (Scots modified by imitation of Southern English) all the elegancies not only of the English master, but also of the ancient classics. Perhaps there is a touch of Celtic redundance in his use of adjectives; but his art is extremely deliberate.

3 THE SPLENDOURS OF DAWN.

DYONEA, nycht-hyrd, and wach of day,
 The starnys chasyt of the hevyn away,
 Dame Cynthia down rollyng in the see,
 And Venus lost the bewte of her ee,
 Fleand eschamyt within Cylenyus cave; 5
 Mars onbydrew, for all his grundyn glave,
 Nor frawart Saturn from hys mortall speir
 Durst langar in the firmament appeir,
 Bot stall abak yond in hys regioun far
 Behynd the circulat warld of Iupiter; 10
 Nycthemyne, affrayt of the lyght,
 Went ondir covert, for gone was the nycht;

As fresh Aurora, to myghty Tythone spows,
 Ischit of hir safron bed and evir hows,
 In crammysyn cled and granyt violat, 15
 With sangwyne cape, the selvage purpurat,
 Onschet the wyndois of hir large hall,
 Spred all with rosys, and full of balm ryall,
 And eik the hevynly portis crystallyne
 Vywarpis braid, the warld till illumyn. 20
 The twynklyng stremowris of the orient
 Sched purpour sprangis with gold & asure ment,
 Persand the sabill barmkyn nocturnall,
 Bet doun the skyis cloudy mantill wall:
 Eous the steid, with ruby harnys red, 25
 Abuf the sey lyftis furth hys hed,
 Of cullour soyr, and sumdeill brovn as berry,
 Forto alichtyn and glaid our Emyspery,
 The flambe owtbrastyng at his noyss-tyrlys;
 So fast Pheton with the quhyp hym quhyrlys, 30
 To roll Appollo hys faderis goldyn char,
 That schrowdith all the hevynnys & the ayr.
 Quhill schortly, with the blesand torch of day,
 Abilyeit in hys lemand fresch array,
 Furth of hys palyce ryall ischit Phebus, 35
 With goldyn crowne and vissage gloryus,
 Crysp haris, brycht as chrisolyte or topace,
 For quhais hew mycht nane behald hys face;
 The fyry sparkis brastyng from hys eyn,
 To purge the ayr, and gylt the tendyr greyn, 40
 Defundand from hys sege etherayll
 Glaid influent aspectis celicall;
 Before hys regale hie magnificens
 Mysty vapour vpspryngand, sweit as sens,
 In smoky soppys of donk dewis wak, 45
 Moich hailsum stovys ourheldand the slak.

The aureat fanys of hys trone souerane
 With glytrand glans oursprede the occiane,
 The large fludis lemand all of lycht
 Bot with a blenk of hys supernale sycht. 50

BALLAD.

While the elaborate and "aureate" style of Gawain Douglas and his compeers in Scotland and England won the applause of courts and the learned, the popular ballad was simply and happily developed by the artistry of indistinguishable multitudes. It flourished especially in the Border regions of Great Britain. (See also under No. 35).

4 SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine;
 'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
 To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spak' an eldern knight, 5
 Sat at the king's right knee,
 'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr,
 That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has writtèn a braid letter,
 And sealed it with his hand, 10
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem;
 The King's daughter of Noroway 15
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee. 20

‘O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

‘Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, 25
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.’

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn,
Wi’ a’ the speed they may; 30
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wednèsday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway 35
Began aloud to say:

‘Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud,
And a’ our queen’s fee.’
‘Ye lee, ye lee, ye liars loud!
Fu’ loud I hear ye lee; 40

‘For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

‘ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’, 45
Our gude ship sails the morn.’
‘ Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

‘ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi’ the old moon in her arm; 50
And, if we gang to sea, mastèr,
I fear we’ll come to harm.’

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud, 55
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o’er the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn. 60

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wrapped them round that gude ship’s side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords 65
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a’ the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
That flattered on the faem; 70
And mony was the gude lord’s son,
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens 75
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
 With their goud kaims in their hair
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair! 80

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

EDMUND SPENSER

(1553—1599).

In 1579 the art of English poetry received a signal glorification and impulse by the publication of *The Shepheardes Calender*. A variety of happily-conducted metres was one of the chief distinctions of the poems included under that name. They are not so remarkable for originality; thus the eclogue now given follows closely a French elegy by Clément Marot. Pastoral poetry is here illustrated,—with its conventions indeed, but with exceptional grace and charm.

5 NOVEMBER: AN ELEGIAC ECLOGUE.

THENOT. Colin, my deare, when shall it please
 thee sing,
 As thou were wont, songs of some iouisauce?

The Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled a-sleepe through loues misgouernaunce;
 Now somewhat sing, whose endless souenaunce 5
 Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
 Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
 Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.
 But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,
 Accorde not with thy Muses merriment, 10
 To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
 For deade is Dido, dead, alas, and drent,
 Dido, the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:
 The fayrest May she was that euer went, 15
 Her like she has not left behinde, I weene.

Colin. Thenot, to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
 But ah, to well I wote my humble vaine,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
 Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne. 20

Vp then, Melpomene, thou mournefulst Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
 Vp, grieslie ghostes, and vp, my rufull ryme,
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore. 25
 Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead:
 O heaue herse!

Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
 O carefull verse! 30

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes
 abyde,
 Waile ye this wofull waste of Nature's warke:

Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde :
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke : 35
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night;
 O heauie herse!
 Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke;
 O carefull verse! 40

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
 Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayd,
 It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
 But thing on earth that is most auaile, 45
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
 Reliuen not for any good.
 O heauie herse!
 The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must
 quaile,
 O carefull verse. 50

She, while she was, (that *was*, a woful word to sayne),
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:
 So well she couth the shepheards entertayne
 With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine, 55
 For she would cal hem often he[a]me,
 And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
 O heauie herse!
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne.
 O carefull verse! 60

But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heauie
 chaunce,

Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint.
 All Musick sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct, 65

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
 The faded flowres her corse embraue.

O heauie herse!

Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares
 besprint.

O carefull verse! 70

O thou greate shepheard Lobbin, how greate is thy
 grieve!

Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:

The colour[e]d chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee. 75

Ah, they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heauie herse!

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.

O carefull verse! 80

Ay me, that dreerie death should strike so mortall
 stroke,

That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:

The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce. 85

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sondry colours tourne,

O heauie herse!

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.

O carefull verse!

90

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
 And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe :
 The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
 Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe,
 Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe. 95

The Turtle on the bared braunch
 Laments the wound that death did launch.

O heauie herse !

And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe.

O carefull verse ! 100

The water-Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
 daunce,

And for her girlond Oliue-braunches beare,
 Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce :
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
 Now bringen bitter Eldre-braunches seare; 105

The fatall sisters eke repent,
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent.

O heauie herse !

Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.

O carefull verse ! 110

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
 Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
 And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope :
 Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)

That nys on earth assurance to be sought : 115

For what might be in earthlie mould,
 That did her buried body hould.

O heauie herse !

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought :

O carefull verse ! 120

But maugré death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight.
 And gates of hel, and fyrie forse,
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule vnbodyed of the burdenous corpse.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse? 125

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
 Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.

O happy herse!

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes source,

O ioyfull verse! 130

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with
 playnts,

As if some euill were to her betight?

She raignes a goddessse now emong the saintes,
 That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:

And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight. 135

I see thee, blessed soule, I see,
 Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happy herse!

Might I once come to thee (O that I might!)

O ioyfull verse! 140

Vnwise and wretched men, to weete whats good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:

But knewe we, fooles, what it vs brings vntil,

Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the shepheard can astert: 145

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse!

Make hast, ye shepheards, thether to reuert,

O ioyfull verse! 150

Dido s gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
 There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
 There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
 And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
 The honor now of highest gods she is, 155
 That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
 While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse!

Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is.
 O ioyfull verse. 160

Colins Embleme.
La mort ny mord.

6 THE MAGICIAN AND THE DREAM.

(*"Faerie Queene," Book I., Canto 1.*)

Few great poems suffer less from being shown in extracts than the *Faerie Queen*. The fragment here given, however, has a distinct relation to its proper place—in a tale of the efforts of Falsehood against Truth. Nor can fragments give a just conception of the seldom-flagging power with which this "poet's poet" gives vital semblance to airy abstractions and sets them moving in a fairyland of many colours, in a magic atmosphere of musical verse.

AT length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad, 5
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,

And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low, 10
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my dear sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell, 15
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

[He offers hospitality, which they accept.]

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side, 20
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde: 25
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will; 30
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore 35
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before,

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them
biddes. 40

Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundry kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy
mindes. 45

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame,
And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame 50
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred 55
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes,
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two, 60
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message to,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to do.

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe, 65

To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe.
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe 70
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth
 spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast; 75
 And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
 By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe 80
 In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
 downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
 sowne 85
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemyes. 90

The messenger approaching to him spake,
 But his wast wordes returned to him in vaine:
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake,

'Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe 95
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake, 100
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent, 105
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obeyde, and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke, 110
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as cheareful larke; 115
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he left him afore.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554—1586).

Sidney was one of the earliest and most successful English writers of the sonnet—a form extremely favoured by Elizabethan poets. Their performances were largely imitations of French models: certain themes, including this of Sleep, were written on rather because it was the fashion, or in a competitive spirit, than because of any independent impulse in the writer. Yet the grace and charm of such a poem as this cannot but be felt.

7

SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
 The bailing-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
 Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease!
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light, 10
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

(1560—1595).

The solid and strenuous element in Elizabethan Englishmen asserted itself in large production of moralizing and "gnomic" verse. Few wrote in this style with more combined brevity and grace than the noble martyr for conscience' sake, Robert Southwell, S.J.

8

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again;
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
 Times go by turns, and chances change by course, 5
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web; 10
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
 No endless night, yet no eternal day;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing; 15
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 That net that holds no great, takes little fish; 20
 In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564—1616).

The lyrics which meet us in the Shakesperian plays have often the air of casually-remembered snatches rather than of deliberate original compositions. Recent investigations have shown that they frequently belong to neither of these classes, being either deliberate imitations or mingled reminiscences of French and other models. But only genius can copy with such results as these songs and sonnets.

9

MORNING SONG.

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steed to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With every thing that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet arise:
 Arise, arise.

—(*Cymbeline*, Act II., Sc. III.)

10

LOVE UNCHANGING.

The Shakespeare sonnets, mysterious in many respects, are a clear revelation of a supreme artist. Profound thought and intense feeling are expressed in language of singular power to reveal or suggest.

The form of these sonnets should be noted, and compared with the more "Petrarchan" forms quoted later.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken:
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
—(Sonnet CXVI.)

II BEAUTY IMMORTALIZED BY POETRY.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
 — Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest: 10
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

—(*Sonnet XVIII.*)

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591—1647).

The lightness of Herrick's touch is charmingly shown in this airy lyric on a theme that has often inspired solemn or tearful verse—the fading of spring flowers.

12

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour!
 You do bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many; 5
 Fresh and fair;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
 And so graced 10
 To be placed
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 By-and-by
 You do lie, 15
 Poor girls, neglected.

JOHN DONNE

(1573—1631).

Its excessive and amazing subtlety of thought and imagery have always rendered Donne's poetry notably unpopular, nor does he win the ear by any facile melody of verse. Passion and imagination, on the other hand, he possessed in a high degree; he gives the sense of a strong and original personality; so that it is not surprising if his work has found high favour with some well-judging critics.

13

THE LEGACY.

WHEN I died last, and, Dear, I die
 As often as from thee I go,
 Though it be but an hour ago
 And lovers' hours be full eternity,
 I can remember yet that I 5
 Something did say and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
 Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say: "Tell her anon
 That myself,"—that's you, not I,— 10
 "Did kill me"; and when I felt me die
 I bid me send my heart, when I was gone;
 But I, alas, could there find none,
 When I had ripped me and searched where
 hearts should lie:
 It killed me again, that I who still was true 15
 In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Illustrates the fondness of some minor Elizabethan and "metaphysical" poets for verses in quaint shapes. Very little of value or interest was thus achieved; indeed the subject hardly deserves the importance given it by Addison in his *Spectator* essay No. 58.

15

A DIRGE.

Farewell,

Sweet groves, to you!

You hills that highest dwell,

And all you humble vales, adieu!

You wanton brooks and solitary rocks, 5

My dear companions all, and you, my tender flocks;

Farewell, my pipe, and all those pleasing songs whose moving strains

Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains!

You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart

Have without pity broke the truest heart; 10

Sighs, tears and every sad annoy

That erst did with me dwell;

And others' joy,

Farewell!

JOHN MILTON

(1608—1674).

For its dignity and sincerity this work of the youthful Milton preludes worthily the noble qualities that distinguish the epic written in his old age—*Paradise Lost*. Nor does it lack the touches of a gentler grace which are too often missing in his last works.

16 HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim, 5
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour. . . .

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around: 10
The idle spear and shield were high up hung:
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye, 15
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began: 1
The winds, with wonder, whist, 20
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

The stars, with deep amaze, 25
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ; 30
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

The shepherds on the lawn, 5
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ; 35
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep. 40

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise, 45

As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

Nature that heard such sound,
7 Beneath the hollow round 50

Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done;
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone 55
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefac'd night
 array'd;
 The helmèd Cherubim, 60
 And swordèd Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said) 65
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung; 70
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so; 75
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time;
 And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony. 80

11 For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die, 85
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

17 Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men, 90
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival, 95
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

3 But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross 100
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep

14 With such a horrid clang 105
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out
brake:

The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake; 110
 When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
 throne.

15 And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins: for, from this happy day, 115
 Th' old Dragon, under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway;
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. 120

16 The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving:
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine, 125
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:
 No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

17 The lonely mountains o'er.
 And the resounding shore, 130
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
 From haunted spring and dale,
 Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn, 135
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn,

8 In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
 plaint;

In urns and altars round, 140
 A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim 145

19 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
 And moonèd Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine; 150
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

20 And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue; 155
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste. 160

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings
 loud:
 Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest; 165
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worship'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand, 170
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true, 175
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale 180
 Troop to the' infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd
 maze.

But see, the Virgin bless'd 185
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is our tedious song should here have
 ending:
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
 ing: 190
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

(1605—1668).

This lyric shows how well the somewhat fantastic cleverness of the "metaphysical" poets fitted itself to the language of graceful amatory flattery.

17 MORNING SONG.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

RICHARD LOVELACE

(1618—1658).

"The Cavalier and Court poets, Stuart loyalists against Puritans and Parliament, sometimes struck the manly and noble note which is heard in these lines."

18 TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As thou too shalt adore;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD CRASHAW

(1613—1664).

Crashaw was the chief representative of the mystical element in English poetry. The scope of this volume does not permit us to display his highest flights, which are sometimes of rare sublimity. In "The Weeper" inexhaustible imagination and fancy enrich a seemingly narrow theme. Some of its ingenuities, however (here omitted), are in bad taste or even ludicrous. The poet lacked the vigour of self-criticism which might have saved him from the "metaphysical" vagaries then in fashion.

19 SAINT MARY MAGDALEN; or THE WEEPER.

HAIL, sister springs!
 Parents of silver-footed rills!
 Ever-bubbling things!
 Thawing crystal! snowy hills!
 Still spending, never spent! I mean
 Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
 Heavens of ever-falling stars.
 'Tis seed-time still with thee;
 And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares 10
 Promise the Earth to countershine
 Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

Not in the Evening's eyes,
 When they red with weeping are
 For the Sun that dies; 15
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
 Nowhere but here did ever meet
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

When Sorrow would be seen
 In her brightest majesty: 20
 (For she is a Queen):
 Then is she dress'd by none but thee.
 Then, and only then, she wears
 Her proudest pearls: I mean, thy tears.

The dew no more will weep 25
 The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
 The dew no more will sleep
 Nuzzled in the lily's neck;
 Much rather would it be thy tear,
 And leave them both to tremble here. 30

Golden though he be,
 Golden Tagus murmurs though;
 Were his way by thee,
 Content and quiet he would go;
 So much more rich would he esteem 35
 Thy silver, than his golden stream.

Well does the May that lies
 Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
 The April in thine eyes;
 Mutual sweetness they express. 40
 No April e'er lent kinder showers,
 Nor May returned more faithful flowers.

Does the day-star rise?
 Still thy tears do fall and fall.
 Does Day close his eyes? 45
 Still the fountain weeps for all.
 Let Night or Day do what they will,
 Thou hast thy task: thou weepest still.

Does thy song lull the air?
 Thy falling tears keep faithful time. 50
 Does thy sweet-breathed prayer
 Up in clouds of incense climb?
 Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
 A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

Not, "so long she livèd," 55
 Shall thy tomb report of thee;
 But, "so long she grievèd":
 Thus must we date thy memory.
 Others by moments, months, and years
 Measure their ages; thou, by tears. 60

Say, ye bright brothers,
 The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,
 Your fruitful mothers,
 What makes you here? What hopes can 'tice
 You to be born? What cause can borrow 65
 . You from those nests of noble sorrow?

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sluttish earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth. 70
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say
Why you trip so fast away!

We go not to seek
The darling of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek, 75
Nor the violet's humble head;
Though the field's eyes too weepers be,
Because they want such tears as we.

Much less mean we to trace
The fortune of inferior gems 80
Preferred to some proud face,
Or perched upon fearèd diadems:
Crowned heads are toys. We go to meet
A worthy object: our Lord's feet.

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631—1700).

Dryden is usually at his best when dealing in strong clear verse with practical problems or difficult speculative questions. "Absalom and Achitophel," from which the following passage is taken, arose from the claim to the throne set up by the popular Duke of Monmouth in opposition to the lawful heir, the Duke of York; it is remarkable for its satiric portraits of political leaders.

YOUTH, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
 But common interest always will prevail;
 And pity never ceases to be shown
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress 5
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
 From east to west his glories he displays
 And, like the sun, the promised land surveys. 10
 Fame runs before him as the morning star,
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
 Each house receives him as a guardian god
 And consecrates the place of his abode.
 But hospitable treats did most commend 15
 Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
 This moving court that caught the people's eyes,
 And seemed but pomp, did other ends disguise;
 Achitophel had formed it, with intent
 To sound the depths and fathom, where it went, 20
 The people's hearts, distinguish friends and foes,
 And try their strength before they came to blows.
 Yet all was coloured with a smooth pretence
 Of specious love and duty to their prince.
 Religion and redress of grievances, 25
 Two names that always cheat and always please,
 Are often urged; and good King David's life
 Endangered by a brother and a wife.
 Thus in a pageant show a plot is made,
 And peace itself is war in masquerade. 30
 O foolish Israel! never warned by ill!
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!

Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease,
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee, 35
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away
Both for themselves and sons their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord; 40
And laws are vain by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestioned can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declared 45
When kings were made, or is for ever barred.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place? 50
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add that the power for property allowed 55
Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few, 60
And faultless kings run down by common cry
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Not only crowds but Sanhedrins may be 65
Infected with this public lunacy,

And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagined crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images, 70
 But government itself at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet grant our lords, the people, kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
 For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before, 75
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other errors but disturb a state,
 But innovation is the blow of fate.
 If ancient fabrics nod and threat to fall,
 To patch the flaws and buttress up the wall, 80
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it is to touch our ark.
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels who base ends pursue,
 At once divine and human laws control, 85
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tampering world is subject to this curse—
 To physic their disease into a worse.

21 SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

Dryden has left not a few admirable lyrics, both long and short. They are well-conceived, well-written, vigorous and animated, but lack tenderness of feeling and the finer shades and suggestions of imaginative poetry.

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
 This universal frame began:
 When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from high
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 10
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound. 20
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge; 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion 40
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre: 50
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664—1721).

With Prior we have reached a style of lyric which may be called "artificial" not only in contradistinction to Elizabethan and earlier effusions, but even in comparison with the ingenious poetry of the early seventeenth century. The lyric of 1700 is more a "society" product than an unfeignedly personal utterance. French influence is at its height—the influence of the splendid court of Louis XIV.—and it maintained throughout European literature, with some other insincerities, the vogue of the old classic gods and goddesses. //

22

SONG.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
 When Cloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

"My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes."

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
 I sung, and gazed; I play'd, and trembled:
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled,

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688—1744).

Pope's "Rape of the Lock" is the most notable achievement of English verse in the mock-heroic vein—in the style which excels by happy magnification of trifles and amusing burlesque of big things. Yet it contains not a little that is crude and unpleasant, and was perhaps surpassed in contemporary French literature by Gresset's playful epic on the parrot "Ver-Vert." Clear, hard, and brilliant, devoid of human sympathy, is this reproduction in verse of fashionable life in Queen Anne's time.

23 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
 shone 5
 But every eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,

And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind 20
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious Heav'n, and every power ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built.
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves; 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain and long possess the prize:
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,

The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die : 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air ; 55
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colour flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ; 70
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :—
' Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day :
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky : 80
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90

' Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. 100

' This day black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
 fall. 110

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;

Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

‘Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
 Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins; 120
 Or plung’d in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg’d whole ages in a bodkin’s eye:
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog’d he beats his silken wings in vain;
 Or alum styptics with contracting pow’r 125
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell’d flow’r;
 Or, as Ixion fix’d, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!’ 130

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait, 135
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown’d with
 flow’rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow’rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
 name.

Here Britain’s statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40

Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care: 45
 'Let spades be trumps!' she said; and trumps they
 were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors:
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,

And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his diamonds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs
 Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit and of various dye;
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
 The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (O shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate:
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply. 100

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate;
 Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
 crown'd, 105
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;

On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide: 110
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sip'd, the fuming liquor fan'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Barons brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair, 135
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide. 140

Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever 145
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
No louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
last; 150

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
The victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air, 155
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze; 160
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy, 165
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?' 170

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die, 5
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pin'd awry,
 E'en felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew, 10
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome, 15
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare, 20
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid, 25
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd.
 With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and
 noons

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen, 30

Practis'd to lisp and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these, 35
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids. 40

Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—'Hail, wayward
queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit, 45
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray. 50

A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face, 55
Like citron waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease: 60
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;—
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess, with a discontented air,

Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds, 65
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears. 70
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent, 75
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid!'
replied) 80

'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head? 85
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign. 90
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend? 95
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze? 100
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs, 105
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case, 110
 And thus broke out—'My lord, why, what the devil!
 Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
 Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

'It grieves me much (replied the peer again) 115
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
 But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew) 120
 That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
 He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so; 125
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said: 130

‘ For ever curs’d be this detested day,
Which snatch’d my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid, 135
By love of courts to numerous ills betray’d.
O had I rather unadmir’d remain’d
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e’er taste bohea! 140
There kept my charms conceal’d from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov’d my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay’d and said my prayers at home!
’Twas this the morning-omens seem’d to tell, 145
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn’d me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ’d too late! 150
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev’n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone, 155
And in its fellow’s fate foresees its own;
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!’

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;

But fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;

For who can move when fair Belinda fails?

Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain, 5

While Anna beg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;

Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:—

‘ Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10

Why deck'd with all the land and sea afford,

Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
beaux?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?

How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15

Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;

That men may say, when we the front-box grace,

Behold the first in virtue as in face!

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,

Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20

Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,

Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25

Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,

And she who scorns a man must die a maid;

What then remains, but well our power to use,

And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose? 30

And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued; 35
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
crack; 40

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound: 50
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sponce's height,
Clap'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song: 60
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'

Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
 'Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies 65
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe step'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued: 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95

Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

‘Boast not my fall (he cried) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid’s flames—but burn alive.’

‘Restore the lock!’ she cries; and all around
‘Restore the lock!’ the vaulted roofs rebound. 105
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar’d for the handkerchief that caus’d his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross’d,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain’d with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
With such a prize no mortal must be bless’d;
So heav’n decrees! with heav’n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur’d there.
There heroes’ wits are kept in ponderous vases, 115
And beaux’ in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers’ hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier’s promises, and sick man’s pray’rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark’d by none—but quick poetic eyes;
(So Rome’s great founder to the heav’n’s with-
drew, 125

To Proculus alone confess’d in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair,

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light. 130
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray ;
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

JAMES THOMSON

(1700—1748).

"The happy magnification of trifles" (see remarks on last poem) is a phrase that can hardly be applied to Thomson's manner in describing Nature. But if his pomposity sometimes makes us smile, we should not overlook the genuine accuracy of his observation and the keenness of his interest in the simple objects of field, wood, and stream. His feeling for their beauty is not often evidenced in the "Augustan" poetry. Similar praise, with similar reserve, is often deserved by his treatment of rustic life.

24 HAY-MAKING AND SHEEP-SHEARING.

(From "Summer.")

NOW swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:

The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,

Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose

Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

Even stooping age is here; and infant hands

Trail the long rake; or, with the fragrant load 7

O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.

Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural smell: 12

Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,

And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice 17
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain, 27
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray, 37
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round. 47
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,

Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth and wit that knows no gall.

Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar; and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wedder drag along; 57
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold, where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears, 67
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now, 77
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE

(1706—1760).

This parody on Thomson is so good that it may be given a place here, especially as it is hardly anywhere to be found intelligibly printed. It does not quite hit off every Thomsonian characteristic, as a study of the preceding passage will suffice to show.

25

TOBACCO.

O THOU, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
 Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
 That looks the very soul; whence poring thought
 Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
 And at each puff imagination burns: 5
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown!

Behold! an engine, wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed 10
 And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill
 From pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed,
 Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbibed
 Each parent ray; then, rudely rammed, illume
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet 15
 Marked with Gibsonian lore. Forth issue clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
 And many-mining fires: I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
 But chief, when Bacchus (wont with thee to join 20
 In genial strife) and orthodoxal ale

Stream life and joy into the muse's bowl,
 Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou
 My muse; oh, fan me with thy zephyrs boon;
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined, 25
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song!

JOHN GAY

(1685—1732).

Narrow imitation of Latin and French models, shallowness of thought and feeling, fear of social ridicule, were tending to lower the level and restrict the range of English poetry; so that satiric or moralizing trifles such as the Fables of Gay were apt to be the time's most characteristic and agreeable productions. 44

26 THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay:
 All appetite had left his maw,
 And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
 His numerous race around him stand, 5
 To learn their dying sire's command:
 He raised his head with whining moan,
 And thus was heard the feeble tone:
 "Ah, sons, from evil ways depart!
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart. 10
 See, see, the murdered geese appear!
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?"
 The hungry foxes round them stared, 15
 And for the promised feast prepared.

“ Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.” 20

“ O gluttons!” says the drooping sire,
“ Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace, 25
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe. 30
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.”

“ The counsel’s good,” a fox replies, 35
“ Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done,—
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race. 40
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believed: 45
A lost good name is ne’er retrieved.”

“ Nay, then,” replies the feeble fox,
(“ But hark! I hear a hen that clucks!)
Go; but be moderate in your food:
A chicken, too, might do me good.” 50

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721—1759).

None of Collins' contemporaries possessed so fine an ear for verse-music as is proved by the following unrhymed stanzas. They are extremely unlike Thomson's swelling blank verse modelled on Milton; in their subtle modulation, subdued colouring and refinement of expression they are truly Greek or "classic." Their affinity in feeling and imagination to the coming "romantic" poetry is also real, but less evident and less evenly manifested.

27

TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd
 sun 5
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed,

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing, 10
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—

Now teach me, maid composed, 15
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return. 20

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge 25
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells, 30
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams:

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side, 35
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves; 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, 50

Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716—1771).

Gray's genius was naturally fine rather than powerful. It was admirably cultivated and brought with it the gifts of discernment and taste; it lacked, however, the strength to speak out in full independence of the conventions of the Johnsonian era. In the present Ode (which was, indeed, a stumbling-block to many leading contemporaries) a certain degree of poetic audacity is indulged in under the shelter of Pindar's wings.

28 THE PROGRESS OF POESY: A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;
 Now rolling down the steep amain, 10
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day, 30
 With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way;
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move 40
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my Song, disprove, ✕
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry, 50
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of
 war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat 60
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rinth creep, 70
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound;
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. 80
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face. The dauntless Child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 'This pencil take' (she said) 'whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year; 90
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears,'

Nor second He, that rode sublime,
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze, 100
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn. 110
But ah! 'tis heard no more.—

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun; 120
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709—1784).

In sad stern verse the rugged scholar-sage
 Bemoaned his toil unvalued, youth uncheered;
 His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
 But 'neath it beating the great heart was heard.

So a poet of the twentieth century (William Watson) has characterised the work of Johnson as a poet. That great man had perhaps little of the specifically poetic genius; but this poem shows what admirable work in verse may be done by gifts less ethereal—by noble character, vigorous thought, and strong feeling.

29 THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET Observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind from China to Peru;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
 As treach'rous phantoms in the midst delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good: 10
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice:
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, 15
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art:

With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord.
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r;
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? Crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy. 40
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails, 45
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth: 50

See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd
caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd, 55
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause; 60
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe,
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye!
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show, 65
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on humankind; 70
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call, 75
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more; 80
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies.
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,

That hung the bright palladium of the place;
 And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85
 To better features yields the frame of gold:
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foe's doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal?
 Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full, to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice and fortune in his hand: 100
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows.
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r, 105
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r:
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted left him none to cease.
 At length his sov'reign frowns: the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,

He seeks the refuge of monastic rest ;
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine ?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate, 125
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ? 130
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name, 135
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
Thro' all his veins the fever of renown
Burns from the strong contagion of the gown :
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140
Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray, 145
And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ; 150
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,

Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no disease the torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize
 bestows, 165
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
 See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds tho' smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent, 170
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
 And fatal learning leads him to the block:
 Around him tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
 The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world; 180
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.

Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game, 185
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths
regret,

From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign: 200
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain

'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins, in military state, 205
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes; nor want nor cold his course delay:—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day! 210
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend? 215
Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; 220
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride, 225
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way.
 Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more. 230
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe.
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Thro' purple billows and a floating host. 240

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r;
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway.
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
 charms, 245

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,

With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war: 250
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
 'Enlarge my life with multitude of days!' 255
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy: 260
In vain their gifts the bounteous season pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines, 265
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus
 near; 270
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong;
The still returning tale and ling'ring jest 275
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear:
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense, 280
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains, 285
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains:
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears, 295
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend:
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings; 300
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315
 Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face; 320
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite, 325
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
slave? 330

Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines;
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls;
Less heard, and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign, 335
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend:
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd,
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flattery, Pride. 340
Here beauty falls, betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Inquirer, cease : petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear : nor deem religion vain. 350
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ; 360
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain, 365
These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728—1774).

“Magnanimous” is Goldsmith’s description of himself in his playful revenge upon his friendly assailants of the famous “Club.” Magnanimous and kindly he does appear; for they were often careless enough as to wounding his exceptionally sensitive soul. *Retaliation* shows at the same time keenness of observation, precision of touch and a happy lightness of manner.

30

RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united;

If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish:

Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains; 5

Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

Our Will shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavour,

And Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savour;

Our Cumberland’s sweet-bread its place shall obtain,

And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain; 10

Our Garrick’s a salad; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree:

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;

That Hickey’s a capon, and, by the same rule, 15

Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.

At a dinner so various—at such a repast,

Who’d not be a glutton, and stick to the last?

Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table; 20
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such,

We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind, 25
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing while they thought of
 dining: 30

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman; too proud for a wit;
 For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
 And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place,
 sir, 35

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
 in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong; 40
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
 Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none:
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
 own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh
 at; 45

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling, to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and grumbling, yet laughing at all! 50
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts, 55
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine; 60
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone, 65
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few, 70
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines, 75
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall
 lecture; 80

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark, 85
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the
 dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line: 90
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting; 95
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick: 100
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease, 105
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave! 110

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
raised,

While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel and mix with the skies:

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill, 115

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;

Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above. . .

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind; 120

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;

His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;

Still born to improve us in every part,

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering, 125

When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
hearing:

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

By flattery unspoiled.

AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840—)

31 POSTSCRIPT TO RETALIATION.

HERE Johnson is laid. Have a care how you
walk;

If he stir in his sleep, in his sleep he will talk.

Ye gods! how he talked! What a torrent of sound
 His hearers invaded, encompassed and—drown'd!
 What a banquet of memory, fact, illustration, 5
 In that innings-for-one that he call'd *conversation*!
 Can't you hear his sonorous "Why, no sir!" and
 "Stay, sir!"

"Your premise is wrong," or "You don't see your
 way, sir!"

How he silenc'd a prig, or a slip-shod romancer!
 How he pounc'd on a fool with a knock-me-down
 answer! 10

But peace to his slumbers! Tho' rough in the rind,
 The heart of the giant was gentle and kind:
 What signifies now, if, in bouts with a friend,
 When his pistol miss'd fire, he would use the butt-
 end?

If he trampled your flow'rs, like a bull in a garden, 15
 What matter for that? he was sure to ask pardon;
 And you felt on the whole, tho' he'd toss'd you and
 gor'd you,

It was something, at least, that he had not ignor'd
 you.

Yes! the outside was rugged. But test him within,
 You found he had nought of the bear but the skin; 20
 And for bottom and base to his *Anfractuosity*,
 A fund of fine feeling, good taste, generosity.
 He was true to his conscience, his king, and his duty;
 And he hated the Whigs, and he softened to Beauty:
 Turn now to his Writings. I grant, in his Tales, 25
 That he made little fishes talk vastly like whales;
 I grant that his language was rather emphatic,
 Nay, even—to put the thing plainly—dogmatic;
 But read him for style; and dismiss from your
 thoughts

The crowd of compilers who copied his faults,— 30
 Say, where is there English so full and so clear,
 So weighty, so dignified, manly, sincere?
 So strong in expression, conviction, persuasion?
 So prompt to take colour from place and occasion?
 So widely removed from the doubtful, the tenta-
 tive; 35
 So truly—and in the best sense—argumentative?
 You may talk of your Burkes and your Gibbons so
 clever,
 But I harp back to him with a “Johnson for ever!”
 And I feel as I muse on his ponderous figure,
 Tho’ he’s great in this age, in the next he’ll grow
 bigger; 40
 And still while [*Caetera desunt.*]

SOAME JENYNS

(1704—1787).

32 EPITAPH ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HERE lies Sam Johnson: reader, have a care,
 Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear!
 Religious, moral, generous and humane
 He was; but self-sufficient, proud and vain;
 Fond of, and over-bearing in, dispute;
 A Christian and a scholar—but a brute!

JAMES MACPHERSON

(1738—1796).

It may seem strange that such prose-poetry as *Temora*, unreal, monotonous, without charm of form, should have captivated (as it did) great minds and powerfully contributed to a change in general literary taste. But, whatever its defects, it at least opened a door of escape from the tedium of "Augustan" imitation and artificiality then pervading European literature. It brought up echoes from the Celtic wonder-world of hero-legend and wild nature,—echoes faint, indeed, but full of appeal and suggestion.

33

OPENING OF TEMORA.

AN EPIC POEM.

THE blue waves of Erin roll in light. The
 mountains are covered with day. Trees shake
 their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour
 their noisy streams. Two green hills, with aged
 oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue course of
 a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of
 Atha: His spear supports the king: the red eye of
 his fear is sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his
 ghastly wounds. The grey form of the youth appears
 in darkness. Blood pours from his airy side.
 Cairbar thrice threw his spear on earth. Thrice he
 stroked his beard. His steps are short. He often
 stops. He tosses his sinewy arms. He is like a
 cloud in the desert, varying its form to every blast.
 The valleys are sad around, and fear, by turns, the
 shower! The king, at length, resumed his soul. He
 took his pointed spear. He turned his eye to Moi-

5

10

15

lena. The scouts of blue ocean came. They came with steps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near! He called his gloomy chiefs. 20

The sounding steps of his warriors came. They drew at once their swords. There Morlath stood with darkened face. Hidalla's long hair sighs in the wind. Red-haired Cormac bends on his spear, and rolls his sidelong-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos, from beneath two shaggy brows. Foldath stands, like an oozy rock, that covers its dark sides with foam. His spear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the strokes of battle. His red eye despises danger. These, and a thousand other chiefs, surrounded the King of Erin, when the scout of ocean came, Morannal, from streamy Moi-lena. His eyes hang forward from his face. His lips trembling pale! 35

"Do the chiefs of Erin stand," he said, "silent as the grove of evening? Stand they like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast? Fingal, who is terrible in battle; the king of streamy Morven." "Hast thou seen the warrior?" said Cairbar, with a sigh. "Are his heroes many of the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle? or comes the king in peace?" "In peace he comes not, King of Erin! I have seen his forward spear. It is a meteor of death. The blood of thousands is on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong in the grey hair of age. Full rose his sinewy limbs, as he strode in his might. That sword is by his side, which gives no second wound. His shield is terrible, like the bloody moon ascending through a storm. Then came Ossian, king of songs. Then Morni's son, the first of men. Connal leaps forward 40 45 50

on his spear. Dermid spreads his dark-brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the young hunter of streamy Moruth. But who is that before them, like the terrible course of a stream? It is the son of Ossian, 55 bright between his locks. His long hair falls on his back. His dark brows are half-inclosed in steel. His sword hangs loose by his side. His spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, King of high Temora!"

"Then fly, thou feeble man," said Foldath's gloomy wrath. "Fly to the grey streams of thy land, son of the little soul! Have I not seen that Oscar? I beheld the chief in war. He is of the mighty in danger: but there are others who lift the 65 spear. Erin has many sons as brave. King of Temora of groves, let Foldath meet him in his strength! Let me stop this mighty stream! My spear is covered with blood. My shield is like the wall of Tura."

"Shall Foldath alone meet the foe?" replied the dark-browed Malthos. "Are they not on our coasts like the waters of many streams? Are not these the chiefs who vanquished Swaran, when the sons of green Erin fled? Shall Foldath meet their bravest 75 hero? Foldath of the heart of pride! Take the strength of the people, and let Malthos come. My sword is red with slaughter, but who has heard my words?"

"Sons of green Erin," said Hidalla, "let not 80 Fingal hear your words. The foe might rejoice, and his arm be strong in the land. Ye are brave, O warriors! Ye are tempests in war. Ye are like storms, which meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods. But let us move in our strength, 85

slow as a gathered cloud! Then shall the mighty tremble; the spear shall fall from the hand of the valiant. 'We see the cloud of death,' they will say, while shadows fly over their face. Fingal will mourn in his age. He shall behold his flying fame. The steps of his chiefs will cease in Morven. The moss of years shall grow in Selma." 90

Cairbar heard their words, in silence, like the cloud of a shower; it stands on dark Cromla, till the lightning bursts its side. So stood the silent King of Temora. 95

BALLAD.

A revival of interest in popular ballads such as *The Fire of Frenndraught* set in after the middle of the eighteenth century, awakening among Englishmen new enthusiasm for romantic scenes and incidents of their country's past, and bringing a freshening breath into the close atmosphere of English poetry. Many old ballads were published under the title *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* by Dr. Thomas Percy in 1765. *The Fire of Frenndraught* does not represent the finest touches found in three or four of them, but it exemplifies admirably the general characteristics of the *genre*.

34 THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

IT was in October the woe began,—

It lasts for now and aye,—

The burning o' the house of fause Frenndraught,
Lord John and Rothiemay.

When they were in their saddles set

5

And ready to ride away,

The lady went down on her bare knees,

Beseeching them to stay:

“ O stay this night until we sup,
The morn until we dine, 10
’Twill be a sign of good ’greement,
’Twixt your good lord and mine.”

“ We’ll turn again,” said good Lord John,
“ But no!” said Rothiemay,
“ My steed’s trappanned, my bridle broken; 15
I fear, the day, I’m fey.”

When a’ man was well drunken,
And a’ man boun for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay,
In one chamber were laid. 20

They had not long cast off their clothes
And were but now asleep,
When the dowie smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

He’s deen him to the wire-window 25
And rueful strack and dang;
But they woud neither bow nor break
The stanchions were so strang.

“ O waken, waken, Rothiemay,
O waken, brother dear; 30
And turn you to our Saviour;
There is strang treason here.”

When they were dressèd in their clothes,
And ready for to boun,
The doors were locked, the windows shut, 35
The roof-tree burning down.

When he stood at the wire-window
Most doleful to be seen,
He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green. 40

“ O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught,
As ye walk on the green!”

“ The keys are in the deep draw-well,
The doors were locked yestreen.”

“ O woe be to you, Lady Frendraught, 45
An ill death may you dee!”

Then called there out his servant Gordon
As he had frantic been :

“ O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come to me! 50
I'd catch you in my arms twa,
One foot I will na flee.”

“ But I canna loup, I canna come,
I canna win to thee;
My head's fast in the wire-window, 55
My feet burning from me.

My eyes are seething in my head
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood;
Is not that a woeful woe? 60

Take here the rings from my fingers,
That are so long and sma',
And give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in her ha'.

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair, 65
His lady she was seen,
And thus addressed his servant Gordon,
As he stood on the green :

“ O woe be to you, George Gordon,
Black vengeance on your head ! 70
So safe and sound as you stand there,
And my dear lord wi’ the dead ! ”

“ I bade him loup, I bade him come,
I bade him loup to me ;
I’d catch him in my arms two ; 75
A foot I wad na flee. ”

But still she cried : “ Ohone, alas !
A sair heart’s ill to win ;
I wan a sair heart when I married him,
And it’s well returned again. 80

“ O were I like yon turtle dove
Had I wings for to flee,
I’d flee around the fause Frendraught,
Crying vengeance till I dee ! ”

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731—1800).

Though it was Cowper’s tragic fate to end his days in melancholy mania, yet the natural bent of his genius was towards the light and playful. In the little burlesque *Ode* we see the classic divinities (represented by Apollo) treated with a playful levity which presages their approaching downfall from the thrones whereon poetic fiction had too long maintained them. In *Light Shining out of Darkness* Cowper’s seriousness and religion admirably appear ; all is simple, graceful, yet thoroughly earnest.

35 ODE TO APOLLO ON AN INKGLASS
ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

PATRON of all those luckless brains
That, to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains
And little or no meaning:

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams, 5
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams
In constant exhalations:

Why, stooping from the noon of day, 10
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stolen away
A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air,
It floats a vapour now,
Impelled through regions dense and rare 15
By all the winds that blow.

Ordained, perhaps, ere summer flies,
Combined with millions more
To form an Iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before: 20

Illustrious drop! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot
Of all that ever passed my pen,
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design 25
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.

36 LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines 5
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace; 10
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste 15
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757—1827).

The eccentricity of Blake's genius saved him from the narrowing influences of his age, while it prevented his exercising any influence upon that age. He often anticipated the much-needed freshening of English poetry; his pages are not always untouched by the current conventionalities, but they hold us by a strange simplicity, combined with vividness of imagination and strength of feeling.

37

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

(From "Songs of Innocence.")

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love, 5
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face: 10
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine: 15
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
 In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
 Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
 There God is dwelling too.

38

A DIVINE IMAGE.

(From "Songs of Experience.")

C RUELTY has a human heart,
 And Jealousy a human face;
 Terror the human form divine,
 And Secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forgèd iron,
 The human form a fiery forge,
 The human face a furnace sealed,
 The human heart its hungry gorge.

39 OPENING OF THE BOOK OF THEL.

T HE Daughters of the Seraphim led round their
 sunny flocks—

All but the youngest: she in paleness sought the
 secret air,

To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal
 day.

Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard,
 And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning
 dew,

“ O life of this our Spring ! why fades the lotus of the
water ?

Why fade these children of the Spring, born but to
smile and fall ?

Ah ! Thel is like a watery bow, and like a parting
cloud,

Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows in the water,
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's
face, 10

Like the dove's voice, like transient day, like music
in the air.

Ah ! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my
head,

And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear
the voice

Of Him that walketh in the garden in the evening
time ! ”

The Lily of the Valley, breathing in the humble
grass, 15

Answered the lovely maid, and said : “ I am a watery
weed,

And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly
vales ;

So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my
head.

Yet I am visited from heaven ; and He that smiles
on all

Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads
his hand, 20

Saying, ‘ Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born
lily-flower,

Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest
brooks ;

For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with
morning manna,
Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains and
the springs,
To flourish in eternal vales.' Then why should Thel
complain? 25
Why should the mistress of the vales of Har utter a
sigh?"

She ceased, and smiled in tears, then sat down in her
silver shrine.
Thel answered: "O thou little virgin of the peaceful
valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the
o'ertired,
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb; he
smells thy milky garments, 30
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his
face,
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all con-
tagious taints.
Thy wine doth purify the golden honey; thy perfume,
Which dost scatter on every little blade of grass that
springs,
Revives the milkèd cow, and tames the fire-breathing
steed. 35
But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising
sun:
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find
my place?"

"Queen of the vales," the Lily answered, "ask the
tender Cloud,

And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning
 sky,
 And why it scatters its beauty through the humid
 air. 40
 Descend, O little Cloud, and hover before the eyes of
 Thel."

The Cloud descended ; and the Lily bowed her modest
 head,
 And went to mind her numerous charge among the
 verdant grass.

ROBERT BURNS

(1759—1796).

Burns, Cowper, and Crabbe all (and about the same years, 1782-86) proved by excellent poems that the lives of the poor and uneducated were an entirely fitting theme for poetry, and that the interests of the masses of humanity were well worthy of the art of the singer. *The Twa Dogs* cannot be described as great poetry ; yet its fine sense of sympathy among all created things (shown also in Burns' *Field-Mouse* and *Daisy*) is truly poetic ; and there is abundance of manly sentiment and practical wisdom.

40

THE TWA DOGS.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
 Upon a bonie day in June,
 When wearing thro' the afternoon,
 Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame, 5
 Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
 Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure:
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs; 10
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.
 His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
 But tho' he was o' high degree, 15
 The fient a pride—na pride had he.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, 20
 After some dog in Highland sang,
 Was made lang syne,—Lord knows how lang,

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, 25
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdles wi' a swirl. 30

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit:
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion. 35
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation. 40

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents, 45
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents;
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonie, silken purse 50
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en, its nought but toiling
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin, 55
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce ragouts and siclike trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner. 60
 Better than ony tenant man
 His honour has in a' the lan:
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles, they're fash't eneugh: 65
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and siclike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans, 70

An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer, 75
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chieles an' clever hizzies
Are bred in sic a way as this is. 80

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,—
They gang as saucy by poor folk, 85
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash: 90
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan' wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear and tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches: 95
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think,
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:

They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright. 100

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives, 105
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twa'pennie worth o' nappy
Can make the bodies unco happy; 110
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin, 115
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Halloween returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unites in common recreation; 120
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, 125
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe an' sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folke cracking crouse,
The young ones rantin thro' the house, — 130
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' 'em.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock 135
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master, 140
 Wha, ablins, thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
 For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, 145
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais taks a waft, 150
 To make a tour an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by Madrid he taks the rout, 155
 To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Love-making among groves o' myrtles:
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter. 160
 For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten and' harass'd 165
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! 170
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows:
 Except for breaking o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock, 175
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folks' life a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't needna fear them. 180

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes, 185
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsels to vex them; 190
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them
 In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd, he's right eneugh;
 A country girl at her wheel, 195
 Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy: 200
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
 An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art, 205
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' roaring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring. 210

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters;
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie 215
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights wi' crabbit leuks
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. 220

There's some exception, man an' woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night;
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, 225
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;

When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day. 230

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771—1832).

The charm of revived mediæval romance, the magic of picturesque and historic home-scenes, Scott's own easy power of narrative and description, are all shown in this episode from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—a tale of Border warfare, sorcery and preternatural influences set in an attractive framework of Scotch scenery. It captivated the public: only the more critical noted certain incongruities in tone and touch. What a modern reader chiefly regrets is a want of thoroughness and sincerity in dealing with the antique material.

41 DELORAINE AT MELROSE.

(*Canto II. of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."*)

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night, 5
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seemed framed of ebon and ivory; 10
 When silver edges the imagery.

And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while— 15
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
 Little reck'd he of the scenes so fair: 20
 With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
 He struck full loud, and struck full long.
 The porter hurried to the gate—
 "Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"—
 "From Branksome I," the Warrior cried; 25
 And straight the wicket open'd wide;
 For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
 And lands and livings, many a rood,
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose. 30

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
 The porter bent his humble head;
 With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
 And noiseless step, the path he trod:
 The arched cloisters, far and wide, 35
 Rang to the Warrior's clanking stride;
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
 He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
 And lifted his barred aventayle,
 To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle. 40

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
 Says, that the fated hour is come,

And to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."—
From sackcloth couch the Monk arose, 45
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide; 50
"And, dar'st thou, Warrior, seek to seek
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent, 55
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree, 60
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"—

"Penance, Father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, 65
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray:
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."—

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old, 70
And again he sighèd heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.

And he thought on the days that were long since by,
 When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
 high:— 75

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright 80
 Glisten'd with the dew of night;
 Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches fair.

 The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 Then into the night he lookèd forth; 85
 And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.

So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start,
 Sudden the flying jennet wheel, 90
 And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door
 They enter'd now the chancel tall; 95
 The darken'd roof rose high aloof

 On pillars, lofty, light, and small:
 The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille;
 The corbells were carved grotesque and grim; 100
 And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourish'd around,
 Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven, 105

Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale! 110
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage combined; 115

Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone. 120

The silver-light, so pale and faint,
Shew'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished, 125

And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone,—
A Scottish monarch slept below; 130
Thus spoke the Monk in solemn tone—

“I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear, 135
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.”

“ In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wond’rous Michael Scott;
 A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca’s cave, 140
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three, 145
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
 A treble penance must be done.

“ When Michael lay on his dying bed, 150
His conscience was awakenèd;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close. 155
The words may not again be said
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye’s massy nave
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

“ I swore to bury his Mighty Book, 160
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome’s need;
And when that need was past and o’er,
Again the volume to restore. 165
I buried him on St. Michael’s night,
When the bell toll’d one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,

When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave, 170
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past,
The banners waved without a blast"—— 175
—Still spoke the Monk, "when the bell toll'd one!
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread, 180
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wond'rous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night: 185
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."—
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook; 190
An iron bar the Warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign, with his wither'd hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent; 195
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.

- I would you had been there to see 200
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light; 205
And, issuing from the tomb,
Shew'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.
- Before their eyes the Wizard lay, 210
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound, 215
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look, 220
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face;
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.
- Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain, 225
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse or awe:
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw. 230

Bewilder'd and unnerved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently, and loud :
With eyes averted prayèd he ;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly. 235

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
“ Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For those thou may'st not look upon 240
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone ! ” —
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound :
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd ; 245
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the Warrior's sight.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom,
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were
few ; 250

And as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps the dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they past,
They heard strange noises on the blast ; 255
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday, 260
Because these spells were brought to day.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

“Now, hie thee hence,” the Father said,
 “And when we are on death-bed laid, 265
 O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
 Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!”—

The Monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped ;
When the convent met at the noontide bell— 270
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead !

Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find: 275

He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones grey,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;

And his joints, with nerves of iron twined, 280
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.

Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might. 285

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side,
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot tide.

The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And wakened every flower that blows,
And peepèd forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770—1850).

To The Cuckoo exhibits, in brief, that readiness of Wordsworth's imagination to respond to the slightest appeal from sights or sounds of nature which is written large throughout his greater poems. *The Affliction of Margaret* shows a kindred sensitiveness to all harmonies between the human soul and its inanimate surroundings; also two less unfailing Wordsworthian characteristics—sympathy with the sorrows of the poor and lowly, and poetic expression truly classical in its fittingness. The fragment from *The Recluse* expresses the poet's vast but vague idealization of his calling. As Wordsworth insufficiently distinguished Nature from God and pantheism from Christianity, so he seems to confound the inspiration of poetry with divine revelation. See especially ll. 83—88. The sonnet shows (in addition to his skill in a difficult literary form) a moment of despondence in face of an irresponsive world.

42

TO THE CUCKOO.

THRICE welcome, darling of the Spring!

Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days 5
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove 10
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again. 15

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place,
 That is fit home for Thee! 20

43 THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
 Or if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same 5
 That I may rest; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received
 No tidings of an only child—
 To have despair'd, have hoped, believed, 10
 And been for evermore beguiled,—
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
 I catch at them, and then I miss;
 Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth, 15
 An object beauteous to behold,
 Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:
 If things ensued that wanted grace,

As hath been said, they were not base; 20
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares! 25
He knows it not, he cannot guess;
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought; and being blind
Said 'Pride shall help me in my wrong:
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed': and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door:
Think not of me with grief and pain,
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan, 50
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep 55
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts: but none will force
Their way to me; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead; 60
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass; 65
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind. 70

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send 75
Some tidings that my woes may end!
I have no other earthly friend.

44 THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE World is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.

Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn !

45 FRAGMENT FROM THE RECLUSE.

ON Man, on Nature, and on Human Life
 Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
 Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
 Accompanied by feelings of delight
 Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ; 5
 And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
 And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
 Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
 The good and evil of our mortal state.
 To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come, 10

Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
 Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself,
 I would give utterance in numerous verse.
 Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope—
 And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith; 15
 Of blessed consolations in distress;
 Of moral strength, and intellectual power;
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
 Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
 Inviolatè retirement, subject there 20
 To Conscience only, and the law supreme
 Of that Intelligence which governs all;
 I sing:—"fit audience let me find though few!"
 So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard,
 Holiest of Men.—Urania, I shall need 25
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
 Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil. 30
 All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form;
 Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
 I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not 35
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scoop'd out
 By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe
 As fall upon us often when we look
 Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man, 40
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.
 —Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
 Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed

From earth's materials—waits upon my steps; 45
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should they be
A history only of departed things, 50
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day. 55
I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation:—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep 60
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World 65
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too,
Theme this but little heard of among Men,
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might 70
Accomplish:—this is our high argument.
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of madding passions mutually inflamed; 75
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm

Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of Cities; may these sounds 80
Have their authentic comment,—that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn!
—Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspirest
The human Soul of universal earth
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess 85
A metropolitan Temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets; upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight; that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence,—and secure, 90
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere!—And if with this
I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man 95
Contemplating, and who, and what he was,
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision,—when and where, and how he lived;—
Be not this labour useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then, dread Power, 100
Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination, may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners;—nurse
My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure thoughts 105
Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772—1834).

In this weird fragment of a tale, with its magic suggestions of a mediæval wonderland, Coleridge takes us perhaps farther away than any poet we have yet met from the club-rooms and drawing-rooms to which eighteenth-century poetry so largely seemed to belong. He displays singular power of making real and interesting a world created by imagination.

46

CHRISTABEL.

PART I.

'TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew! 5

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour; 10
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark. 15

The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray : 20
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late, 25
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away. 30

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And nought was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, 35
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.— 40
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air 45

To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can, 50
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak, 55
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone: 60
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair. 65
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

' Mary mother, save me now!'
(Said Christabel), ' and who art thou?' 70

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
' Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness.'
' Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!' 75
Said Christabel, ' How camest thou here?'

And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

‘My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine: 80
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 85
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be; 90
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey’s back,
A weary woman, scarce alive. 95
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past, 100
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.’

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
‘O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry

Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free 110
Home to your noble father's hall.'

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel: 115
' All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth, 120
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.'

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight, 125
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main 130
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, 135
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
' Praise we the Virgin all divine

Who hath rescued thee from thy distress! 140
'Alas, alas!' said Geraldine,
'I cannot speak for weariness.'
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old 145
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will! 150
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye, 155
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a mirky old niche in the wall.
'O softly tread,' said Christabel,
'My father seldom sleepeth well.'

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room, 165
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air, 170
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain, 175
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim. 180
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

' O weary lady, Geraldine, 185
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.'

' And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?' 190
Christabel answered—' Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell 195
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
' I would, said Geraldine, she were!'

But soon with altered voice, said she—
‘Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!— 200
I have power to bid thee flee.’
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she, 205
‘Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! ’tis given to me.’

Then Christabel knelt by the lady’s side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue— 210
‘Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!’
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, ‘’tis over now!’

Again the wild-flower wine she drank: 215
Her fair large eyes ’gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée. 220

And thus the lofty lady spake—
‘All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel, 225
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.’

Quoth Christabel, ' So let it be !'
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.
But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro, 235
That vain it were her lids to close ;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, 240
And slowly rolled her eyes around ;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast :
Her silken robe, and inner vest, 245
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold ! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell !
O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !
Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs ; 250
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;
Then suddenly, as one defied, 255
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side !—
And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah well-a-day !
And with low voice and doleful look 260
These words did say :
' In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,

Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow; 265
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning, 270
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
 And didst bring her home with thee in love and in
 charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

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A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine 275
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew, 280
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
 Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance 285
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light! 290
 Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,

Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly, 295
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
 What if she knew her mother near? 300
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call:
 For the blue sky bends over all!

47

MAN AND NATURE.

(*From "Dejection": an Ode.*)

O LADY! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live:
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the Earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

THOMAS MOORE

(1779—1852).

Profundity and intensity were not Moore's characteristics. He skims lightly over great themes, or plays prettily with small ones. As a lyrist he enlarged the range of English verse by his varied and skilfully managed metres. In his *Irish Melodies* he wrote of his country—then (1797—1835) at a very low ebb of her fortunes—with genuine (though always guarded) feeling.

48

REMEMBER THEE?

REMEMBER thee? Yes, while there's life in this
heart,

It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and
free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow;
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

49

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love! 5
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear! 10

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love. 15
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The sage's glass we'll shine, my dear;
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear 20

50 THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH grief and through danger, thy smile
 hath cheered my way,
 Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round
 me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
 burned,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned;

Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free, 5
And blessed even the sorrows that made more dear to
thee.

Thy rival was honoured while thou wert wronged and
scorned,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows
adorned;
She wooed me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in
caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were
slaves; 10
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from
thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail:
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked
less pale.

They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering
chains, 15
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile
stains:

Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul
subdue:

Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too!

51 FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea),
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing, 5
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hushed all its music, and withered its frame!

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom 10
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb;

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-trees the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning 15
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told. . . .

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart. 20

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With ev'rything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep. . . .

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain 25
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that
mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this
wave.

WHAT a lucky turn-up—just as Eldon's withdrawing,

To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,
To serve for our times quite as well as the Peer,—

To bring this to light, not the Wisdom alone 5
Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on our shelves,
But, in perfect condition, full-wigged and full-grown,
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home!
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way; 10
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him
come,
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear!" and
"Hurra!"

What a God-send to them!—a good obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader;
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can, 15
And the Lonsdales and Hertfords shall choose him
for leader.

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou shalt be their chosen;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So altered thou hardly wilt know it again. 20

And Eldon will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON
(LORD BYRON)
(1788—1824).

In Byron and his career we find a strange mixture of the brilliant and fascinating with the untoward and pitiable. Much of his poetry is the thrilling and vehement expression of grief, anger, and scorn aroused by causes which unhappily were but too real—in others or in himself; much of it is spoiled by the lack of self discipline which also spoiled his life. At times he forces the note of genuine passion and becomes theatrical. His technical skill is uncertain, sometimes deserting him, occasionally achieving faultlessly splendid effects.

53 THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH.

O TALK not to me of a name great in story!
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled? 5

Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding
phrases, 10

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround
 thee;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my
 story, 15

I knew it was love and I felt it was glory.

54

WATERLOO.

(*"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,"* III., Stanzas 21—28.)

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when 5
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell! .

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind, 10
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
 more, 15
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear 20
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier, 25
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago 30
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes, 35
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; 40
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they
come! they come!" 45

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose!

55 THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

(*"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, IV., Stanzas 115—124"*)

EGERIA! sweet creation of some heart
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair; 5
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
 forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled 10
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
 Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep, 15
 Prison'd in marble; bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The rills runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy
 creep,

Fantastically tangled: the green hills
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the 20
 grass
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
 Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
 Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes,
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass; 25
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,

Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its
skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover; 30
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her starry canopy; and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell 35
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports—could thine art 40
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which
cloys? 45

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies, 50
And trees whose gums are poisons: such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art— 55
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven, 60
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd, wearied,
 wrung, and riven.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where, 65
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seiz'd?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair, 70
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
 again?

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure 75
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun, 80
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most
 undone.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—85
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
 Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the
 flame. 90

56 THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

(From "*Don Juan*").

Don Juan, though written in a prevailing tone of cynical satire, is yet a singularly many-coloured as well as singularly discursive poem. To represent satisfactorily its best characteristics it seemed that any one consecutive extract would be less satisfactory than a few stanzas culled here and there and bearing on a single theme. The theme chosen is a favourite one of Byron's; it is touched on in a more juvenile spirit in the lyric already quoted.

TALK not of seventy years as age; in seven
 I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
 The humblest individual under heaven,
 Than might suffice a moderate century through.
 I knew that nought was lasting, but now even 5
 Change grows too changeable, without being new:
 Nought's permanent among the human race,
 Except the Whigs not getting into place.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's king,
 Cheops, erected the first pyramid 10

And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
 But somebody or other, rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid;
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes, 15
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper;
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour; 20
 For this men write, speak, preach; and heroes kill;
 And bards burn what they call their "midnight-
 taper";
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

And glory long has made the sages smile: 25
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind,
 Depending more upon the historian's style
 Than on the name a person leaves behind:
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle;
 The present century was growing blind 30
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
 Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe.

Well, well, the world must turn upon its axis,
 And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
 And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes, 35
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
 The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
 The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,—
 A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
 Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name. 40

, , , , , , , ,

Between two worlds life hovers like a star
 'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge:
 How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be! The eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar 45
 Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

THOMAS L. PEACOCK

(1785—1866).

Between the "high passions" of Byron and Shelley may be inserted a few lines from a close friend of the latter's—a writer in prose and verse whose reputation is growing and probably destined still to grow. This little lyric seems to achieve a rare perfection of balanced thought, feeling, and expression.

57 THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

I DUG beneath the cypress shade
 What well might seem an elfin's grave,
 And every pledge in earth I laid,
 That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath;
 I placed one mossy stone above;
 And twined the rose's fading wreath
 Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead
 Ere yet the evening sun was set:
 But years shall see the cypress spread,
 Immutable as my regret,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792—1822).

Perhaps only *Prometheus Unbound* of all Shelley's longer compositions gives a fuller idea of his powers as a poet than *Hellas*. Over even *Prometheus Unbound Hellas* has the advantage (at least for the ordinary reader) of a certain substantiality of matter. The destinies of Greece, the actual uprising of a once-great people against actual oppressors,—these are themes which can rivet the attention more easily than the clouds and winds, the forms of unearthly and intangible beauty, the sublimities “pinnacled dim in the intense inane,” which very often engross Shelley's verse. He himself “liked *Hellas* on account of the subject”; we may echo the words with a slightly different meaning.

Not that this “lyrical drama” is at all realistic. It is rather a lyric rapture inspired by an ideal Greece and an ideal abstraction called Liberty. It is deficient in the varied play of character, passion, and action that make a good drama. Written in extreme haste, and apologized for by the poet as “a mere improvise,” it has some redundancies and some passages capable of finer handling. Nevertheless it splendidly illustrates his power of sustained flight in the highest regions of imagination, his vividness of vision and emotion, the rich and varying music of his verse.

58 HELLAS, A LYRICAL DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAHMUD:

| DAOOD.

HASSAN.

| AHASUERUS.

CHORUS of Greek Captive Women. *The Phantom of Mahomet the Second, Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.*

SCENE: Constantinople. TIME: Sunset.

SCENE: *A Terrace on the Seraglio.*

MAHMUD, *sleeping; an Indian Slave sitting beside
his Couch.*

CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.

WE strew these opiate flowers
On thy restless pillow,—
They were stripped from orient bowers
By the Indian billow.
Be thy sleep 5
Calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell—not ours who weep.

INDIAN.

Away, unlovely dreams!
Away, false shapes of sleep!
Be his, as heaven seems, 10
Clear and bright and deep,
Soft as love, and calm as death,
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

CHORUS.

Sleep, sleep! Our song is laden
With the soul of slumber; 15
It was sung by a Samian maiden
Whose lover was of the number
Who now keep
That calm sleep
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep. 20

INDIAN.

I touch thy temples pale,
 I breathe my soul on thee!
 And, could my prayers avail,
 And all my joy should be
 Dead, and I would live to weep, 25
 So thou mightst win one hour of quiet sleep.

CHORUS.

Breathe low, low,
 The spell of the mighty Mistress now!
 When Conscience lulls her sated snake,
 And tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake. 30
 Breathe low, low,
 The words which, like secret fire, shall flow
 Through the veins of the frozen earth—low,
 low!

SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not:
 Hope may vanish, but can die not; 35
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
 Love repulsed,—but it returneth.

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel where
 Hope lay confined with Despair;
 Yet were truth a sacred lie; 40
 Love were lust;—

SEMICHORUS I.

If Liberty
 Lent not life its soul of light,
 Hope its iris of delight,

Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear. 45

CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,
The Spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frightened from Imaus 50
Before an earthquake's tread.

So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendour burst and shone:
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted, 55
The springing fire. The wingèd glory
On Philippi half alighted,
Like an eagle on a promontory.

Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan. 60
From age to age, from man to man,
It lived; and lit from land to land
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

Then night fell; and, as from night,
Re-assuming fiery flight, 65
From the west swift Freedom came,
Against the course of heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
To burn, to kindle, to illume.

From far Atlantis its young beams 70
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine steams,
Hid, but quenched it not; again
Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
From utmost Germany to Spain. 75

As an eagle fed with morning
 Scorns the embattled tempest's warning
 When she sees her aerie hanging
 In the mountain-cedar's hair,
 And her brood expect the clanging 80
 Of her wings through the wild air,
 Sick with famine;—Freedom so
 To what of Greece remaineth now
 Returns; her hoary ruins glow
 Like orient mountains lost in day; 85
 Beneath the safety of her wings
 Her renovated nurslings play,
 And in the naked lightnings
 Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
 Let Freedom leave,—where'er she flies, 90
 A desert, or a paradise;
 Let the beautiful and the brave
 Share her glory, or a grave!

SEMICHORUS I.

With the gifts of gladness
 Greece did thy cradle strew. 95

SEMICHORUS II.

With the tears of sadness
 Greece did thy shroud bedew.

SEMICHORUS I.

With an orphan's affection
 She followed thy bier through Time:

SEMICHORUS II.

And at thy resurrection 100
 Reappeareth, like thou, sublime.

SEMICHORUS I.

If heaven should resume thee,
To heaven shall her spirit ascend.

SEMICHORUS II.

If hell should entomb thee,
To hell shall her high hearts bend. 105

SEMICHORUS I.

If annihilation—
Dust let her glories be;

SEMICHORUS II.

And a name and a nation
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee!

INDIAN.

His brow grows darker—Breathe not—move
not; 110
He starts—he shudders. Ye, that love not,
With your panting loud and fast
Have awakened him at last.

Mahmud [*starting from his sleep*]. Man the
Seraglio-guard! make fast the gate!
What! from a cannonade of three short hours? 115
'Tis false! that breach towards the Bosphorus
Cannot be practicable yet—Who stirs?
Stand to the match; that, when the foe prevails,
One spark may mix in reconciling ruin
The conqueror and the conquered! Heave the
tower 120
Into the gap—wrench off the roof!

Enter HASSAN.

Ha! what!

The truth of day lightens upon my dream,
And I am Mahmud still.

Hassan. Your Sublime Highness
Is strangely moved.

Mahmud. The times do cast strange shadows . . .
Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me 125
As thus from sleep into the troubled day;
It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,
Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.
Would that . . . no matter. Thou didst say
thou knewest

A Jew whose spirit is a chronicle 130
Of strange and secret and forgotten things.
I bade thee summon him:—'tis said his tribe
Dream, and are wise interpreters of dreams.

Hassan. The Jew of whom I spake is so old—so old
He seems to have outlived a world's decay; 135
The hoary mountains and the wrinkled ocean
Seem younger still than he: his hair and beard
Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow;
His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct 140
With light, and, to the soul that quickens them,
Are as atoms of the mountain-drift
To the winter wind: but from his eye looks forth
A life of unconsumèd thought which pierces
The present, and the past, and the to-come. 145
Some say that this is he whom the great prophet
Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery,
Mocked with the curse of immortality.
Some feign that he is Enoch: others dream
He was pre-Adamite, and has survived 150

Cycles of generation and of ruin.
 The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence,
 And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,
 Deep contemplation and unwearied study,
 In years outstretched beyond the date of man, 155
 May have attained to sovereignty and science
 Over those strong and secret things and thoughts
 Which others fear and know not.

Mahmud. I would talk
 With this old Jew. . .

Hassan. He who would question him 160
 Must sail alone at sunset where the stream
 Of ocean sleeps around those foamless isles,
 When the young moon is westering as now,
 And evening airs wander upon the wave;
 And, when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle, 165
 Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow
 Of his gilt prow within the sapphire water,
 Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud
 "Ahasuerus!" and the caverns round
 Will answer "Ahasuerus!" If his prayer 170
 Be granted, a faint meteor will arise,
 Lighting him over Marmora; and a wind
 Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,
 And with the wind a storm of harmony
 Unutterably sweet, and pilot him 175
 Through the soft twilight to the Bosporus:
 Thence, at the hour and place and circumstance
 Fit for the matter of their conference,
 The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare
 Win the desired communion . . . But that
 shout 180
 Bodes— [A shout within.

Mahmud. Evil, doubtless; like all human sounds,
Let me converse with spirits!

Hassan. . . . That shout again . . .

Mahmud. This Jew whom thou hast summoned—

Hassan. Will be here—

Mahmud. When the omnipotent hour to which are
yoked

He, I, and all things, shall compel—enough! 185

Silence those mutineers—that drunken crew

That crowd about the pilot in the storm.

Ay, strike the foremost shorter by a head!

They weary me, and I have need of rest.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have 190

The worship of the world, but no repose.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

CHORUS.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever

From creation to decay,

Like the bubbles on a river,

Sparkling, bursting, borne away.

But they are still immortal

Who, through birth's orient portal

And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,

Clothe their unceasing flight

In the brief dust and light 200

Gathered around their chariots as they go;

New shapes they still may weave,

New gods, new laws, receive:

Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last

On Death's bare ribs had cast, 205

A Power from the unknown God,
 A Promethean Conqueror, came;
 Like a triumphal path he trod
 The thorns of death and shame.
 A mortal shape to him 210
 Was like the vapour dim
 Which the orient planet animates with light.
 Hell, sin, and slavery, came,
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
 Nor preyed until their Lord had taken flight. 215
 The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set:
 While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
 The Cross leads generations on.

 Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep 220
 From one whose dreams are Paradise
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
 And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,
 The Powers of Earth and Air 225
 Fled from the folding-star of Bethlehem:
 Apollo, Pan, and Love,
 And even Olympian Jove,
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.
 Our hills and seas and streams, 230
 Dispeopled of their dreams,
 Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
 Wailed for the golden years.

Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD and others.

Mahmud. More gold? Our ancestors bought gold
 with victory
 And shall I sell it for defeat? 235

Daood.

The Janizars

Clamour for pay.

Mahmud. Go bid them pay themselves

With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?
No infidel children to impale on spears?

No hoary priests after that Patriarch 240

Who bent the curse against his country's heart,
Which clove his own at last? Go bid them kill:
Blood is the seed of gold.

Daood.

It has been sown,

And yet the harvest to the sickleman

Is as a grain to each. 245

Mahmud.

Then take this signet:

Unlock the seventh chamber, in which lie
The treasures of victorious Solyman.

An empire's spoils stored for a day of ruin;

O spirit of my sires! is it not come?

The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged in sleep; 250

But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,

Hunger for gold, which fills not.—See them fed,

Then lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

[*Exit* Daood.]

O! miserable dawn, after a night

More glorious than the day which it usurped! 255

O faith in God! O power on earth! O word

Of the great Prophet, whose o'ershadowing wings

Darkened the thrones and idols of the West,

Now bright!—for thy sake cursèd be the hour,

Even as a father by an evil child, 260

When the orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph

From Caucasus to white Ceraunia!

Ruin above, and anarchy below;

Terror without, and treachery within;

The chalice of destruction full, and all 265
 Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares
 To dash it from his lips? and where is Hope?
Hassan. The lamp of our dominion still rides high;
 One God is God—Mahomet is his Prophet.
 Four hundred thousand Moslems, from the limits 270
 Of utmost Asia, irresistibly
 Throng, like full clouds at the sirocco's cry,
 But not, like them, to weep their strength in tears;
 They bear destroying lightning, and their step
 Wakes earthquake, to consume and overwhelm, 275
 And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,
 Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen
 With horrent arms; and lofty ships even now,
 Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,
 Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala 280
 The convey of the ever-veering wind.
 Samos is drunk with blood;—the Greek has paid
 Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.
 The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far
 When the fierce shout of "Allah-illa-Allah!" 285
 Rose like the wacry of the northern wind
 Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock
 Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm;
 So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day!
 If night is mute, yet the returning sun, 290
 Kindles the voices of the morning birds;
 Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
 Than birds rejoicing in the golden day
 The Anarchies of Africa unleash
 Their tempest-wingèd cities of the sea, 295
 To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
 Like sulphurous clouds half-shattered by the storm,
 They sweep the pale Ægean; while the Queen

Of Ocean, bound upon her island throne
Far in the West, sits mourning that her sons, 300
Who frown on freedom, spare a smile for thee:
Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
Within a cloud near which a kite and crane
Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
To stoop upon the victor;—for she fears 305
The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine.
But recreant Austria loves thee as the grave
Loves pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,
Fleshed with the chase, come up from Italy,
And howl upon their limits: for they see 310
The panther, Freedom, fled to her old cover
Amid seas and mountains, and a mightier brood
Crouch round. What anarch wears a crown or mitre,
Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,
Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy
foes? 315
Our arsenals and our armouries are full;
Our forts defy assault; ten thousand cannon
Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour
Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city;
The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale 320
The Christian merchant; and the yellow Jew
Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.
Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,
Over the hills of Anatolia
Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry 325
Sweep;—the far-flashing of their starry lances
Reverberates the dying light of day.
We have one God, one king, one hope, one law;
But many-headed Insurrection stands
Divided in itself, and soon must fall. 330

Mahmud. Proud words, when deeds come short, are
seasonable :

Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud
Which leads the rear of the departing day ;
Wan emblem of an empire fading now ! 335
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
And, like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,
One star with insolent and victorious light
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams, 340
Like arrows through a fainting antelope,
Strikes its weak form to death.

Hassan. Even as that moon
Renews itself—

Mahmud. Shall we be not renewed ?
Far other bark than ours were needed now
To stem the torrent of descending time : 345
The spirit that lifts the slave before his lord
Stalks through the capitals of armed kings,
And spreads his ensign in the wilderness ;
Exults in chains ; and, when the rebel falls,
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust ; 350
And the inheritors of earth, like beasts
When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear
Cower in their kingly dens—as I do now.
What were defeat, when victory must appal !
Or danger, when security looks pale ! 355
How said the messenger who, from the fort
Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle
Of Bucharest ?—that—

Hassan. Ibrahim's scimitar
Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,
To burn before him in the night of battle—360

A light and a destruction.

Mahmud.

Ay, the day

Was ours; but how?

Hassan.

The light Wallachians,

The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies,

Fled from the glance of our artillery

Almost before the thunderstone alit; 365

One half the Grecian army made a bridge

Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead;

The other—

Mahmud. Speak—tremble not—

Hassan.

Islanded

By victor myriads, formed in hollow square

With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung
back 370

The deluge of our foaming cavalry;

Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.

Our baffled army trembled like one man

Before a host, and gave them space; but soon

From the surrounding hills the batteries blazed, 375

Kneading them down with fire and with iron rain;

Yet none appeared; till, like a field of corn

Under the hook of the swart sickleman,

The band, entrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,

Grew weak and few. Then said the Pacha,

“Slaves, 380

Render yourselves—they have abandoned you—

What hope of refuge or retreat or aid?

We grant your lives,”—“Grant that which is thine
own,”

Cried one, and fell upon his sword, and died!

Another—“God, and man, and hope, abandon
me; 385

But I to them and to myself remain

Constant"; he bowed his head, and his heart burst.
A third exclaimed: "There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou dar'st not pursue, and canst not harm
Shouldst thou pursue; there we shall meet again." 390
Then held his breath, and after a brief spasm
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
Among the slain—dead earth upon the earth!
So these survivors, each by different ways,
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonourable, 395
Met in triumphant death; and, when our army
Closed in, while yet wonder and awe and shame
Held back the base hyenas of the battle
That feed upon the dead, and fly the living,
One rose out of the chaos of the slain: 400
And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit
Of the old saviours of the land we rule
Had lifted in its anger, wandering by;
Or if there burned within the dying man
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith 405
Creating what it feigned;—I cannot tell—
But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come!
Armies of the eternal, ye who strike
To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts, 410
And thaw their frostwork diadems like dew;
O ye who float around this clime, and weave
The garment of the glory which it wears;
Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,
Lies sepulchred in monumental thought; 415
Progenitors of all that yet is great,
Ascribe to your bright senate, oh accept
In your high ministrations, us your sons—
Us first, and the more glorious yet to come!
And ye, weak conquerors! giants who look pale 420

When the crushed worm rebels beneath your tread,
 The vultures and the dogs, your pensioners tame,
 Are overgorged ; but, like oppressors, still
 They crave the relic of Destruction's feast.

The exhalations and the thirsty winds 425
 Are sick with blood ; the dew is foul with death ;
 Heaven's light is quenched in slaughter ; thus
 where'er

Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,
 The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast
 Of these dead limbs,—upon your streams and moun-
 tains, 430

Upon your fields, your gardens, and your housetops,
 Where'er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,
 Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down
 With poisoned light—Famine and Pestilence
 And Panic shall wage war upon our side ! 435

Nature from her boundaries is moved
 Against ye : Time has found ye light as foam,
 The Earth rebels ; and Good and Evil stake
 Their empire o'er the unborn world of men
 On this one cast ; but, ere the die be thrown, 440
 The renovated genius of our race,
 Proud umpire of the impious game, descends,
 A seraph-wingèd Victory bestriding
 The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,
 Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom, 445
 And you to oblivion !"—More he would have said,
 But—

Mahmud. Died—as thou shouldst ere thy lips had
 painted

Their ruin in the hues of our success.
 A rebel's crime, gilt with a rebel's tongue !
 Thy heart is Greek, Hassan. 450

Hassan. It may be so;
A spirit not my own wrenched me within,
And I have spoken words I fear and hate;
Yet would I die for—

Mahmud. Live! O live! outlive
Me and this sinking empire.—But the fleet—

Hassan. Alas!

Mahmud. The fleet which, like a flock of clouds 455
Chased by the wind, flies like the insurgent banner!
Our wingèd castles from their merchant ships!
Our myriads before their pirate bands!
Our arms before their chains! our years of empire
Before their centuries of servile fear! 460
Death is awake! Repulsèd on the waters,
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner
Of Mahmud; but, like hounds of a base breed,
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.

Hassan. Latmos and Ampelos and Phanae saw 465
The wreck—

Mahmud. The caves of the Icarian isles
Told each to the other in loud mockery,
And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes,
First of the sea-convulsing fight—and then——
Thou darest to speak: senseless are the mountains; 470
Interpret thou their voice.

Hassan. My presence bore
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet
Bore down at daybreak from the north, and hung
As multitudinous on the ocean line
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind. 475
Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,
Was stretching towards Nauplia when the battle
Was kindled.—
First through the hail of our artillery

The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail 480
Dashed:—ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man
To man, were grappled in the embrace of war,
Inextricable but by death or victory.
The tempest of the raging fight convulsed
To its crystalline depths that stainless sea, 485
And shook heaven's roof of golden morning clouds
Poised on a hundred azure mountain-isles.
In the brief trances of the artillery,
One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapped 490
The unforeseen event, till the north wind
Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
Of battle-smoke—then “victory—victory!”
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon 495
The abhorred Cross glimmered behind, before,
Among, around us: and that fatal sign
Dried with its beams the strength of Moslem hearts,
As the sun drinks the dew.—What more? We fled!
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam 500
Was beaconed—and the glare struck the sun pale—
By our consuming transports; the fierce light
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay
feeding
The ravening fire even to the water's level; 505
Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,
Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died
Upon the wind that bore us fast and far,
Even as they were dead. Nine thousand perished!
We met the vultures, legioned in the air, 510
Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind:
They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,

Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke, and
perched

Each on the weltering carcass that we loved,
Like its ill angel or its damnèd soul 515
Riding upon the bosom of the sea.

We saw the dogfish hastening to their feast.
Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea;
And ravening Famine left his ocean-cave
To dwell with war, with us, and with despair. 520
We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,
And, with night, tempest—

Mahmud.

Cease! . . .

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Attendant. Your Sublime Highness,
The Jew who—

Mahmud. Could not come more seasonably :
Bid him attend. I'll hear no more! Too long
We gaze on danger through the mist of fear, 525
And multiply upon our shattered hopes
The images of ruin. Come what will!
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Through rough and smooth; nor can we suffer
aught 530
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are.

[*Exeunt.*

SEMICHORUS I.

Would I were a wingèd cloud
Of a tempest swift and loud!
I would scorn
The smile of morn, 535
And the wave where the moonrise is born!

I would leave
The Spirits of Eve
A shroud for the corpse of the Day to weave
From other threads than mine! 540
Bask in the blue noon divine
Who would? Not I.

SEMICHORUS II.

Whither to fly?

SEMICHORUS I.

Where the rocks that gird the Ægean
Echo to the battle pæan 545
Of the free,
I would flee.
A tempestuous herald of victory!
My golden rain
For the Grecian slain 550
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main
And my solemn thunder-knell
Should ring to the world the passing-bell
Of tyranny!

SEMICHORUS II.

Ah king! wilt thou chain 555
The rack and the rain?
Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane?
The storms are free;
But we—

CHORUS.

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime, 560
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!

Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,
 These brows thy branding garland bear;
 But the free heart, the impassive soul,
 Scorn thy control! 565

SEMICHORUS I.

“Let there be light!” said Liberty;
 And, like the sunrise from the sea,
 Athens arose!—Around her born,
 Shone, like mountains in the morn,
 Glorious states;—and are they now 570
 Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

SEMICHORUS II.

Go

Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed
 Persia, as the sand does foam.
 Deluge upon deluge followed,
 Discord, Macedon, and Rome: 575
 And lastly thou!

SEMICHORUS I.

Temples and towers,
 Citadels and marts, and they
 Who live and die there, have been ours,
 And may be thine, and must decay;
 But Greece and her foundations are 580
 Built below the tide of war,
 Based on the crystalline sea
 Of thought and its eternity;
 Her citizens, imperial spirits,
 Rule the present from the past; 585
 On all this world of men inherits
 Their seal is set.

SEMICHORUS II.

Hear ye the blast
 Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls
 From ruin her Titanian walls,
 Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones 590
 Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete,
 Hear, and from their mountain thrones
 The demons and the nymphs repeat
 The harmony.

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!

SEMICHORUS II.

The world's eyeless charioteer, 595
 Destiny, is hurrying by!
 What faith is crushed, what empire bleeds,
 Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?
 What eagle-wingèd Victory sits
 At her right hand? What shadow flits 600
 Before? what splendour rolls behind?
 Ruin and Renovation cry,
 "Who but we?"

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!

The hiss as of a rushing wind,
 The roar as of an ocean foaming, 605
 The thunder as of earthquake coming.
 I hear! I hear!
 The crash as of an empire falling,
 The shrieks as of a people calling
 "Mercy! Mercy!"—how they thrill! 610
 Then a shout of "Kill! kill! kill!"
 And then a small still voice, thus—

SEMICHORUS II.

Fear!

Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind :
 The foul cubs like their parents are ;
 Their den is in the guilty mind, 615
 And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I.

In sacred Athens, near the fane
 Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood ;
 Serve not the unknown God in vain ;
 But pay *that* broken shrine again 620
 Love for hate, and tears for blood.

Enter MAHMUD and AHASUERUS.

Mahmud. Thou art a man, thou sayest, even as we—
Ahasuerus. No more.

Mahmud. But raised above thy fellow-men
 By thought, as I by power.

Ahasuerus. Thou sayest so.

Mahmud. Thou art an adept in the difficult lore 625
 Of Greek and Frank philosophy ; thou numberest
 The flowers, and thou measurest the stars ;
 Thou severest element from element ;
 Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees
 The birth of this old world through all its cycles 630
 Of desolation and of loveliness,
 And when man was not, and how man became
 The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,
 And all its narrow circles—it is much ;
 I honour thee, and would be what thou art 635
 Were I not what I am ; but the unborn hour,
 Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,
 Who shall unveil ?

Ahasuerus. Sultan! talk we no more
Of thee and me, the future and the past;
But look on that which cannot change—the One, 640
The unborn and the undying. Earth and ocean,
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,
With all its cressets of immortal fire, 645
Whose outwall, bastionèd impregnably
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds—this Whole
Of suns and worlds and men and beasts and flowers,
With all the silent or tempestuous workings 650
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision;—all that it inherits
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams:
Thought is its cradle and its grave; nor less
The future and the past are idle shadows 655
Of thought's eternal flight—they have no being;
Nought is but that which feels itself to be.

Mahmud. What meanest thou? thy words stream
like a tempest
Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake
The earth on which I stand, and hang like night 660
On heaven above me. What can they avail?
They cast on all things surest, brightest, best,
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

Ahasuerus. Mistake me not! All is contained in
each.
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup 665
Is that which has been, or will be, to that
Which is—the absent to the present. Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,

Reason, Imagination, cannot die;
 They are what that which they regard appears. 670
 The stuff whence mutability can weave
 All that it hath dominion o'er—worlds, worms,
 Empires, and superstitions. What has thought
 To do with time or place or circumstance?
 Wouldst thou behold the future? Ask and have! 675
 Knock, and it shall be opened—look, and lo!
 The coming age is shadowed on the past,
 As on a glass.

Mahmud. Wild, wilder thoughts convulse
 My spirit!—Did not Mahomet the Second
 Win Stamboul?

Ahasuerus. Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit 680
 The written fortunes of thy house and faith.
 Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell
 How what was born in blood must die.

Mahmud. Thy words
 Have power on me! I see— . . .

THE PHANTOM OF MAHOMET THE SECOND *appears.*

Mahmud. Approach!

Phantom. I come
 Thence whither thou must go. The grave is fitter 685
 To take the living than give up the dead;
 Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.
 The heavy fragments of the power which fell
 When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,
 Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices 690
 Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,
 Wailing for glory never to return.
 A later Empire nods in its decay;
 The autumn of a greener faith is come;

And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip 695
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her aerie, while Dominion whelped below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil, 700
Ruin on ruin: thou art slow, my son;
The anarchs of the world of darkness keep
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
Boundless and mute; and, for thy subjects, thou,
Like us, shalt rule the ghosts of murdered life, 705
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now—
Mutinous passions, and conflicting fears,
And hopes that sate themselves on dust, and die!
Stripped of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.
Islam must fall; but we will reign together 710
Over its ruins in the world of death:
And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed
Unfold itself even in the shape of that
Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe! woe
To the weak people tangled in the grasp 715
Of its last spasms!

Mahmud. Spirit, woe to all!
Woe to the wronged and the avenger! woe
To the destroyer, woe to the destroyed!
Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver!
Woe to the oppressed, and woe to the oppressor! 720
Woe both to those that suffer and inflict;
Those who are born, and those who die! But say,
Imperial shadow of the thing I am,
When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish
Her consummation?

Phantom. Ask the cold pale Hour, 725
Rich in reversion of impending death,

When he shall fall upon whose ripe grey hairs
 Sit care and sorrow and infirmity—
 The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed
 with years,
 Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart 730
 Over the heads of men, under which burden
 They bow themselves unto the grave: fond wretch!
 He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years
 To come, and how in hours of youth renewed
 He will renew lost joys, and——

Voice without. Victory! victory! [THE PHANTOM
 vanishes. 735

Mahmud. What sound of the importunate earth
 has broken

My mighty trance?

Voice without. Victory! victory!

Mahmud. Weak lightning before darkness! poor
 faint smile

Of dying Islam! voice which art the response
 Of hollow weakness!—Do I wake and live 740
 Were there such things, or may the unquiet brain,
 Vexed by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,
 Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?
 It matters not!—for nought we see or dream,
 Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth 745
 More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,
 The future must become the past; and I,
 As they were to whom once this present hour,
 This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,
 Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy 750
 Never to be attained.—I must rebuke
 This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,
 And, dying, bring despair.—Victory!—Poor slaves!
 [*Exit Mahmud.*

Voices without. Shout in the jubilee of death! The
Greeks

Are as a brood of lions in the net, 755

Round which the kingly hunters of the earth

Stand smiling. Anarchs, ye whose daily food

Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death,

From Thule to the girdle of the world,

Come, feast! The board groans with the flesh of

men; 760

The cup is foaming with a nation's blood—

Famine and Thirst await: eat, drink, and die!

SEMICHORUS I.

Darkness has dawned in the east

On the noon of time:

The death-birds descend to their feast 765

From the hungry clime.

Let Freedom and Peace flee far

To a sunnier strand,

And follow Love's folding-star

To the evening land. . . . 770

SEMICHORUS II.

Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!

Guide us far far away

To climes where now, veiled by the ardour of
day,

Thou art hidden

From the waves on which weary noon 775

Faints in her summer swoon,

Between kingless continents sinless as Eden,

Around mountains and islands inviolably

Pranked on the sapphire sea.

SEMICHORUS I.

Through the sunset of hope, 780
 Like the shapes of a dream,
 What paradise islands of glory gleam!
 Beneath heaven's cope,
 Their shadows more clear float by—
 The sound of their oceans, the light of their
 sky, 785
 The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
 Burst like morning on dream, or like heaven on
 death,
 Through the walls of our prison;
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

CHORUS.

The world's great age begins anew, 790
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn:
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream. 795

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning star;
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep 800
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies; 805

A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh! write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy 810
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time 815
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose 820
Shall burst more bright and good—
Than all who fell, than one who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, but blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers. 825

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past, 830
Oh might it die or rest at last!

JOHN KEATS

(1795—1821).

Keats was intensely sensitive to the appeal which the beautiful in Nature makes to refined senses. He was more keenly and completely so than Wordsworth; was, however, a lesser poet in so much as sense-impressions were far less powerful to raise him than the older man to higher spiritual spheres of thought and emotion. Yet, if our first extract shows him simply as one revelling in beautiful shapes and colours, the second piece shows a delicate sense of "tears in human things," of the sadness lurking in loveliness which is transitory.

59 THE BOWER OF ADONIS.

AFTER a thousand mazes overgone,
At last with sudden step he came upon
A chamber myrtle-walled, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy
And more of beautiful and strange beside: 5
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach;
And cover-lids gold-tinted like the peach 10
Or ripe October's faded marigolds
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds,—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light; 15
But rather giving them to the filled sight

Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed
By tenderest pressure a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south 20
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammelled fresh: 25
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streakèd vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush; 30
And virgin's-bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings, 35
And ever and anon uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise 40
Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more,
The breathless Latmina wondered o'er and o'er;
Until, impatient in embarrassment,
He forthright passed, and lightly treading went 45
To that same feathered lyrist, who straightway
Smiling thus whispered: "Though from upper day
Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
Might seem unholy, be of happy cheer!
For 'tis the nicest touch of human honour, 50

When some ethereal and high-favouring donor
 Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense;
 As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence
 Was I in no wise startled. So recline
 Upon these living flowers. Here is wine 55
 Alive with sparkles,—never, I aver,
 Since Ariadne was a vintager,
 So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
 Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
 Were high about Pomona: here is cream 60
 Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam,
 Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimmed
 For the boy Jupiter: and here, undimmed
 By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
 Ready to melt between an infant's gums: 65
 And here is manna picked from Syrian trees
 In starlight by the three Hesperides.
 Feast on, and meanwhile I will let thee know
 Of all these things around us." He did so,
 Still brooding o'er the cadence of his lyre. 70
 . . . Then there was a hum
 Of sudden voices, echoing: "Come! Come!
 Arise! Awake! Clear summer has forth walked
 Unto the clover-sward, and she has talked
 Full soothingly to every nested finch. 75
 Rise, Cupids! or we'll give the blue-bell pinch
 To your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin!"
 At this from every side they hurried in,
 Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
 And doubling overhead their little fists 80
 In backward yawns. But all were soon alive:
 For, as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive
 In nectared clouds and curls through water fair,
 So from the arbour roof down swelled an air

Odorous and enlivening; making all 85
 To laugh and play and sing and loudly call
 For their sweet queen: when lo! the wreathed green
 Disparted, and far upward could be seen
 Blue heaven, and a silver car, air-borne,
 Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn, 90
 Spun off a drizzling dew.

60

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

NO, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By night shade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
 Make not your rosary of yewberries; 5
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul. 10

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, 15
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
 Or, if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes. 20

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And joy, whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight, 25
 Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
 tongue
 Can burst joy's grape against his palate fine:
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung. 30

WILLIAM BARNES

(1801—1886).

After a silence of more than five centuries, a poet's voice is again heard in the Wessex dialect, which, once supreme, had since the Norman Conquest been sinking into complete obscurity. William Barnes, scholar and clergyman, lover of Dorsetshire and poet, was attracted to cultivate some of the shy graces of idiom and feeling which grow down the rustic lanes of dialect: and in many poems like *The Echo* he has achieved a perfect combination of simplicity with grace and delicacy.

61

THE ECHO.

ABOUT the tow'r an' churchyard wall
 Out nearly overright our door,
 A tongue ov wind did always call
 Whatever we did call avore.
 The vaice did mock our neämes, our cheers, 5
 Our merry laughs, our hand's loud claps,
 An' mother's call "Come, come, my dears"
 —*my dears*;
 Or "Do as I do bid, bad chaps"
 —*bad chaps*.

And when o' Zundays on the green,
 In frocks an' cwoats as gay as new, 10
 We walked wi' shoes a-meäde to sheen
 So black an' bright's a vull-ripe slooe,
 We then did hear the tongue ov air
 A-mockèn mother's vaice so thin,
 "Come, now the bell do goo vor pray'r" 15
—vor pray'r.
 "'Tis time to goo to church; come in"
—come in.

The night when little Anne that died
 Begun to zickèn, back in May,
 An' she, at dusk ov evenèn-tide,
 Were out wi' others at their play, 20
 Within the churchyard that do keep
 Her little bed, the vaïce o' thin
 Dark air mock'd mother's call " To sleep "

—to sleep ;

" 'Tis bed-time now, my love, come in "

—come in.

An' when our Jeäne come out so smart 25
 A-married, an' we help'd her in
 To Henry's newly-varnished cart;
 The while the wheels begun to spin,
 An' her gay nods, vor all she smiled,
 Did sheäke a tear-drop from each eye; 30
 The vaice mocked mother's call, " Dear child "
—*dear child*;
 " God bless ye evermware; good bye "
—*good bye*.

The while the wheels begun to spin,
An' her gay nods, vor all she smiled,
Did sheäke a tear-drop from each eye; 30
The väice mocked mother's call, " Dear child "
—*dear child*;
" God bless ye evermwore ; good bye "
—*good byc.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809—1849).

Though Longfellow is the most popular and variously-gifted poet the United States have yet produced, the work of E. A. Poe shows stronger and more original genius. (Poe, indeed, once published a paper bearing the aggressive title: "Longfellow and other Plagiarists!"). No *one* of his poems represents him well, except perhaps *The Raven*, which is rather too long for this volume; but *The Haunted Palace* illustrates many of his excellences; it gives also his habitual note of despair and his love of the ghostly. The weird and the terrible form the powerfully-wrought atmosphere of his prose tale, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, into which this poem is introduced.

62

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

IN the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion 5
 It stood there;
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

 Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow 10
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago),
 And every gentle air that dallied
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid, 15
 A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law. 20
Round about a throne where, sitting,
PorphYROGENE,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing 25
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing 30
In voices of surpassing beauty
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow 35
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed. 40

And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river, 45
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

The Erne...at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen! 20
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest, 25
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart...in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen, 30
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints, 35
My dark Rosaleen!

Wo and pain, pain and wo,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon. 40
But yet...will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen! 45
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
 Will I fly, for your weal: 50
Your holy delicate white hands
 Shall girdle me with steel.
At home...in your emerald bowers,
 From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers, 55
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
 My dark Rosaleen! 60

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills!
And one...beamy smile from you 65
 Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew, 70
A second life, a soul anew,
 My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
 With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread, 75
 And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal, and slogan cry
 Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My dark Rosaleen! 80

My own Rosaleen!
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My dark Rosaleen!

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

(1814—1845).

Davis has won a lasting place in Irish remembrance for his noble character, single-minded patriotism, untimely death, and sincere poetry. We select the last-written of all his pieces; it affords an excellent specimen of the narrative ballad. Scott and Southey had done admirable work in this kind, and in Davis's time Macaulay and Aytoun were successfully cultivating it—one looking chiefly to the histories of England and of ancient Rome, the other to Scotland.

64 THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's
 hundred isles;
 The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's
 rough defiles;
 Old Innisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moult-
 ing bird;
 And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is
 heard;
 The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease
 their play; 5
 The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel
 to pray;
 And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour
 o'er—
 Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore,

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with mid-
night there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or
sea, or air. 10
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious
of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy
balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round
Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the
ebbing tide.
O! some sweet mission of true love must urge them
to the shore— 15
They bring some lover to his bride who sighs in
Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky
street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently
gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a
flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid
and sire and dame, 20
And meet upon the threshold stone the gleaming
sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or
crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah!" breaks above the prayer and
shriek and roar—
O, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the
shearing sword; 25

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her
son was gored;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes
clutching wild;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with
the child:

But see—yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with
splashing heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his
Syrian steel— 30

Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers
yield their store,

There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of
Baltimore! . . .

O! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must
tend the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a
Bey's jerreed.

O! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous
Dardanelles; 35

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for
the Dey,—

She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the midst
of his Serai;

And when, to die a death of fire, that noble maid
they bore,

She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of
Baltimore. 40

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that
bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger con-
course stand,
Where high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch
is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the
Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
prayer, 45
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred
there;
Some muttered of MacMorrough, who had brought
the Norman o'er;
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

(1809—1861).

With Mrs. Browning we have left behind the era of the French Revolution and of the literary "Romantic" Revolution. The poem *My Doves* illustrates an amiable domestic strain of poetry which was welcomed when the stormier music had passed, and of which she, with Tennyson (of *The May Queen*), Patmore (of *The Angel in the House*) and Longfellow, was the best representative.

65

MY DOVES.

MY little doves have left a nest
 Upon an Indian tree,
 Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
 Or motion from the sea:
 For, ever there, the sea-winds go
 With sunlit paces to and fro.

5

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
 The tropic stars looked down,
 And there my little doves did sit
 With feathers softly brown
 And glittering eyes that showed their right
 To general nature's deep delight.

10

And God them taught, at every close
 Of murmuring waves beyond
 And green leaves round, to interpose 15
 Their choral voices fond;
 Interpreting that love must be
 The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! Of living loves
 Theirs hath the calmest fashion; 20
 Their living voice the likeliest moves
 To lifeless intonation—
 The lovely monotone of springs
 And winds and such insensate things.

And now, within the city prison 25
 In mist and chillness pent,
 With sudden upward look they listen
 For sounds of past content—
 For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
 Or nut-fruit falling from the trees. 30

The stir, without the glow, of passion,
 The triumph of the mart,
 The gold and silver as they clash on
 Man's cold metallic heart,
 The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,— 35
 These only sounds are heard instead

Soft falls their chant, as on the nest
 Beneath the sunny zone;
 For love, that stirred it in their breast,
 Has not aweary grown, 40
 And 'neath the city's shade can keep
 The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills
 With pastoral memories :
All echoings from out the hills, 45
 All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind
Remembered in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
 My little doves!—to move 50
Along the city-ways with heart
 Assured by holy love
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream ; 55
 More hard—in Babel's street!
But if the soulless creatures deem
 Their music not unmeet
For sinless walls, let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings within! . . . 60

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
 For flowers the valley yields:
I will have humble thoughts, instead
 Of silent dewy fields:
My spirit and my God shall be 65
My seaward hill, my boundless sea.

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ROBERT BROWNING

(1812—1889).

An eager active mind, keen curiosities and unsettled convictions early directed Browning's genius into the path of psychical analysis. With a poet's imagination, with a very fitful command of the poet's musical gift, he gave his studies of human life and character a poetic, and usually a dramatic, form. In *Paracelsus* the dramatic involution and evolution are confessedly limited to the inner history of a soul; the result, occupying some four or five thousand lines, is tedious, although a wealth of poetry is expended. The "Song" here quoted is haunting in its blend of remote images and suggestions: but it is still more characteristic of its author's lyric quality in a music which is real, but quite alien from actual singing. This may seem strange, seeing that Browning was an enthusiastic musician; but the sufficient reason is that his "songs" are reflective and suggestive, rather than obviously emotional. So great is his dislike of the cheap sentimental appeal and of all that is commonplace that he leans to the far-fetched and abruptly-expressive in language as well as to the recondite in thought and feeling. The little piece *Appearances* affords a very brief specimen of Browning's manner in dramatic lyric.

66

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

("Paracelsus," Act I.)

WHAT shall I say?

Festus, from childhood I have been possessed
By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or fierce,
As from without some master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current: this but ill

5

Expresses what I would convey—but rather
I will believe an angel ruled me thus,
Than that my soul's own workings, own high nature,
So became manifest. I knew not then
What whispered in the evening, and spoke out 10
At midnight. If some mortal, born too soon,
Were laid away in some great trance—the ages
Coming and going all the while—till dawned
His true time's advent, and could then record
The words they spoke who kept watch by his bed, 15
Then I might tell more of the breath so light
Upon my eyelids, and the fingers warm
Among my hair. Youth is confused; yet never
So dull was I but, when that spirit passed,
I turned to him, scarce consciously, as turns 20
A water-snake when fairies cross his sleep.
And having this within me and about me
While Einsiedeln, its mountains, lakes, and woods
Confined me—what oppressive joy was mine
When life grew plain, and I first viewed the
thronged, 25
The ever-moving concourse of mankind!
Believe that ere I joined them—ere I knew
The purpose of the pageant, or the place
Consigned to me within its ranks—while yet
Wonder was freshest and delight most pure, 30
'Twas then that least supportable appeared
A station with the brightest of the crowd,
A portion with the proudest of them all!
And from the tumult in my breast, this only
Could I collect—that I must thenceforth die, 35
Or elevate myself far, far above
The gorgeous spectacle. I seemed to long
At once to trample on, yet save, mankind—

To make some unexampled sacrifice
 In their behalf—to wring some wondrous good 40
 From heaven or earth for them—to perish, winning
 Eternal weal in the act: as who should dare
 Pluck out the angry thunder from its cloud,
 That, all its gathered flame discharged on him,
 No storm might threaten summer's azure sleep: 45
 Yet never to be mixed with men so much
 As to have part even in my own work—share
 In my own largess. Once the feat achieved,
 I would withdraw from their officious praise,
 Would gently put aside their profuse thanks: 50
 Like some knight traversing a wilderness,
 Who, on his way, may chance to free a tribe
 Of desert-people from their dragon-foe;
 When all the swarthy race press round to kiss
 His feet, and choose him for their king, and yield 55
 Their poor tents, pitched among the sand-hills, for
 His realm; and he points, smiling, to his scarf,
 Heavy with riveled gold, his burgonet,
 Gay set with twinkling stones—and to the East,
 Where these must be displayed!

Festus.

Good: let us hear 60

No more about your nature, “which first shrank
 From all that marked you out apart from men!”

Par. I touch on that; these words but analyse
 That first mad impulse—’twas as brief as fond;
 For as I gazed again upon the show, 65
 I soon distinguished here and there a shape
 Palm-wreathed and radiant, forehead and full eye.
 Well pleased was I their state should thus at once
 Interpret my own thoughts:—“Behold the clue

To all," I rashly said, "and what I pine
To do, these have accomplished: we are peers!
They know, and therefore rule: I, too, will know!"
You were beside me, Festus, as you say;
You saw me plunge in their pursuits whom Fame
Is lavish to attest the lords of mind; 70
Not pausing to make sure the prize in view
Would satiate my cravings when obtained—
But since they strove I strove. Then came a slow
And strangling failure. We aspired alike:
Yet not the meanest plodder Tritheim schools 80
But faced me, all-sufficient, all content,
Or staggered only at his own strong wits;
While I was restless, nothing satisfied,
Distrustful, most perplexed. I would slur over
That struggle; suffice it, that I loathed myself 85
As weak compared with them, yet felt somehow
A mighty power was brooding, taking shape
Within me: and this lasted till one night
When, as I sate revolving it and more,
A still voice from without said—"See'st thou not, 90
Desponding child, whence came defeat and loss?
Even from thy strength! Consider: has thou gazed
Presumptuously on Wisdom's countenance,
No veil between; and can thy hands which falter,
Unguided by thy brain the mighty sight 95
Continues to absorb, pursue their task
On earth like these around thee—what their sense
Which radiance ne'er distracted, clear describes?
If thou wouldst share their fortune, choose their life,
Unfed by splendour. Let each task present 100
Its petty good to thee. Waste not thy gifts
In profitless waiting for the gods' descent,
But have some idol of thine own to dress

With their array. Know!—not for knowing's sake,
But to become a star to men for ever : 105
Know! for the gain it gets, the praise it brings,
The wonder it inspires, the love it breeds.
Look one step onward, and secure that step."
And I smiled as one never smiles but once ;
Then first discovering my own aim's extent, 110
Which sought to comprehend the works of God,
And God Himself, and all God's intercourse
With the human mind ; I understood, no less,
My fellows' studies, whose true worth I saw,
But smiled not, well aware who stood by me. 115
And softer came the voice—" There is a way :
'Tis hard for flesh to tread therein imbued
With frailty—hopeless, if indulgence first
Have ripened inborn germs of sin to strength.
Wilt thou adventure for my sake and man's 120
Apart from all reward?" And last it breathed—
" Be happy, my good soldier ; I am by thee,
Be sure, even to the end!"—I answered not,
Knowing Him. As He spoke, I was endued
With comprehension and a steadfast will ; 125
And when He ceased, my brow was sealed His own.
If there took place no special change in me,
How comes it all things wore a different hue
Thenceforward?—pregnant with vast consequence—
Teeming with grand results—loaded with fate ; 130
So that when, quailing at the mighty range
Of secret truths which yearn for birth, I haste
To contemplate undazzled some one truth—
Its bearings and effects alone, at once
What was a speck expands into a star, 135
Asking a life to pass exploring thus,
Till I near craze. I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way—
 I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
 I ask not: but unless God send His hail 140
 Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,
 In some time—His good time—I shall arrive:
 He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

67

SONG.

(*"Paracelsus," Act IV.*)

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds, and stripes
 Of labdanum, and aloe-balls
 Smear'd with dull nard an Indian wipes
 From out her hair; (such balsam falls
 Down sea-side mountain pedestals, 5
 From summits where tired winds are fain,
 Spent with the vast and howling main,
 To treasure half their island gain.)

And strew faint sweetness from some old
 Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud, 10
 Which breaks to dust when once unrolled;
 And shred dim perfume, like a cloud
 From chamber long to quiet vowed,
 With moth'd and dropping arras hung,
 Mouldering the lute and books among 15
 Of queen, long dead, who lived there young.

68

APPEARANCES.

AND so you found that poor room dull,
 Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear?
 Its features seemed unbeautiful:

But this I know—t'was there, not here,
 You plighted troth to me, the word
 Which—ask that poor room how it heard!

And this rich room obtains your praise
 Unqualified,—so bright, so fair,
 So all whereat perfection stays?
 Ay, but remember—here, not there,
 The other word was spoken! Ask
 This rich room how you dropped the mask!

HENRY. WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807—1882).

Although Longfellow's fame has hitherto rested scarcely at all on his sonnets, it is probable that they will remain its most enduring foundation. A great many American poets have done well in the sonnet, but among these Longfellow (according to excellent judges) stands foremost.

The most widely-cultivated and refined of the older American poets, a sympathetic student of the best literature of former ages, endowed himself as a poet with all the gifts, except humour, which appeal to the average man, woman, and child, Longfellow has been an educative influence of very high value. He has not, however, been a sufficiently distinctive voice of America even in those of his works which might seem most American.

69

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
 With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain.

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
 Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
 And following thee, in thine ovation splendid,
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters thy golden leaves.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

(1810—1886).

No modern poet has so well caught in his verse the graver and stronger notes of the old Irish harp as Ferguson. Had he made poetry the main business of his life, he might have attained that place among the very first of Anglo-Irish poets which he now scarcely holds. His longer works in verse are often too reminiscent of raw material, afford too little refined gold. *Aideen's Grave* is remarkable among them for its delicacy and finish; its touches of modern thought add a new but pleasing harmony to the old theme he revives.

70

AIDEEN'S GRAVE.

THEY heaved the stone; they heaped the cairn:
 Said Ossian: "In a queenly grave
 We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,
 Between the cliff and wave,

- “ The cliff behind stands clear and bare ; 5
And bare, above, the heathery steep
Scales the clear heaven’s expanse, to where
The Danaan Druids sleep ;
- “ And all the sands that, left and right, 10
The grassy isthmus-ridge confine,
In yellow bars lie bare and bright
Among the sparkling brine.
- “ A clear pure air pervades the scene,
In loneliness and awe secure ;— 15
Meet spot to sepulchre a queen
Who in her life was pure.
- “ Here, far from camp and chase removed,
Apart in Nature’s quiet room,
The music that, alive, she loved
Shall cheer her in the tomb : 20
- “ The humming of the noontide bees,
The lark’s loud carol all day long,
And, borne on evening’s salted breeze,
The clanking sea-bird’s song
- “ Shall round her airy chamber float, 25
And with the whispering winds and streams
Attune to Nature’s tenderest note
The tone of her dreams.
- “ And oft, at tranquil eve’s decline 30
When full tides lip the Old Green Plain,
The lowing of Moynalty’s kine
Shall round her breathe again.

“ In sweet remembrance of the days
When, duteous, in the lowly vale,
Unconscious of my Oscar’s gaze, 35
She filled the fragrant pail,

“ And, duteous, from the running brook
Drew water for the bath; nor deemed
A king did on her labour look,
And she a fairy seemed. 40

“ But when the wintry frosts begin,
And in their long-drawn lofty flight,
The wild geese with their airy din
Distend the ear of night,

“ And when the fierce De Danaan ghosts 45
At midnight from their peak come down,
When all around the enchanted coasts
Despairing strangers drown;

“ When mingling with the wreckful wail,
From low Clontarf’s wave-trampled floor, 50
Comes, booming up the burthened gale,
The angry Sand-Bull’s roar;

“ Or, angrier than the sea, the shout
Of Erin’s posts in wrath combined,
When Terror heads Oppression’s rout 55
And Freedom cheers behind:—

“ Then o’er our lady’s placid dream,
Where safe from storm she sleeps, may steal
Such joy as will not misbeseem
A queen of men to feel; 60

“Such thrill of free, defiant pride,
As rapt her in her battle car
At Gavra, when by Oscar’s side
She rode the ridge of war,

“Exulting, down the shouting troops, 65
And through the thick confronting kings,
With hands on all their javelin loops,
And shafts on all their strings;

“Ere closed the inseparable crowds,
No more to part for me and show, 70
As bursts the sun through scattering clouds,
My Oscar issuing so.

“No more, dispelling battle’s gloom,
Shall son for me from fight return;
The great green rath’s ten-acred tomb 75
Lies heavy on his urn.

“A cup of bodkin-pencilled clay
Holds Oscar; mighty heart and limb
One handful now of ashes grey:
And she has died for him. 80

“And here, hard by her natal bower
On lone Ben Edar’s side, we strive
With lifted rock and sign of power
To keep her name alive.

“That while from circling year to year 85
Her ogham-lettered stone is seen,
The Gael shall say: ‘Our Fenians here
Entombed their loved Aideen.’

“ The ogham from her pillar stone
In tract of time will wear away ;
Her name at last be only known
In Ossian’s echoed lay. 90

“ The long-forgotten lay I sing
May only ages hence revive
(As eagle with a wounded wing
To soar again might strive), 95

“ Imperfect, in an alien speech,
When, wandering here, some child of chance
Through pangs of keen delight shall reach
The gift of utterance,— 100

“ To speak the air, the sky to speak,
The freshness of the hill to tell ;
Who, roaming bare Ben Edar’s peak
And Aideen’s briary dell,

“ And gazing on the cromlech vast
And on the mountain and the sea,
Shall catch communion with the past
And mix himself with me. 105

“ Child of the Future’s doubtful night,
Whate’er your speech, whoe’er your sires,
Sing while you may, with frank delight,
The song your hour inspires. 110

“ Sing while you may, nor grieve to know
The song you sing shall also die ;
Atharna’s lay has perished so,
Though once it thrilled this sky 115

“ Above us, from his rocky chair,
There, where Ben Edar’s landward crest
O’er eastern Bregia bends, to where
Dun Almon crowns the west; 120

“ And all that felt the fretted air
Throughout the song-distempered clime
Did droop, till suppliant Leinster’s prayer
Appeased the vengeful rhyme.

“ Ah me, or ere the hour arrive 125
Shall bid my long-forgotten tones,
Unknown One, on your lips revive,
Here, by these moss-grown stones,

“ What change shall o’er the scene have crossed,
What conquering lords anew have come, 130
What lore-armed, mightier Druid host
From Gaul or distant Rome!

“ What arts of death, what ways of life,
What creeds unknown to bard or seer,
Shall round your careless steps be rife, 135
Who pause and ponder here,

“ And haply, where yon curlew calls
Athwart the marsh, ’mid groves and bowers
See rise some mighty chieftain’s halls
With unimagined towers, 140

“ And baying hounds and coursers bright
And burnished cars of dazzling sheen,
With courtly train of dame and knight,
Where now the fern is green;

“ Or, by yon prostrate altar-stone 145

May kneel, perchance, and, free from blame,
Hear holy men with rites unknown
New names of God proclaim . . .

“ And still, as life and time wear on,
The children of the waning days, 150
(Though strength be from their shoulders gone
To lift the loads we raise),

“ Shall weep to do the burial rites
Of lost ones loved, and fondly found
In shadow of the gathering nights 155
The monumental mound.

“ Farewell! The strength of men is worn;
The night approaches dark and chill:
Sleep, till perchance an endless morn
Descend the glittering hill.” 160

Of Oscar and Aideen bereft,
So Ossian sang. The Fenians sped
Three mighty shouts to heaven; and left
Ben Edar to the dead.

ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809—1892).

The muse of Tennyson was the singularly versatile voice of everything that interested nineteenth-century England. Too careful and self-conscious for splendid daring, she never ascended into the highest heaven of poetry, but she again and again approached the empyrean. Of the present few specimens of the poet's craft, the first is a brilliant little lyric, suggested by the echoes heard on the lakes of Killarney; the next a wonderful symphony in word-melody in which float problems of life and belief that agitated the man and his day; the third, *Ulysses*, deals with those same problems, but in a strongly-contrasting spirit.

71

ECHO SONG.

THE splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying! 5
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying!
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying !
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying !

72

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 5
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies,
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 10
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 15
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,

And cease from wanderings, 20
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 25
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow 30
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days, 35
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 40
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last? 45
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave? 50

All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 55
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day, 60
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory, 65
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 70
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold 75
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain. 80
The Gods are hard to reconcile;

'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 85
 Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grow dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still, 90
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 95
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
 pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak: 100
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
 dust is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 105
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
 fountains in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined

On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 110
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands, 115
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil, 120
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd
—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 125
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
more.

73

ULYSSES.

IT little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, my own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50
Death closes all: but something ere the end
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights began to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 65

We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

(1819—1861).

A song of encouragement for the strivers in the battles of modern progress. The author's energies for his own life-work were, unhappily, clouded by growing scepticism. An earnest and sincere thinker, as an artist he was unequal and sometimes clumsy.

74 "SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH."

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ; 5
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main :

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly! 15
 But westward, look, the land is bright!

AUBREY DE VERE

(1814—1902).

In *Love Laid Down* the poet touches somewhat sadly on what he considers the evil side of typical modern progress. In the stanzas from *May Carols*, as all through that poem, he recalls men from their wanderings to the true centre of good.

75

SONG.

LOVE laid down his golden head
 On his mother's knee;
 "The world runs round so fast," he said,
 "None has time for me."

Thought, a sage unhonoured, turned 5
 From the on-rushing crew;
 Song her starry legend spurned;
 Art her glass down threw.

Roll on, blind world, upon thy track
 Until thy wheels catch fire! 10
 For that is gone which comes not back
 To seller nor to buyer.

76

REX AETERNUS.

(" May Carols," Part I., 2.)

UPON thy face, O God, thy world
Looks ever up in love and awe;
Thy stars, in circles onward hurled,
Sustain the steadying yoke of law.

In alternating antiphons 5
Stream sings to stream and sea to sea;
And moons that set and sinking suns
Obeisance make, O God, to thee.

The swallow, winter's rage o'erblown,
Again, on warm spring breezes borne, 10
Revisiteth her haunts well-known;
The lark is faithful to the morn.

The whirlwind, missioned with its wings
To drown the fleet or fell the tower,
Obeys Thee as the bird that sings 15
Her love-chant in a fleeting shower.

Amid an ordered universe
Man's spirit only dares rebel:
With light, O God, its darkness pierce!
With love its raging chaos quell! 20



NOTES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

L. 1.—His : may be here neuter, not masculine. **Soote :** cp. **Swete** in line 5. The latter is an immutation of the former : O.E. **swôte**, connected with Latin **sua(d)vis** and **suadeo**.

L. 4.—Of which vertu : that of its vitalizing power—.

L. 6.—Holt : a wood. Cp. German **Holz**.

L. 7.—Croppes : tops or shoots, not “crops.”

L. 8.—His halfe cours : this second half-course of the sun in the sign of the Ram ends on the 11th April ; the first is in March. **y-ronne :** O.E. **gerunnen**.

L. 11.—Corages : hearts, feelings. Low Latin **coraticum**, from **cor**.

Ll. 12—13.—goon-seken : Chaucer's use of *n* in the infinitive is fluctuating. For its omission see ll. 60, 61, 67, &c.

L. 13.—Palmeres : a palmer was originally one who had made the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and brought thence a palm-branch as a token of his journey. Later the name was given to one who made pilgrimage his profession, wore a distinctive habit, and begged his way.

L. 17.—chivalrie : it would be impossible to condense into a note all that this word means. It stood for nearly all that was best in the men of the Middle Ages outside the cloister : it represented the social reaction from the disorder, brutality, and grossness of barbarism and paganism. The true knight (an ideal of course too seldom realised) was a militant Christian who warred against infidel and oppressor ; a devoted vassal, loyal to his lord ; a gallant champion and reverent admirer of ladies ; one who showed the fierceness of the primitive warrior elevated or softened by the teachings of Christianity. Burke's eloquent lament on the disappearance of chivalry is well known. Tennyson's *Sir Galahad* is a striking study of an ideal knight. Chaucer's, “al besmotered with his habergeoun,” is more suited to the work-a-day world.

L. 20.—Ferre : farther : O.E. **fierr**—a comparative mutated from the positive **feorr**.

L. 28.—Tramysse : a kingdom of the Moors in North Africa.

L. 29.—In lystes : in single combat. Chaucer's sovereign, Edward III., once challenged the King of France to such an encounter.

L. 34.—Though that he was worthy, etc. The sense is a little difficult. It might be paraphrased thus :—“His merits did not make him rude and self-assertive, but left him cautious and gentle.”

L. 38.—Parfit : evidently from the French **parfait**. Our modern **perfect** goes back to the Latin original.

L. 45.—A clerk : an ecclesiastical student.

L. 48.—Nas : was not.

L. 50.—Courtepy : short cloak. We still have the last syllable in “pea-jacket.”

L. 52.—Office : secular employment.

L. 54.—The line is short by an initial syllable. This omission has long been disallowed in English blank verse or heroic couplets. Cp. line 101.

Twenty books would not have been a bad library for a poor scholar in Chaucer's days, even if he had copied some of them himself. Amid the prevailing rarity of books, the teacher was an all-important personage ; hence the eagerness with which, during the Middle Ages, students of all nations flocked to the chairs of celebrated professors like Albert the Great, Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, disregarding the hardships of travel and exile.

L. 55.—Aristotle : the great Greek philosopher, who flourished B.C. 384—322, and was the preceptor of Alexander the Great. The supreme authority in all philosophical matters in the Universities of the later Middle Ages—say from 1200 to 1500—he remains still, so far as our age will admit of authority in the realm of thought, the chief of philosophical teachers.

L. 56.—Fithele : fiddle.

Sautrie : psaltery, a kind of small harp. In the Middle Ages youth, both frivolous and serious, was more taken up with music than is the case to-day.

L. 57.—Philosophre : dabblers in alchemy, as well as students of logic and metaphysics, were called philosophers—a name still preserved for them in “The Philosophers' Stone.” But their coffers were mostly emptier even than those of the Clerk, if we may judge from the Canon's Yeoman's Tale.

L. 59.—Hente : procure : O.E. **hentan**,

L. 62.—**To scoleye**: to attend school: a strange word.

L. 66.—**Sentence**: meaning, import.

L. 67.—**Sownynge in**: tending towards.

L. 68.—**And gladly**, etc.: a beautiful characterization of the true scholar.

L. 69.—In the portrait of the **shipman** (master of a trading barge) Chaucer employs his most delicately-satirical style to depict a character who might have been roughly summed up as a thorough scoundrel.

L. 70.—**Dertemouthe**: Dartmouth, then one of the first English ports.

L. 72.—**Faldyng**: a kind of coarse cloth.

L. 73.—**Laas**: lace, cord.

L. 75.—**The hoote**, etc. The line is thus scanned:—

‘the hoo | te som | er hadde maad | his hewe | al broun.’

L. 78.—**Chapman**: seller, from O.E. **ceap**, barter: German **Kaufmann**.

L. 81.—**By water**: he threw his prisoners into the sea.

L. 83.—**Hym bisides**: that beset him.

L. 84.—**Lodemenage**: pilotage: a hybrid word: O.E. **lād**, way: French **menage**: Latin **manus**.

L. 89.—**From Gootland**, etc.: from Sweden to Spain.

L. 92.—The specialization of **wife** (O.E. **wif**) to mean precisely a married woman has been very gradual. It has not taken place with the cognate German **Weib**, which means ‘a woman.’

Biside Bathe: the neighbourhood of Bath and surrounding district were notable for cloth-making; on the Continent Ypres and Ghent (Gaunt) were famous.

L. 93.—**Scathe**: a pity. Her slight deafness was the consequence of a blow inflicted by her fifth husband, with whom she had a ‘difference’—the consequence of his reading out sarcasms on women from an old book.

L. 97.—**Offrynge**: at the Offertory of the Mass it was usual for all to go up in order towards the Sanctuary, to make offerings of bread, wine, or other articles, or money. Naturally there were disputes as to precedence.

L. 100.—**Coverchiefs**: Fr. **couvre-chef**—a head-cover; in later English **kerchief**; since then nearly obsolete, except in the self-contradictory compound **handkerchief**, or (still stranger) **pocket-handkerchief**!

Fyne of ground: of fine texture.

L. 104.—**y-teyd**: tied. **Moyste**: soft, supple.

L. 106.—**Lyve**: always the S. pronunciation for **life**.

L. 107.—**At chirche-dore**: where the marriage-rite used to take place. Afterwards the couple entered the church to attend Mass, at which they communicated.

No doubt the object of the 'chirch-dore' custom was to ensure the greatest possible publicity for the fact of marriage.

L. 110.—Thries . . . Jerusalem. The love of pilgrimages shown by people of all kinds and degrees in the Middle Ages was extraordinary. A pilgrimage was at one time the trial of the penitent, at another the amusement of the frivolous; it gratified now the devotion of the saint, now the eager spirit of the adventure-loving, now the mind of the curious. We need not go beyond Chaucer's very miscellaneous collection of pilgrims to judge in what different minds these journeys to holy places might be undertaken. The extreme difficulties, hardships and dangers of travel, above all by sea, in those days, must make us greatly wonder how pilgrimages to Rome, Galicia, or Jerusalem could have been popular with such persons as the Wife of Bath or the Shipman.

L. 112.—Boloigne: doubtless Boulogne on the north coast of France, where an image of the Blessed Vrgin has been since the seventh century and is still venerated. According to a beautiful legend it was brought in a boat guided by two angels at the time that St. Omer entered on his episcopate. Omer was a disciple of the great Irish missionary, St. Columbanus.

L. 113.—Galice: the famous shrine of St. James the Greater, Apostle, at Compostella.

Coloigne: on the Rhine, where are shown relics of the three Magi, who were supposed to have ended their lives at Cologne.

L. 115.—Gat-tothed. According to Professor Skeat, this means "gap-toothed" (a **gat** is an opening, and is allied to **gate**), having teeth wide apart or separated from one another—supposed to be a sign that one "should be lucky and travel." This suits the context here very well; but in the Wife's Prologue she says:

"Gat-tothed I was, and that bicaime me well
I hadde the prente of Seinte Venus seel";

and this points rather to the derivation "goat-toothed," i.e., lascivious. If the word were in common use, it would account for Chaucer's retaining any popular pronunciation. His ordinary form for 'goat' is 'goot': but he has **gaitry**, or **gaytre** (*Nonne Prestes Tale*, 145) for "goat-tree" (now dogwood).

L. 117.—Y-wympled: a wimple was a covering for the head, neck and shoulders. On it would be placed the

wide-spreading hat. From **wimple** comes the Fr. **guimpe**.

L. 119.—Foot-mantel: a trouser-like covering which gathered and protected the skirts of a horsewoman.

L. 121.—Carpe: talk sharply and smartly. Probably from O. Norse **karpa—to boast**, but influenced by Latin **carpere** and its Romance derivatives.

L. 122.—Of remedies of love: this hints at Ovid's book, *Remedia Amoris*. She doubtless had studied this (says Chaucer jestingly), for she knew all the old tricks and ways of love-making. The line "For she knew alle the olde dance" occurs in the translation of the *Roman de la Rose* attributed to Chaucer.

I have to acknowledge special indebtedness to Professor A. F. Pollard's admirable notes on the *Prologue* (Macmillan); they are remarkable for their accuracy and judgment with regard to things mediæval.

CAROL.

L. 2.—Makeless: without peer. **Match** is S., **make** (obs.) is M., from O.E. (ge) **maecca**=companion.

L. 4.—Ches: a secondary form of **chose**, pret. from O.E. **céosan**; regularly represents O.E. pret. **cêas**.

L. 7.—April: pronounce Aapril, with slight stress on second syll.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS

THE SPLENDOURS OF DAWN.

"Dione [mother of Venus] night-herd and watch of day, chased away from heaven the stars; rolling down Dame Cynthia [the moon-goddess] into the sea: Venus lost the beauty of her eye, flying ashamed into the cave of Cyllenius; (6) Mars withdrew, for all his well-ground glaive, and ill-boding Saturn durst not from his deadly sphere any longer appear in the sky, but stole back far yonder behind the orbéd world of Jupiter; (11) Nyctimene [the owl], afraid of the light, went under cover, for the night was gone; while fresh Aurora, wife of mighty Tithonus, issued from her saffron bed and ivory house, clad in crimson and grain-dyed violet, with

sanguine cape and purpled border ; (17) she opened the windows of her ample hall, overspread with roses and royal balm ; and wide she throws up the crystal gates of heaven, to illuminate the world ; (21) the glittering streamers of the Orient shed purple streaks mingled with gold and azure, piercing the sable nocturnal rampart, and beat down the sky's cloudy mantle-wall ; (25) Eous the steed [of Dawn's chariot], with ruby-red harness, lifts forth his head above the sea, sorrel of colour, partly brown as a berry, to enlighten and gladden our hemisphere, flame outbursting from his nostrils ; (30) so quickly Phaeton whirls him around with his whip, to roll his father Apollo's golden car that clothes (with light) all the heavens and the air. Till shortly, with the blazing torch of day, apparelled in his luminous fresh array, forth from his royal palace issued Phoebus ; (36) with golden crown and glorious visage, crisped locks, bright as chrysolite or topaz, because of whose brilliance none might look upon his face ; (39) the fiery sparks bursting from his eyes, to purge the air and gild the tender green ; shedding down from his ethereal seat happily influential aspects of the heavens ; (43) before his regal high magnificence misty vapour upspringing, sweet as incense, in smoky moisture of damp humid dews, moist wholesome vapours hiding the hollow ; (47) the golden banners of his sovereign throne overspread the ocean with a glittering glance, the wide floods gleaming all in light with but a glimpse of his supernal sight."

L. 2.—**Starnys**: a side-form of star, seen also in German **stern**.

L. 5: This line, like many others of the Extract, is hypermetrical.

L. 11. **Affrayt**: must be scanned as trisyllable.

L. 22.—**Sprangis**: this noun, like the past tense **sprang**) appears to show the original root of **spring** and **sprinkle**.

L. 23.—**Barmkyn**: a doubtful word.

L. 27.—**Soyr**: apparently a 'back-formation' from **soyrell** or **sorrel**, which is derived from O.E. **sūr**, mod. E. **sour**, G. **sauer**. As a familiar example of 'back-formation' we might take the very modern noun **a spin**. It is taken from the verb **to spin**, which itself comes by mutation from the root **span**, seen as a noun in O. and Mod. English.

L. 29.—**Flambe**: Fr. **flamme**: cf. **thumb**, **lamb**, **crumb**, &c., also Fr. **flamber** and **flambeau**,—all showing same tendency to insert **b** after **m**.

L. 34.—**Abilyeit**: from Fr. **habiller** (in which **ll** was pronounced like **ly**).

L. 45.—**Wak**: Du. **wak**, moist: appears mutated in the side-form **weak**.

L. 46.—**Moich**: E. dial. **mug**, drizzle; whence **muggy**. **Stovys**: Scotch stew, vapour; G. **staub**, dust.

L. 47.—**Fanys**: O.E. **fana**, G. **fahne**, E. **vane**=a small flag: fr. **L. pannus**.

L. 49.—**Lemand**: fr. O.E. **leóma**, a ray.

For text, translation and notes I owe much to the well-known *Specimens of English Literature* by Professor Skeat, and to the *Specimens of Middle Scots* by Professor Gregory Smith.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

A confused recollection of various historical events helped to form this ballad in the popular mind. Thus in 1285 at the demise of King Alexander III. of Scotland, the crown devolved upon his grand-daughter Margaret, called the Maid of Noroway, she being the only child of a daughter of Alexander and Eric, King of Norway. Still an infant, the princess was fetched from Norway, a regency appointed in Scotland, and plans set on foot for betrothing the youthful Queen to the heir of Edward I., who was then threatening the independence of Scotland. All these schemes were frustrated by the death of the Maid, ere her voyage to Scotland was ended. There were other royal marriages between Norway and Scotland.

L. 3.—**Skeely skipper**: skilful seaman. **Skipper** is a more N. (also Du.) form of **shipper**.

L. 24.—Winter voyages upon the northern seas were in those days regarded with horror; nor is this surprising when we consider the small size of the vessels and the uncertainties of sailing.

L. 42.—**As gane**: as suffice for: pres. indic. from **gan** or **gon** (oldest A.S. **gangan**).

L. 43.—**A half-fou**: half-bushel. **Fou**, a bushel, is probably a specialized sense of **fou** or **fu**=full.

L. 56.—**Gurly**: a form common in Scotland and North of England and Ireland; a metathesis of "growly": "boisterous, rough."

L. 63.—**Wrapped them**: stuffed them.

L. 68.—**Aboon**: above.

L. 78.—**Goud kaims**: gold combs.

EDMUND SPENSER

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

We have thought it well to retain nearly all the peculiarities (though mostly unmeaning) of Elizabethan spelling.

L. 2.—**Iouisaunce**: mirth: Fr. **jouissance**.

L. 5.—**Souenaunce**: memory: Fr. **souvenance**.

Ll. 10 and 12.—**Merriment**—**Dreeriment**: words largely of Spenser's invention.

L. 11.—**Quill**: Du. **kiel**; remote origin unknown: a hollow stalk, reed, plectrum for striking a musical instrument.

L. 13.—**Drent**: drowned. This M.E. and Spenserian form shows well the real connection between **drown** and **drench**. O.E. **drencean**, Swed. **dräkkfa**=to drown.

This tragic fate of Dido's appears to have been abruptly invented for the sake of the rhyme!

L. 14.—**The greate shepehearde his daughter**. On this construction see Trench (E. P. and P. ed. Mayhew, L. VI.); also Behaghel (*Hist. Gram. of the Germ. Lang.*, p. 136) on such phrases as "meinem Vater sein Haus."

L. 15.—**May**: *i.e.* **maid**: A.S. **maeg**. Cp. Chaucer on the Blessed Virgin:

Thow glorie of womanhede, thow faire may.

L. 18.—**I wot**: I know; O.E. **ic wát**.

L. 20.—**I conne**: I know: O.E. **ic cunne**.

L. 26.—As to the personality of "Dido," it is probable that, like the "Unfortunate Lady" of Pope's celebrated Elegy, she and her fate were pure imaginations of the poet's.

L. 28.—**O heaue herse!** O sad funeral! The history of the word **herse** and its changes of meaning is a curious one. The Latin **hirpex** meant a harrow; from it came the old French **herce**, any frame with points or spikes on it, then (with few further changes in spelling down to Modern English **hearse**) we have the meanings—a large frame for candles used at funerals, a funeral, a bier, a funeral carriage.

L. 30.—**Carefull**: full of sorrow.

L. 47.—**Reliven**: live again: a hybrid word of Spenser's invention.

L. 56.—**Heame**: a northern form (Scotch **hame**), picked up by Spenser during his sojourn in Lancashire.

L. 75.—So I venture to re-arrange the line. The received version “for she deemed nothing too deare for thee” seems too tuneless for Spenser to write.

Ll. 103—106.—The olive is emblematic of fruitfulness and peace. The cypress has long been associated with mourning; the elder is a tree, which very quickly turns “sear,” and was otherwise unfavourably regarded in Spenser’s time. Judas was said in popular tradition to have hanged himself on an elder tree. Its “fruit is black, with horrible smell and savour,” says the Friar Minor Bartholomew, writing *De Proprietatibus Rerum* about the year 1535. John Evelyn, 140 years later, says that of elder-berries may be made an extract or theriaca which greatly helps longevity and is a catholicon against all infirmities; still he does not commend the scent of elder-flowers, “which is very noxious to the air.”

L. 106.—The **fatall sisters** are, of course, the three Fates or Parcae, who spin and cut the thread of human lives.

L. 111.—Spenser’s old English is sometimes very inaccurate, but **slipper** here correctly represents the O.E. **slipor**.

L. 121.—**Maugré**: in spite of. Latin **malegratum**.

L. 127.—**Hent**: caught: O.E. **hentan**.

L. 132.—**Betight**: an invention of Spenser’s for **betided**.

L. 141.—**To weete**: O.E. **witan**, to know.

L. 143.—**Until**: in the North preferred to **unto**.

L. 145.—**Astert**: here wrongly used in sense of startle, frighten; properly means start from, escape.

L. 153.—**Nectar and Ambrosia**: the drink and food of the Homeric gods.

La mort ny mord: “death bites not.” The French, Latin, and Greek mottoes with which Spenser’s shepherds amuse themselves, vividly show the unreality of these shepherds and the artificial character of this “rustic” poetry.

THE MAGICIAN AND THE DREAM.

(“*Faerie Queene*,” Book I., Stanzas 29—44).

The Red-Cross Knight (“Holiness”) and Una (“Truth”) his guide are deceived by the cunning enchanter Archimago, who embodies some features of the Protestant notion of “Popery.”

L. 11.—Quited : required. **Quite, quit** and **quiet** have come in at different times and in different ways from the Latin **quietus**.

L. 15.—Silly : simple. The meaning of this word has been deteriorating for centuries ; but its cousin-German **selig** still means "blessed" !

L. 18.—Sits : like the French **il sied**, "it is fitting."

Mell : meddle ; Fr. **mêler**.

L. 23.—Edifyde : built. Spenser lavishes beauty on the surroundings of his mock hermit.

L. 38.—Sad humour : dull mistiness of sleep.

L. 39.—Morpheus : the god of Dreams. Greek **morphe** = shape.

L. 49.—Plutoe's griesly dame : Persephoné, or (as an English trisyllable) Proserpine, who, while gathering flowers in Sicilian fields was carried into the earth by Pluto to be queen of Hades. Her name was naturally associated with "black art" practices.

Griesly : horrible, terrible : from A.S. **grisan**, to shudder : conn. with A.S. **gréosan**, to frighten, and mod. E. **gruesome**. Cp. Milton, l. 153. Dickens (*Mutual Friend*) speaks of "the old grisly four-post bedstead."

L. 53.—Great Gorgon : Demogorgon, a very mysterious evil divinity first heard of in the Middle Ages : given much prominence in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* as a deliverer of the world from the tyranny of Jupiter.

L. 54.—At which : at whose name.

L. 69.—Tethys : an ocean-goddess. **Cynthia**, the moon-goddess. One may easily miss the sense of these lines 69—72. **His** and **him** refer throughout to Morpheus. Around **his** couch the mother of the seas ever rolls her sense-lulling waves and harmonies ; on **his** head the Powers of Night shed soft-falling dews and gently throw the sleepy veil of darkness.

L. 73.—Double gates of ivory and silver : imitated from Virgil (*Aeneid*, VI.), who followed Homer (*Odyssey*, XIX.). Through one gate (the ivory) came up false fancies ; through the other (the horn) true visions. To this classical myth Pope later on added an ingenious one of his own :—

There at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie ;
The strict companions are for ever joined,
And this or that unmixed no mortal e'er shall find.
—(Temple of Fame).

L. 81.—Takes keepe : takes heed.

L. 84.—Upon thê loft : aloft. Same word as German *luft*, air.

L. 97.—Dryer Braine : it was thought that a dry or bloodless brain went with exhaustion and dullness.

L. 102.—Hecate : the name of Diana or Artemis, when regarded as a goddess of the lower world and of magic. She was believed to be the mistress of evil spirits, phantoms, witches and wizards.

L. 108.—The sleepers sent : their perceptions, sensation ; from Latin *sentire*.

L. 110.—A diverse dreame ; a distracting, deluding dream.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SONNET TO SLEEP.

In form this specimen of Sidney's work is closer to the Italian type than Shakespeare's sonnets are : the arrangement of the octave rhymes, however, and the final couplet are un-Petrarchan.

L. 1.—Knot : that binds up and secures.

L. 2.—Wit : the mind, the wits.

L. 5.—Prease : a form of press.

L. 11.—A rosy garland : the strong odour of flowers has a narcotic effect.

L. 14.—Stella : the lady to whom the bulk of Sidney's sonnets were addressed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MORNING SONG.

This song, with some others of Shakespeare's, has been set to music worthy of it by the genius of Schubert. But such lyric compositions are seldom or never heard on our concert platforms, where the taste of singers and the public maintains the predominance of vulgarity and mediocrity.

LOVE UNCHANGING.

L. 4.—**Bends**: turns, inclines.

L. 8.—**Whose worth's, etc.**: whose occult virtue and influence are unknown, although its altitude in the heavens may be determined.

BEAUTY IMMORTALIZED BY POETRY.

L. 7.—**Fair**: used, as Latin *pulchrum* would be, in sense of "fairness."

L. 8.—**By chance . . . untrimmed**: thrown from the balance of its absolute perfection by chance, or etc. A boat is said to be "trimmed" when so loaded as to be perfectly balanced.

LI. 9—14.—The poet's consciousness of the unfading worth and destined immortality of his lines, as expressed in this and the following sonnet, contrasts strangely with the utter indifference shown by William Shakespeare as to the printing, ascription, or fate of the works ascribed to him. Still stranger is the poet's promise to immortalize his friend. Whom has he immortalized?

ROBERT HERRICK

TO VIOLETS

L. 9.—**Posies**: here means little more than "flowers." The word in all its senses is another form of "poesy." A "poesy" in the sixteenth century was "a motto"; and the motto might be expressed in words or symbolized in flowers, jewels, etc.

JOHN DONNE

THE LEGACY.

This poem, and the one following, may be left to the student without explanation; a little care will enable him to disentangle their abtruse, but logically developed and correctly expressed meaning. One may note, how-

ever, the Elizabethan **which** for **who** in line 7 of *The Legacy*; and in line 18 **colours** in the sense of 'false shows,' 'pretences.'

The freedom of Donne's metre seemed to Ben Jonson excessive. "Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging," he said to the poet Drummond.

GEORGE WITHER

A DIRGE.

The number of feet in each line varies from one to seven.

Here is a modern specimen of the picture-poem—*A Christmas Bell*—by an author unknown to me.

H
e
a
r
the bells;
it is Christ-
mas morn! Rise
with the sun on
the holy day when
Christ our Lord was
b
o
rn.

JOHN MILTON

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Milton wrote this poem at the age of twenty-one, while still an undergraduate at Cambridge. Four introductory stanzas, of dignified character, introduce the Hymn with admirable effect, and tell how the devout thoughts inspired by a Christmas morning led to its inception. It is painful to think that, some fifteen years after the writing of this Hymn, Milton and his Puritan friends solemnly abolished the festival of Christmas, and proclaimed the 25th December a fair-day and fast-day (!) on which all shops should be open.

Note on the Metre.—The metrical arrangement of these stanzas is Milton's own invention, though it resembles various previous lyric forms. One stanza may here be scanned as a specimen:—

Ring out, | ye crys | tal spheres, |
 Once bless | our hu | man ears, |
 If ye | have power | to touch | our sen | ses so; |
 And let | your si | lver chime |
 Move in | melo | dious time; |
 And let | the bass | of Heav'n's | deep or | gan blow; |
 And with | your nine | fold har | mony |
 Make up | full con | sort to | th' ange | lic sym | phony.

The marks ~ and — stand respectively for unaccented (unstressed) and accented (stressed). The normal foot is the iamb, as in “your nine” or “and let.” The iamb is varied by initial trochees, as “move in” or “if ye” (with stress on “if”). “Ring out” should, perhaps, be added to the spondees, in which both words of the foot are equally accented. There are a few pyrrhics (neither accented) as “and with” and the last two syllables of “symphony.” Lines 1, 2, 4 and 5 have three feet each; lines 3 and 6 have five feet each; line 7 has four; line 8 has six.

Throughout the poem Milton has aimed at and secured a very happy variety of rhyme sounds in each stanza. The above specimen will illustrate this merit.

Ll. 9—24.—About the time of the birth of Christ the temple of Janus was shut—the sign that peace prevailed throughout the Roman Empire.

L. 12.—**The hooked chariot:** said to have been a Keltic invention, bearing a Keltic name, latinized as **Covinus**. “It is curious,” remarks Professor Hales, “that so many Roman carriage-names are Keltic: **essedum, petorritum, rheda**, are all so.” Macpherson's Ossianic productions have been rather unduly ridiculed for their “car-borne heroes.” In the genuine old Irish remains the chariot is a very common property of princely warriors.

L. 15.—**Awful:** full of awe, not (as commonly now) causing awe.

L. 16.—**Sovran:** like the Italian **sovrano** or **soprano**: a spelling which represents much better the original Latin **superanus** than does the rather absurd form **sovereign**.

L. 20.—Whist : an exclamation well known in Ireland ; used by Milton and Shakespeare as a past participle with the meaning “ hushed.” **Whist** as the name of a game of cards is the same word ; deliberately adopted (as the players were supposed to keep silence) instead of the older name **whisk** (from the whisking of the cards from the table).

L. 22.—Ocean : pronounced a trisyllable.

L. 24.—Birds of calm : halcyons or kingfishers. It was an old myth that during the days when the young of the kingfisher were being hatched, a great tranquillity prevailed at sea.

L. 27.—Influence : the aspects of the stars were very widely believed to have a great power over the fortunes of men. Other terms derived from astrological beliefs are “ disastrous,” “ ill-starred,” “ ascendent,” “ jovial,” “ saturnine,” “ mercurial.” Independent thinkers sometimes protested against this popular astrological creed. Fletcher expresses their view in some fine lines (quoted by Hales) :

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, and fate:
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

So does Edmund (who, however, is a villain) in *King Lear*, I. ii. So does the moralizing and eloquent Sir Thomas Browne: “ Burden not the back of Aries, Leo or Taurus with thy faults ; nor make Saturn, Mars or Venus guilty of thy follies. Think not to fasten thy imperfections on the stars, and so despairingly conceive thyself under a fatality of being evil. . . . Whatever **influences**, impressions, or inclinations there be from the lights above, it were a piece of wisdom to make one of those wise men who over-rule their stars, and with their own militia contend with the host of heaven.” (*Chr. Morals*, III., VII.). Ages previously St. Augustine had condemned the stellar fatalism of his day: “ They offer a great insult to God, in whose illustrious senate (so to speak) and brilliant court they think future crimes are decreed, which if any earthly state were to decree, the human race would pronounce on it sentence of destruction.” (*De Civit. Dei*.)

L. 29.—For : because of.

L. 32.—Bespake : somewhat incorrectly used for **spake**. **Bespake** usually meant to address, as: “ he thus the queen bespake.” Now it means to make a request on behalf of others.

L. 33.—Lawn: an open space of grassy ground. Connected etym. in various ways with English **land**, French **lande**, Irish **lann**, Welsh **llan** (so common in proper names of places).

L. 34. (omit VII.).—**Or ere:** these are simply different forms of the same word, representing A.S. **ær**.

L. 36.—Than: originally a variant form of **then**, and here used for it.

L. 37.—Pan: this god represented universal nature; he was given a form half-human and half goat-like: to him was assigned the power of striking vague **panic** terrors; the special patron of hunters and shepherds.

L. 40.—Silly: simple.

L. 43.—Strook: struck (from an instrument).

L. 46.—As . . . took: such as to **take** all their souls, etc. **Take** here has the sense of 'charm.' Cp. *Winter's Tale* (V., IV., 118).

daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

and B. Jonson's lines on Shakespeare's

flights upon the banks of Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James.

L. 49.—"Nature, hearing such a sound thrilling the airy region under the concave moon, etc."

L. 54.—Its: Milton uses this word only three times.

L. 61.—Sworded: this description is strange, but suits the general conception of angels as armed hosts.

L. 64.—Unexpressive: a hybrid compound, used by Shakespeare in *As You Like It*; means 'indescribable.'

L. 67.—The sons of Morning. The Almighty asks of Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth . . . when the morning stars praised me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful noise?" (*Book of Job, XXXVIII.*)

L. 72.—Welter: connected with **wallow**.

L. 73.—Ring out, ye crystal spheres: the music of the spheres was a fancy, at once poetical and philosophical, which goes back to Pythagoras and Plato. The complicated notions and interactions of the nine spheres or heavens, as imagined in the Ptolemaic system, were supposed to give rise to sounds which combined into a perfect harmony, but so harmonious and so loud as to surpass the hearing powers of "our human ears."

Shakespeare's *Lorenzo* carries this idea much farther :

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

—(*Merchant of Venice*, VI., 60—62).

Perhaps this wider conception was due to the passage from *Job* above quoted (l. 67).

L. 83.—The age of gold : a primitive age of innocence and happiness commemorated in the early traditions of many countries.

L. 84.—Speckled vanity : the epithet suggests the snake and the peacock.

L. 91.—Rainbow : the image of hope after ruin, as after the Deluge.

L. 108.—Aghast : O.E. *gáestan*=to alarm, from *gást*=ghost (again an intrusive *h*).

L. 111.—Session : here a trisyllable.

L. 120.—Swinges : strikes or beats violently ; from O.E. *swengan*, causal vb. from *swingan*. Observe the "hypallage" by which "horror" not "tail" is made object of the verb.

L. 121.—Dumb : that the pagan oracles grew dumb at the time of Christ's birth was a widespread belief ; but they were heard during many after ages.

L. 126.—Delphos : usually Delphi : on the slope of Mount Parnassus.

L. 128.—Pale-eyed : what is the meaning and force of the epithet ? Cp. Keats : "pale-mouthed prophet dreaming."

L. 131.—A voice of weeping. In Plutarch's book on the cessation of the Oracles, an account is given of mysterious lamentings heard on sea and land about the time of Christ's birth. This, with the downfall of the false gods of Greece, is the theme of Mrs. Browning's poem, *The Dead Pan*.

L. 134.—Genius : a guardian spirit.

L. 139.—Lars : Roman household deities. **Lemures :** spirits of the dead, sometimes other spectres and goblins.

L. 142.—Flamen : a priest devoted to the service of some particular deity. **quaint :** peculiar and precise : from O.Fr. *cointe*, L. *cognitus* (but 'contaminated' with *comptus*=adorned).

L. 145.—Peor : 'the obscene dread of Moab's sons' (Milton) ; worshipped among the hostile neighbours of the Jews.

Baalim : a plur. form : Baal in all his representa-

tions: the Hebrews, indeed, used the word for false gods in general.

L. 147.—Twice-battered god: Dagon, a fish-god, who fell twice and was broken before the Ark of the Covenant.

L. 148.—Ashtaroth: otherwise Astarte: chief female divinity among Palestinian idolaters: sometimes identified with the moon, sometimes with the planet Venus; sometimes (as by Milton himself P.L.I.) taken as a plural form.

L. 151.—Hammon: an Egyptian shepherd-god, honoured by Greeks as "Jupiter Ammon": Alexander claimed to be his son.

L. 152.—Thammuz: identified with Adonis; his death was annually lamented.

L. 153.—Moloch: worshipped with human sacrifices. For all these gods see the admirable poetry of *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I. (also Bk. II.) with the notes of commentators.

L. 155.—Burning: the pres. participle: I do not agree with Prof. Hale's opinion that it is the verbal noun. Within the hollow idol a fire blazed, as Milton read in *Sandy's Travels*.

L. 159.—Egyptian worship was gross in its symbols, but remarkably elevated in its inner meanings.

L. 167.—Timbrelled: Timbrel (a kind of tambourine) is **dimin** from O.Fr. (and mod. Fr.) **timbre**, from Gk. and L. **tympanum**.

L. 174.—Typhon: a giant monster of primitive times, destructive and hundred-headed, who warred with Jove.

L. 176.—Swaddling bands: Oriental infants were, and are, tied up tightly in many wrappings.

L. 184.—Maze: doubtless the nocturnal dance of the fairies.

L. 188.—Youngest-teemed: latest born.

L. 192.—Bright-harnessed. Cp. Macbeth's defiance of fate:

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

MORNING SONG.

L. 6.—At your eyes: as at her clearest mirror.

L. 12.—Begin the dawn: "You being the real sun of this sphere."

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA.

"Lucasta," celebrated in many of Lovelace's poems, was (it is believed) a Miss (then "Mistress") Lucy Sacheverell. In 1646 Lovelace was grievously wounded in the King's service at Dunkirk; a false report of his death having reached "Lucasta," she was prevailed upon to transfer her affections to another suitor, thus inflicting a cruel blow on the lover who had hymned her with such constancy.

RICHARD CRASHAW

ST. MARY MAGDALEN or THE WEEPER.

For our text we have mainly followed Dr. Grosart. The old, often fantastic, spelling has been usually modernized.

Ll. 23—36.—**Then** and **than** were originally the same word, and their distinctive usages were not so fixed till Dryden's or Addison's time.

L. 28.—**Nuzzled**: a somewhat familiar expression meaning, 'inserted, comfortably enclosed'; lit. 'having the nose thrust in.'

L. 32.—**Golden Tagus**: this river of Portugal, like the classical Pactolus, was said to have golden grains among its sands.

L. 54.—**Bead** has here its intermediate sense between the primitive—a prayer, and the modern—a little globe to run on a string.

L. 64.—**'Tice**: entice. From French **enticher**, Latin **in** and **titius** or **titio**, a firebrand.

L. 68.—**Sluttish**: a northern word, connected with **slattern**, and with Norwegian verb **sletta**, to dangle, drift about.

JOHN DRYDEN

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

L. 16.—Wise Issachar: “Issachar” was an adherent of Monmouth’s from the West of England, Mr. Thomas Thynne, of Longleat Hall. The epithet ‘wise’ was applied to him ironically: the name Issachar refers to the patriarch Jacob’s prophecy concerning one of his twelve sons—“Issachar is a strong ass.” Strange to say, this plain and prosperous country gentleman perished in a romantic and tragic manner not many months after Dryden’s sarcasm was written. The whole story is too long to tell here; enough to say that Thynne was assassinated by the hired bravos of a German adventurer, Count Königsmark.

LI. 37—38.—In these and the following lines Dryden touches on many deep and difficult problems of social and political philosophy.

“Can a family, tribe or nation, give away permanently to another man or family the right of self-government which [as Dryden supposes] is inherent in them? If so, they lay themselves open to all the excesses of tyranny. On the other hand (ll. 43—7) if there was a covenant under which any given people could take back power once conferred by them, that covenant must have been made at the beginning of their governmental arrangements, or never. Why? (ll. 47—51) Firstly, because such initial and permanent covenants **can** be made; witness the Divine-human covenant concerning original sin. Secondly (ll. 53—72) because any **subsequent** assertion of such a right by the people will be mere injustice, and violence. It will be simply a breach of the original contract giving power to a certain succession of rulers; it leads to mere disorder.”

L. 65.—Sanhedrins: understand—parliaments.

L. 72.—‘Nature’s state, where all have right to all.’ The notion of such a ‘state of Nature’ was dear to certain speculators, *e.g.*, Hobbes (1588—1680) and (in a later age) Rousseau (1715—1778). It could have lasted but a moment. Private property began as soon as human acquisitiveness exerted itself.

LI. 72—86.—A fine statement of a conservatism resembling Burke’s. Before them mediæval thinkers

like St. Thomas had arrived at the conclusion that revolution in States is an undesirable remedy except for extremely dire and long-continued abuses.

L. 78.—The blow of fate: *i.e.*, of death.

L. 82.—To touch our ark: it was absolutely forbidden to the profane among the Israelites to touch the Ark of the Covenant.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Saint Cecilia was a virgin martyr who suffered at Rome about 200 A.D. She is widely known as a patroness of music and musicians, a connection which appears to have gradually grown up owing to the custom of artists, since the thirteenth century, to represent her playing or bearing a musical instrument. This in turn arose from an expression in her liturgical office, which is very ancient: "Cantantibus organis, Cecilia Domino decantabat": "While the organ (or **her** organ) played, Cecilia sang to the Lord." Her story is a beautiful one, but music bears no special part in it; it has been related by Chaucer in his *Second Nonnes Tale*.

L. 1.—On the music of the spheres, see note to Milton's *Hymn*, l. 103.

To Pythagoras was ascribed the opinion that "harmony" was not only the regulating, but (by an extension of the notion) the organizing and creative principle of the universe. The more fantastic view of Sir John Davies, poet and Attorney-General for Ireland, was that dancing, rather than song, was the true anti-type of this creative influence. Nearly the whole of his poem *Orchestra* might be quoted, but here is one stanza:—

Dancing, bright lady, then began to be
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The Fire, Air, Earth and Water, did agree
By Love's permission, Nature's Mighty King,
To leave their first disordered combating,
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

L. 5.—Heave her head: the phrase occurs in Milton (*L'Allegro*, 145) and—significantly enough—in a passage where Milton is glorifying the art of music in its highest complexities:—

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that be
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers. . . .

L. 15.—Diapason: From Greek δια πέντε "through all," i.e., the notes of the musical scale. In Milton's poem *At a Solemn Music* he tells how in the beginning

"sin
 Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
 In perfect diapason. . . .

L. 16.—Quell is (as Hales remarks) but the older form of **kill**; it has acquired, however, a different and milder sense.

L. 17.—Jubal, in the fourth generation after Adam, "was the father of all that play on the harp and the organ." (Genesis IV.).

The corded shell: Hermes was supposed in Greek mythology, to have invented the lyre, by drying the fibres of a dead tortoise within its own shell. Hence the frequent use by poets of the name "shell" for any stringed instrument.

L. 25.—The trumpet's loud clangor.—In his descriptions of the various instruments of music, Dryden (as befits a poet) aims at rather giving up an **idea** of what their characters and effects are than at literally imitating their peculiarities. Other poets have achieved higher degrees of success in the lower task. Thus the old Latin poet Ennius:

At tuba terribili sonitu tara tántara dixit:

and in modern America E. A. Poe has rung wonderful changes with his *Bells*. In the higher kind of musical suggestion Dryden has been surpassed—not by Pope, who deliberately sought the victory—but by Spenser (notably in *Faerie Queene*, Bk. 2, Canto XII.), Milton, and Collins (*The Passions*). In a combination of both realism and suggestion Crashaw has given us a marvellous tour-de-force in *Music's Duel* (a contest between a lute-player and a nightingale).

L. 34.—Discovers: *i.e.*, discloses, a use of the word not yet obsolete.

L. 36.—Lute: resembled a large guitar with as many as twenty strings; now obsolete, it may be constantly seen in old pictures and heard of in old poetry. It was a delicate instrument, so easily put out of order that it was said to have been as costly to keep as a horse! Pope copies Dryden's adjective "warbling"; Milton had already spoken of the "warbled string." The meaning seems to include every kind of broken or quavering, but agreeable sound; "warble" is etymologically akin to "whirl."

L. 37.—Sharp violins: the adjective is well chosen. The violin cannot boast of agreeable quality of sound; on the other hand its powers of expression in the hands of a master are unrivalled.

L. 47.—To mend the choirs above. That earthly music could in any circumstances join in with a choir of blessed spirits to the advantage of the latter, is an audacious idea; nor is it "mended" by the blunt familiarity of the word "mend." Happier than Dryden's fancy was the inspiration of that legend in the *Fioretti*, which represents St. Francis of Assisi as rapt into ecstacy by the hearing of one solitary note from an angel's instrument.

L. 48.—Orpheus was a fabulous musician of primitive Greece. Of him Shakespeare sang:

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as [if] sun and showers
There had made eternal spring.

L. 50.—Sequacious: inclined to follow, from Lat. *sequax*.

L. 53.—The apparition of an angel, in the legend of St. Cecilia, serves to convince her bridegroom Tiburtius of the truth of her faith; it has nothing to do with music or with "mistaking" of any kind.

L. 60.—This crumbling pageant: a happy reminiscence of the great passage after the masque in *The Tempest*:

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

L. 63.—Untune the sky: pronounce the signal of its disarray and destruction.

MATTHEW PRIOR

SONG.

L. 2.—**Convey** : had, but seems to have lost, the sense of carrying off secretly, with some degree of dishonesty. “Convey the wise it call,” so says Ancient Pistol of stealing in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (I., III., 32). “‘Steal,’ foh! a fico for the phrase!”

L. 7.—**Noted** : notified, made known.

ALEXANDER POPE

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

“The chief charm,” says Professor Ryland⁽¹⁾ “of *The Rape of the Lock* lies in the delightful irony, the use of epigram and anti-climax, the vivid and graceful pictures of the court-life of the times. There we see the new palace of Hampton Court, fresh from the hands of Sir C. Wren, with its rising towers and its ‘long canals,’ the delicate turf and the cropped yew-trees; we see the beaux with their wide-skirted coats and high-heeled shoes, their snuff-boxes and their malacca canes, the belles with their huge brocade petticoats ‘armed with ribs of whale,’ their tweezer-cases and patches, their fans and billet-doux. We hear of the Ring in Hyde Park, and coaches and six, and sedan chairs, of midnight masquerades and side-boxes, of vapours and citron-water, of Mrs. Manley’s scandalous *Atlantis* and of mighty ‘French romances,’ one of which might make a dozen of the dwarfed novels of these degenerate days. We witness an apotheosis of coffee-making and the fashionable game of ombre; and feel the frivolities of that long-since faded life set before our very eyes and somehow raised to matters of dignity and charm.” Pope’s miniature epic is a type of eighteenth century art in its glorification of the doings and interests of an aristocratic circle, of a glittering superficial existence little troubled by the wider concerns and sorrows of mankind. Such art, though we call its products

(1) In his edition of this poem, published by Blackie and Son, Ltd.

"artificial," not "natural," does yet, with a fidelity of its own, "hold the mirror up to Nature." "It was a mirror in a drawing-room," says Russell Lowell, "but it gave back a faithful image of society, powdered and rouged, to be sure, and intent on trifles, yet still as human in its own way as the heroes of Homer in theirs."⁽²⁾ The poem first appeared in 1711, having been written in the short space of a fortnight, but in a much shorter form than our present text and without the agency of sylphs and gnomes. Soon after, however, Pope read in a lively French book, *Le Comte de Gabalis*,⁽³⁾ an account of the doctrine concerning these airy beings ascribed to the Rosicrucians—a secret society a good deal talked of in the Europe of that day—and conceived the happy idea of super-adding their activity, as mock-heroic "machinery," to his burlesque epic. For ought not all epics to have their preternatural "machinery"? He consulted his friend, Addison, who, admiring the poem as it stood and cautious as to changes, advised Pope not to alter what he had written, saying (in classic phrase) that it was *merum sal* ("pure wit")—too good to improve on. Pope disregarded the advice, and was fortunate in doing so; but he very needlessly conceived a suspicion of Addison's good faith and broke off their friendly relations.

The Rape of the Lock may be considered the first (as it is also the best) mock-heroic poem written in English. It had been anticipated in other languages; the earliest specimen of parodied epic, *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, having been (in uncritical days) referred back to Homer himself! In seventeenth-century Italian appeared the *Rape of the Bucket* by Tassoni, descriptive of a war between two cities for a trivial cause. In France, in 1674, appeared the *Lutrin* of Boileau, recounting a quarrel among the canons, sacristans, and chanters of the Sainte-Chapelle in Paris, over the placing of a lectern or reading-desk. That Pope's work surpasses all these in the special merits which belong to its genius is an opinion which has been held by many, including some French, critics. Thus the Abbe Resnel du Bellay, a typical writer of the eighteenth century, member of the Academic Francaise and the Academie

(2) *My Study Windows*. Pope.

(3) It is a safe rule—though one with some important exceptions—to pronounce final 's' in French proper names. But internal 's' is very often silent, as in "Resnel," "Quesnay," "Praslin."

des Belleslettres, finds Pope's poem "plus enjoué and plus galant" than *Le Lutrin* itself. He praises its sustained liveliness and the just medium in which its raillery and satire play between insipidity and excessive freedom. His praises have been echoed quite recently by M. Emile Montégut, who is delighted with the fine art of *The Rape of the Lock*, with its delicate analysis of character and the subtle management alike of its satire and of its action.⁽⁴⁾

At the same time this poem, though of a nature peculiarly suited to Pope's genius, and least open to some of the censures levelled at his performances in general, is not quite free from any of its author's characteristic faults. His fondness for a somewhat malignant type of satire and for rather crude jests on subjects hardly admitting comic treatment, a certain coarseness (not fully represented in the present text), partly that of an age just rising out of the still plainer brutality of the Restoration period, but partly a propensity of Pope himself—these are all present, and in addition may be noted certain purely literary shortcomings to which the eighteenth century was congenitally blind, but which even later judges (from Byron to Professor Saintsbury) have been curiously slow to admit. Speaking generally, the traditional claim of "correctness" for Pope's verse, even when limited to mere matters of technique, cannot be allowed without more numerous and important reserves than are usually made or than we can here fully discuss. For example, in Pope's determination to be brief he is constantly found falling into obscurity, misstatement, and questionable grammar (*e.g.*, see note on IV. 50—56). Then again, his rhymes are bad—much worse than one would suppose from the endless traditional re-iteration about his "faultlessness," "neatness," and the rest. For a few facts in proof I will quote Professor Ryland, who appears to see better than most critics the whole of

(4) Among the critics, however, who are least complimentary to Pope's work we find the eminent Frenchman, M. Taine (see his interesting remarks in his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Vol. II.). He finds that Pope is coarse and rude. "This badinage," he says, "is, for Frenchmen at least, no badinage at all. It has no lightness or gaiety. We remain indifferent under its most brilliant strokes. A Frenchwoman, in Miss Fermor's place, would have received the book as a gross impertinence." And so on. Opinions will differ. But it is worth recalling that Taine wrote his whole *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, under the influence of, and indeed with the purpose of proving, a peculiar view as to what Englishmen were capable or not capable of writing. It did not square with that view that *The Rape of the Lock* should be a successful achievement.

the matter but states it rather too timidly. After showing that we should make a deal of allowance for changes in English pronunciation since Pope's day, he goes on to speak of Pope's constant indulgence in very loose rhymes. Thus in the *Essay on Criticism* and *The Rape of the Lock* we have appear—regular, safe—laugh, mast—placed, air—star, remain'd—land, esteem—them, worn—turn, showed—trod, full—rule, fool—dull, and many more which cannot be defended on any consistent system of explanation. We may notice, too, rows—doux in ll. 137—38 (especially as a few lines earlier "a billet-doux" rhymes correctly with "true.") Again, unintended assonance is as unpleasant to a delicate ear as imperfect assonance. But Pope frequently forgets this truth, with the inevitable effect. As far as possible a poet should avoid repeating the same vowel sound, or even similar vowel sounds, in adjacent rhymes. Instances of such repetition will be found in *The Rape of the Lock*, Canto IV., 61—70, Canto V., 73—78, 79—82, 99—102. In lines 15—28 of the same Canto the rhymes are pains—gains, grace—face, day—away, produce—use, saint—paint, decay—grey, fade—maid; that is, of seven rhymes occurring in succession six have the same vowel. Thus Pope permits himself licenses which no living poet, even of the second rank, would tolerate: licenses which the great "Romantics," such as Shelley or Wordsworth, never allowed themselves; so that as far as rhyming goes there is no truth in the oft-suggested charge that they brought disorder and chaos into neat poetical gardens which Pope and other Augustans had trimmed to perfection.

One more general remark must be made: it regards the difficulty of appreciating the real merit of *The Rape of the Lock* as a parody. Far fewer readers (proportionately) are to-day well acquainted with the great works it parodies than were to be found when it was written. It is in many ways, of course, a loss to possess no adequate knowledge of the masters of epic and narrative poetry; but not least does the lack make itself felt when we are trying to appreciate the delicate wit with which they are travestied by a brilliant student of their master-pieces. The hope of thoroughly enjoying such mock-heroics as Pope's might be one good motive for making acquaintance with Homer and Virgil, with Ariosto, Tasso, and Milton.

The first Canto, nearly all of which was absent from the first version of the poem, tells of Belinda's morning

awakening, of a dream in which her guardian sylph, Ariel, had warned her of coming dangers—"beware of all, but most beware of man!"—and of her elaborate toilet.

CANTO II.

L. 2.—Main : might, bulk : the general mass : the ocean (as here). **A.S. mægen.**

L. 3.—The rival of his beams : Belinda.

L. 4.—Launched : used intransitively. As to such rhymes as 'beams—Thames,' 'obey—tea,' remember that 'ea' was in Pope's time pronounced as it still is by unschooled speakers in Ireland.

LI. 9—14.—Her lively looks, etc. : Belinda, as here described, might be compared with Moore's Lesbia, of the "beaming eye."

Right and left its arrows fly
But what they aim at no one dreameth.

L. 18.—'em : not a vulgarism (originally) but a relic of **hem**, the old southern-English dat. plur. form.

L. 25.—Springes : shares.

L. 29.—Th' advent'rous : these ugly elisions are the consequences, ever recurring, of the eighteenth-century passion for wooden regularity of metre.

L. 34.—If fraud or force : Compare Virgil (*Aeneid*, II. 390): "Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?"

L. 35.—Phœbus : the Greek sun-god. See No. 35.

L. 38.—Vast French romances : the long-winded, high-flown productions of Calprenède, Mlle. Scudéry, and others. One of them, **Clélie**, appeared in ten volumes of 800 pages each!

L. 39.—Three garters.—Of the giving away of garters as a sign of favour—a recognised mediæval custom—we are still reminded by the Order of the Garter, and (it is said) by its survival in the modern practice of distributing ribbons as bridal 'favours.'⁽¹⁾

L. 45.—The powers gave ear : A reproduction of a favourite idea in the pagan epics : thus Virgil (as translated by Dryden):

Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and tossed in empty air.
—*Aeneid*, XI.

(1) Here, as in some other notes, I am especially indebted to Professor Ryland's excellent edition of *The Rape of the Lock*. Professor Hales' notes and those of other predecessors have also been helpful.

L. 47.—Secure: without sense of danger. Now it means without the reality.

L. 57.—Shrouds: ropes of a ship: orig. same word as shroud—a sheet or covering. ‘**Sheet**’ has the same two meanings.

Ll. 56—68.—One of Pope’s prettiest and most imaginative passages.

L. 60.—Waft: So Dryden had written:

“And now the shouts waft near the citadel.”

L. 64.—Filmy dew: gossamer web.

L. 73.—Sylphids: female sylphs; by analogy with similar Greek formations, such as Nereid.

L. 74.—Old John Dennis in his severe review of *The Rape of the Lock* complained of this medley of spirits. **Fays, fairies, genii,** are names of Latin origin; **elf** is Teutonic, **daemon** is Greek.

L. 79.—Wandering orbs: meteors and comets.

L. 86.—Glebe: tilled soil.

L. 97.—A brighter wash: for the complexion, of course. Compare the experiments of the Vicar of Wakefield’s daughters (Ch. VI.).

L. 100.—Furbelow: French *falbala*, a kind of trimming.

L. 106.—China jar: Queen Mary II. introduced into England a taste for Chinese porcelain, which rapidly became a fashionable craze. Pope, Swift, Gray, and others frequently refer to it. See Macaulay’s *History of England*, Chap. XI.

L. 107.—Brocade: any valuable material worked with flowers, etc.

L. 110.—Shock: Belinda’s pet dog. A shock or shough was a rough-coated kind of dog.

L. 113.—Drops: ear-rings.

L. 122.—Bodkin: orig. a small dagger, then a large blunt needle. Etymology quite mysterious.

L. 125.—Styptics: astringent applications to stop bleeding. From Greek *στυφειν* to contract.

L. 126.—Rivelled: withered: A.S. *rifeled*, wrinkled.

L. 128.—The whirling mill: coffee-mill. Coffee and tea were both introduced into England about the middle of the seventeenth century: both were still expensive luxuries in Pope’s time.

CANTO III.

L. 3.—A structure. Begun by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, Hampton Court was seized by King Henry VIII. on the fall of his great minister in 1529, and it became a favourite royal residence. William and Mary commissioned Wren to enlarge and complete it, design and execution being in obvious imitation of the splendours of Louis XIV.'s new palace at Versailles. It lies about twelve miles from the centre of London, and was frequently the scene of Cabinet Councils in the reigns of William and Anne.

L. 11.—Instructive: note the delicate irony of the epithet.

L. 17.—The snuffing of powdered tobacco took its rise in England in Pope's time.

L. 18.—Ogling and all that: this is a very feeble conclusion to the line and paragraph.

To **ogle** is to cast side-glances at any one: from **Du ooge**, the eye, cognate with English **eye** and more remotely with Latin **oculus**. In the *Spectator* (No. 46 by Addison) "an Irish gentleman" announces his intention of setting up for an ogling-master. "I teach the Church ogle in the morning, and the play-house ogle by candle-light. I have brought over with me a flying ogle fit for the Ring, which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkening one of my windows. I have a Manuscript by me called the *Compleat Ogler*, etc., etc."

L. 21.—Judges pronounce, but never sign, sentences. As for Pope's insinuation in the following line, it is hideous and inexcusable.

L. 30.—Nine cards, 'the number of the Nine Muses,' were dealt to each player. The game of Ombre came in at the Restoration period: its name comes from the Spanish phrase, "Yo soy el hombre," "I am the man," i.e., who undertakes to make a certain number of tricks, and then has the right of calling trumps. In the present case Belinda thus challenges the Baron and another player (sometimes the players were two, sometimes five). The names of the cards are largely Spanish. The three best trumps were called *matadores* (Spanish *matador*, a slayer, notably in a bull-fight): first, the ace of spades (called *Spadillio*); second, the two of a black suit or the seven of a red suit (*Manillio*); third, the ace of clubs (*Basto*). 'Codille' was the fate of the Ombre when one of the antagonists made a greater number of tricks:

the latter then took the pool, and the Ombre had to replace it for the next game.

On modern playing-cards the queens still hold flowers, the kings' beards are still forked, and the knaves (at least of hearts) still grasp halberds. But a "manly leg" or "garb succinct" can now no longer be seen, as a modern card, unlike the ancient, pictures two half-figures each ending at the waist. The "broad sabre" is an erroneous expression of Pope's for the straight sword represented with the kings.

For the game we may borrow Ryland's summary: There are only twenty-seven cards to account for. Spades are trumps. First Trick: Belinda leads the ace of spades (Spadillio); the others play two low spades; Belinda therefore wins. Second Trick: Belinda plays the deuce of spades (Manillio), which is next in value to the ace; the others play two low spades; Belinda wins. Third Trick: Belinda plays the ace of clubs (third best card); the others play one spade and one other card; Belinda wins. Fourth Trick: Belinda plays king of spades; the others play the knave of spades and the knave of clubs; Belinda wins. Fifth Trick: Belinda plays the knave of clubs (her only club); this is taken by the queen of spades, the last trump left; Belinda loses. Sixth Trick: Her adversary leads the king of diamonds; Belinda has only a small diamond; Belinda loses again. Eighth Trick: Her adversary plays the knave of diamonds, and Belinda plays the queen of hearts; she loses again. Ninth Trick: Her adversary plays the ace of hearts; Belinda plays the king of hearts and wins the odd trick, because the ace of hearts counts only as one.

L. 46.—**Trump** is another form of 'triumph.'

L. 61.—**Pam**, a foremost card in the popular game of Loo, had no special powers in Ombre.

L. 73.—**That long behind**: *i.e.*, 'what boots it that, etc.'

L. 99.—**The nymph exulting, etc.**—There is no good reason why Belinda should be called 'nymph'—a word with a definite meaning of its own; but such expressions as 'nymph,' 'swain,' 'sire,' were part of the "poetic diction" valued by the eighteenth century.

Extremely unsuited to a 'nymph' is Belinda's behaviour here; but it is equally unsuited to a young lady of fashion. That Miss Fermor, under any disguise, should be represented as yelling at the top of her voice in consequence of a victory at cards, seems to us too outrageous for burlesque: but society manners in Queen

Anne's days called for much less self-restraint than is required by those of our day.

L. 100.—Long canals: a feature of Hampton Court, which was laid out in the Dutch taste.

L. 101.—Oh, thoughtless mortals! So Virgil (*Aeneid*, X. 501—5).

O mortals blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall . . . curse the dire remembrance of the day.
—Dryden's Translation.

L. 102.—Elate: like the Latin participle *elatus*; in English prose *elated*.

L. 107.—Altars of Japan: lacquered or "japanned" trays.

L. 119.—Vapours: the hysterical state which results from nervous derangement.

L. 122.—Scylla's fate: Scylla, according to ancient legend, was the daughter of Nisos, king of Megara, in Greece. To please Minos, king of Crete, who had invaded Megara, she cut from her father's head a lock of golden hair on which his life depended.

Ll. 125—6.—But when to mischief, etc.: interesting is the statement of a converse truth by Shakespeare (*King John*, IV., II., 219).

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill-done!

Ll. 137—8.—Thrice: the mystic number frequently marks similar crises in epic narrative.

L. 139.—Forfex: observe the happy variety of synonyms by which Pope glorifies the instruments of his mock-tragic catastrophe—"shears," "engine," etc.

L. 144.—But airy substance: so Milton (*Paradise Lost*, VI., 329) of Satan:

The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him; but the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible.

And Wordsworth (*Laodamia*)

The phantom parts, but parts to re-unite.

Ll. 145—6.—Dissever—ever: observe the emphatic and mock-pathetic effect of the 'feminine' rhyme, uncommon in Pope,

L. 155.—While fish in streams, etc.—This grandiose passage is an echo from Virgil (*Eclogue*, V., 76).

Dum juga mortis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

L. 156.—Coach-and-six: persons of fashion frequently drove out with this extraordinary number of horses. As late as the 19th century some Archbishops of Canterbury and of York did so.

L. 157.—Atalantis: a volume full of thinly-disguised personal scandal published in 1709 by Mrs. de la Rivière Manley, a woman of unfortunate history. In Leonora's library, as satirically described by the *Spectator* (No. 37) it occupied a place between *Advice to a Daughter* and Steele's *Christian Hero*.

L. 158.—While the small pillow: this refers to the curious custom (similar to the royal levee) of ladies' receiving their visitors in the morning while reclining in bed. It came into England from France. In No. 45 of the *Spectator* Addison inveighs, in his mild way, against this and other "French fopperies."

L. 165.—The labour of the gods: whose hands were supposed to have built Troy.

L. 170.—Steel: with this glorification of steel, compare that penned eighty years nearer to the great industrial age by Dr. Erasmus Darwin:—

Hail, adamantine Steel! magnetic lord!
King of the prow, the plowshare, and the sword!
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
His steady helm amid the struggling tides,
Braves with broad sail the immeasurable sea,
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee;
By thee the plowshare rends the matted plain,
Inhumes in level rows the living grain;
Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground,
And Ceres laughs, with golden fillets crowned;
O'er restless realms when scowling Discord flings
Her snakes, and loud the din of battle rings.
Expiring strength and vanquished Courage feel
Thy arm resistless, adamantine Steel!

—(*Botanic Garden*, II., 201—214).

CANTO IV.

L. 1.—But anxious cares: so Dido, at opening of *Aeneid*, IV.

But anxious cares already seized the Queen;
She fed within her veins a flame unseen!

—Dryden.

L. 6.—Manteau : same word as **mantle** ; also corrupted into **mantua**.

L. 11.—Umbriel : Latin **umbra**, a shade, with Hebrew termination.

L. 13.—Descents into the infernal regions have come to be looked upon as almost essential in the conduct of an epic poem. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Voltaire, all led their heroes through such an experience ; Dante and Milton make the reader still more familiar with subterranean realms.

L. 14.—Spleen : this term, constantly recurring in eighteenth century writers is not easy to explain briefly. Physiologically, the spleen is a part of the human anatomy, which plays some obscure part in purifying the blood : a diseased condition of it was supposed to give rise to " vapours," melancholy, and tetchiness, also sometimes to exalted imaginations. The English people were supposed (already in Sir W. Temple's time—1677) to be particularly subject to these attacks, which were simply named " spleen."

Just about the date of *The Rape of the Lock*, a ' Pindaric Ode ' entitled *The Spleen* was written by Anne, Countess of Winchelsea. It hardly tells us what the spleen *is*, but dwells on its effects, as do Pope's lines. Here, however, are some touches which add to the knowledge he gives us :—

Thou Proteus to abused mankind,
Who never yet thy real cause could find,
Or fix the torturer in one continued shape ! . . .
In the imperious wife thou vapours art . . .
The sullen husband's feigned excuse
When the ill-humour with his wife he spends,
And bears recruited wit and spirits to his friends . . .
I feel thy force while I against thee rail,
I feel my verse decay and my cramp numbers fail ;
Through thy black jaundice I all objects see
As dark and terrible as thee.

Matthew Green's poem, *The Spleen*, appeared thirty years later ; it keeps still farther from definition and dwells mainly on remedies.

As for Pope's scenery here—the " gloomy cave," " the dismal dome " (*i.e.*, house), " the grotto screened, etc., etc." it is quite confused and unintelligible.

L. 18.—The dreaded East : an easterly wind was one cause of spleen.

L. 22.—Megrim : headache ; from French **migraine**, Greek **hemicrania**, a pain effecting " half the head."

L. 23.—Wait: for the usual **wait on** or **at**. So Dryden:—

He chose one thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral.

L. 28.—Lampoons: virulently personal satiric poems.

Ll. 29—36.—The style in this paragraph is faultily condensed.

Ll. 34 and 36.—A “gown” (*i.e.*, “dressing-gown”) and a “night-dress” meant for the eighteenth century the same thing. Lady M. Wortley Montagu describes (in a letter of 1720) an untidy parson as strolling through his village “in his night-dress.” So “night-gown” in *Macbeth* (II. ii. 70).

L. 42.—Spleenwort: a kind of fern. Ulysses in the *Odyssey* and the Attendant Spirit in *Comus* protected themselves by plants of special virtue: so does Umbriel.

Ll. 44—50.—Who rule: . . . give . . . act . . . make . . . cause . . . send.—It is curious how the commentators pass over without remark this noteworthy sequence of violations of strict grammar; curious too, how the grammarians are silent as to an irregularity indulged in by several of the best English writers. Syntax, of course, would demand **rulest, givest**, etc. But the poets, disliking these cacophonous terminations, have often quietly dropped them for a simple mute ‘e.’ It has been chiefly in relative clauses, or where for any cause the verb in question was far removed from the pronoun ‘thou.’ Thus in the present case: also in Pope’s *Messiah*:—

O Thou my lips inspire
Who touched Isaiah’s hallowed lips with fire.

Burns uses the licence very frequently. It occurs in Shelley’s *Skylark*:—

Thou lovest but ne’er knew love’s sad satiety.

Further illustrations might be multiplied.

L. 55.—Citron-waters. — Home-made cordials or “strong waters” were highly, sometimes excessively, esteemed by the ladies of Queen Anne’s time.

L. 58.—Prude: a woman who professes extreme decorum and circumspection.

L. 65.—A wondrous bag: Such as that given by Æolus in *Odyssey*, X., 19—20, which contained all the winds.

L. 73.—Thalestris: intended for Mrs. Morley, a friend of Miss Fermor’s.

L. 82.—**The bodkin**: for curling hair.

L. 85.—**Fillets**: bands of ribbon or net-work.

L. 86.—**Double loads of lead**: appliances of a silly vanity worn at night for securing and for darkening the hair.

L. 89.—**Honour**: used (rather strangely here) for 'glory' or 'pride.'

L. 93.—**A degraded toast**: one whose health was formerly drunk in convivial circles, but is so no longer. "A toast" meant first of all a piece of toasted bread put in a tankard of liquor; then the proposing and drinking of some person's health in that liquor; then the person thus honoured

L. 94.—**Honour**: precise meaning here not evident.

L. 101.—**Hyde Park Circus**: then and still (after many changes) a highly fashionable resort.

L. 102.—**Bow**: the old Church of St. Mary-le-Bow (de arcubus) marked the centre of London city. The plain *bourgeoisie* who lived and trafficked about it were the antithesis and the butts of the livelier gentry, "Wits and Templars," and society butterflies, whose haunts were farther west.

L. 105.—**Sir Plume**: Sir George Brown, brother of "Thalestris" (Mrs. Morley). He was seriously offended by Pope's having introduced him into the poem only to ridicule his appearance and to make him talk nonsense.

L. 108.—**Clouded**: mottled.

LI. 117-125.—This oath is an excellent parody of heroic originals (*e.g.* Homer *Iliad*, 234-9). 'Draw the vital air' echoes a phrase of Lucretius: *auram carpere vitae*.

L. 124.—Dryden has 'The long-contended honours of the field.'

L. 140.—**Bohea**: then a choice, now an inferior, kind of tea.

L. 145.—These omens are capital epic parody.

CANTO V.

L. 7.—**Grave Clarissa**. We do not know who this personage is. The speech is excellent in substance though a parody of Homer (*Iliad*, XII., 310-23), excellent in form except for its faulty rhymes.

L. 14.—**The side-box**: the ladies sat in the central boxes, the gentlemen at the sides, of the theatre.

L. 20.—**The small-pox**: this dreaded plague was much more common and virulent than now.

L. 37.—**The fierce virago**: Belinda—strange as the description may appear.

L. 45.—See the Battle of the Gods in the *Iliad*, Book XX.

L. 53.—**Sconce**: a candle-stick projecting from a wall.

L. 59.—**A beau and witling**: second article faultily omitted.

L. 64.—**“Those eyes are made so killing”**: words from the popular opera *Camilla*, by Buononcini—once the rival of Handel, now forgotten. The English libretto was by Owen Swiney.

Ll. 65—6.—The winding Mæander and the swan singing as it dies were classical common-places.

Ll. 71—4.—**Now Jove**, etc.: a good specimen of Pope's satire at its finest. The “scales” are parodied from Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

L. 89.—The history of the bodkin is a capital parody of Homer's account of Agamemnon's sceptre.

“The golden sceptre of celestial frame
By Vulcan formed from Jove to Hermes came;
To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd;
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends;
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends,
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign
Subjects all Argos and controls the main.”
—Pope's *Iliad*, ii., 129 sq.

L. 95.—Such violence of conduct attributed to the heroine will always displease many, as it displeased John Dennis.

Ll. 105—6.—**Othello . . . roared**: evidently a touch of eighteenth century stage practice.

L. 113.—**Lunar sphere**: this is taken from the old astronomy; the treasury of odds and ends is parodied from Platonic ideas and from Milton's Limbo in *Paradise Lost*, 445—482: Ariosto afforded a new model in the burlesque style (Canto 34).

L. 122.—**Dried butterflies and tomes of casuistry**.—Pope speaks with equal contempt of two things of which he was equally ignorant. What is now termed “scholarship” as distinguished from “culture”—minute and specialist learning of any kind—was sneered at as useless pedantry by the ‘wits’ of Pope's and Addison's day. “Dried butterflies” stand here for natural science collections in general. “Casuistry” has been dressed out in strange colours by current English prejudices, on account of its connection with the Catholic Sacrament of Penance. It is the science which

determines particular cases of conscience in accordance with general laws of conduct. "Casuistry," writes De Quincey (XI., p. 116) "is the application of a moral principle to the cases arising in human life . . . All law in its practical processes is a mode of casuistry. And it is clear that any practical ethics, applied to the realities of life, ought to take the professed shape of casuistry. We do not evade the thing by evading the name. But, because casuistry, under that name, has been chiefly cultivated by the Roman Catholic Church, we Protestants, with our ridiculous prudery, find a stumbling-block in the very name." De Quincey has a whole Essay on this subject.

L. 125.—Rome's great founder: as narrated by Livy and by Ovid (*Fasti*, II.).

L. 129.—Berenice's locks: a constellation—Coma Berenices.

L. 133.—The Mall: there are many "Malls" now; this original one ran, and still runs, on the north side of St. James' Park, S.W. of London. Its name came from the game of Pall-Mall (Italian Palamaglio), a more vigorous kind of croquet, played there in the time of Charles II., who himself was fond of the game.

L. 136.—Rosamonda's Lake: Rosamond's Pond, a favourite meeting-place in St. James' Park, often alluded to in the comedies of the period. Swift writes to Stella in the year of this poem of "a smart frost . . . the Canal of Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skaits, if you know what those are." Later it became too well known for suicides. It was filled up in 1770.

L. 137.—Partridge was a predecessor of "Old Moore" and similar almanac-makers of to-day. He regularly foretold the downfall of the Pope, Louis XIV., and other objects of popular dislike in England. The wits all ridiculed him, in particular Swift, who not only foretold Partridge's death, but persisted in maintaining that it actually occurred at the time specified. See the *Bickerstaff Papers*.

L. 138.—Galileo's eyes: Telescopes, first made in Holland about 1590, were improved and successfully used by Galileo (1564—1642). Since Milton's day, it has been a tradition in England to exaggerate his services to science. He made important discoveries, but maintained some views obsolescent among his contemporaries, for example, that comets were merely earthly exhalations.

JAMES THOMSON

HAY-MAKING AND SHEEP-SHEARING.

These pictures of well-observed rural activity will probably require but few notes, even for the use of town-bred readers, in spite of the hazy grandiosity of some of Thomson's phrases.

L. 12.—Refreshful: a word faultily formed. "Full of refresh" has no meaning.

L. 14.—And drive: this line gives a very happy descriptive touch.

L. 19.—Diffusive: Thomson is singularly fond of words thus formed, 'prelusive,' 'amusive,' 'afflictive,' 'excursive,' 'repercussive,' etc., etc.

L. 34.—The sordid stream: the stream thus polluted.

L. 43.—Innumerable: Another favourite formation of Thomson's: 'irriguous,' 'unbrageous,' 'sequacious' are other examples.

Ll. 46—53.—These attractive pictures of rustic life are, it is to be feared, of the over-idealized "pastoral" type. But (as often with Thomson) we immediately get back into thorough "realism" with the melted tar and the dragging of the ram by the horns. Yet the realism is not without touches of the grand style: thus "the indignant ram"!

L. 61.—All-depending: depending on all creatures; an epithet hardly of correct formation.

L. 68.—His annual care: Thomsonian for 'his rent.'

L. 71.—This sequel to the sheep-shearing scene is characteristic in two respects: first, of the allusions, digressions, and moralizings which form a large (rather too large) part of *The Seasons*; secondly, of Thomson's intense patriotism. His national spirit is proved by his warlike poem *Britannia*, in five books and over three thousand lines, unrolling an enthusiastic caricature of general history in the interests of Britain's glories. In 1730 the wool trade was the staple article of English commerce, and thus a chief pillar of English greatness.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

L. 3.—Poring: brooding, intently occupied.

L. 12.—Paetothেকে: a tobacco-box. The latter part of this compound is well known. Greek *θηκη*, Latin *theca*, a receptacle; we have it in **apothecary**, in French **bibliothèque**, etc. The first element is the very late Latin word **paetum**, from Amer.-Indian **petun**, tobacco, whence also the botanical name **petunia**. (I am indebted for this information to Mr. C. M. Drennan).

L. 16.—Gibsonian lore: the pastoral charges, etc., of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London. He was a man of active zeal, and obnoxious to the more free-thinking wits.

L. 18.—Many-mining fires: What does this mean?

L. 21.—Orthodoxal ale: ale, the drink which usually went with solid John Bull sentiments on politics and religion.

L. 24.—Boon: pleasant, gay; from M. Fr. **bon** (with *n* pronounced): now rarely used.

JOHN GAY

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

The moral (a twofold one) of this tale is not particularly valuable, but the humour and art of the telling may place it not far below the fables of La Fontaine.

L. 23.—Liquorish: greedy: a favourite 18th century word, now rarely met with. Strange to say, Johnson omits it from his dictionary. Ult. connected with **lick**; more correctly spelt **lickerish** or **lickerous**.

L. 45.—The change shall: 'shall' is here strongly prophetic.

WILLIAM COLLINS

ODE TO EVENING.

Before Collins wrote, Evening had been pictured by his almost-contemporary Thomson in sonorous verse

and gorgeous colours : since Collins, his theme has been treated with far more intense realization by Wordsworth, Keats, and other "Romantics," and with far more passion and splendour by Francis Thomson.⁽¹⁾ It is, then, interesting to examine how far Collins' poem deserves its immortality, not only from its relative position in its own century, but also for distinctive and exquisite merits of its own. It has been often commented on and annotated (*e.g.*, by Mr. Lyster in *English Poetry*, and by Mr. J. H. Fowler in *Notes to Golden Treasury*); but the student will do well to analyse for himself as far as he can (and as far as lyric poetry admits of analysis) its special qualities, and to note for himself the poet's meaning and intention; how far he succeeds in his object and how far he fails. He might ask himself, for example, how far the poem revives or anticipates a *romantic* view of, and attitude towards, 'Nature'; how far it merely resembles descriptive poetry of its own day; what are the excellencies by which it compensates for lack of what is found in the poets named above—for depth of thought, gorgeous colouring, passionate feeling? Again, as to its verse, form, and metrical effects, how far the absence of rhyme-music is compensated for to the ear in other ways; how far it has appropriateness to the thought and feeling; how far it has robbed the stanzas of form, and whether there has been any compensation in this respect.

L. 1.—Oaten stop: the pipe or flute made of oaten straws, a conventional attribute of shepherds; **stop** is a metonymy for the whole instrument.

L. 2.—May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear: originally—"May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear." We venture to disagree with Swinburne's opinion that this original line was "exquisite." Two consecutive open 'O's,' two consecutive 'P's' and two consecutive 'V's' do not make "exquisite" verse. Therefore, doubtless, did the poet make the change; rather than because (as Mr. Lyster thinks) "pensive" was wanted in line 27—a long way off.

L. 3.—Solemn springs. The epithet may not be happy, but it is happier (here) than that first written by Collins—"brawling."

(1) See, for example, Thomson's *Summer*, lines 1619—1697, *Autumn*, lines 948—967; Wordsworth's sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening"; Keats' *Ode to Autumn*; Thomson's *Ode to the Setting Sun*. The optimistic Wordsworth has, however, scored greater successes in writing of morning and its hopeful splendours.

L. 7.—Brede : an old form of **braid**.

L. 8.—Wavy bed : bed in the Western Ocean.

L. 11.—The beetle : this name includes insects of many hundred different species.

Winds : means, of course, "fills with wind," the proper past tense is "winded"; Scott and others have wrongly written "wound," which belongs to a different verb.

L. 14.—Pilgrim : the word suits the semi-religious, melancholy-musing, character of the poem better than "traveller" or "wanderer" would have done.

L. 18.—May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit : a bad line which may help us to understand Dr. Johnson's rather strange general censure of Collins—that "his lines commonly are . . . clogged and impeded with a cluster of consonants."

L. 21.—Folding-star : "the star that bids the shepherd fold" (Milton).

L. 22.—Paly : a slightly affected word. "Collins was remarkably fond of this form of adjective; in this poem we find: cloudy, wavy, paly, shadowy, heathy, dreary, dewy, dusky" (Lyster).

L. 23.—Hours : In whom the Greeks personified the order and beauty of the changing seasons.

L. 27.—Pensive pleasures : Such pleasures as Milton's *Penoso* would enjoy.

L. 32.—Religious gleams : the "dim religious light" of the vanishing day, disposing the soul to contemplative melancholy.

L. 38.—Their simple bell : a reminiscence, like Gray's 'Curfew' in the *Elegy*, of the spiritual charm of the Angelus bell, heard at evening from all Catholic belfries, and lingering (though emptied of meaning) in Protestant England. As heard in Italy it moved Byron, even in his *Don Juan* period, to such lines as the following:

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower
 Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.
 Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
 Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
 Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

L. 42.—Breathing : full of gentle life and fragrance.

L. 45.—**Sallow** : pale, dull-coloured. Connected with French 'sale,' 'dirty.'

Ll. 49—52.—Another version of this stanza was preferred by Collins himself :

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own
And hymn thy favourite name.

THOMAS GRAY

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Gray's Greek motto describes his poem as being "vocal to the initiated, but for the many in need of an interpreter."

"A Pindaric Ode" is an ode in the style of Pindar. This celebrated Greek poet flourished 522—440 B.C. He combined in his poems elaborate regularity of form with enthusiastic ardour of feeling and expression. Gray emulates both qualities; and his friend Mason thought that Britain had felt "a Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray." But the elaborate metres of his Pindaric Odes give us no great sense of "rapture." Read by us, their recurring strophe, antistrophe, and epode fail to give any corresponding satisfaction to the ear, which by itself cannot follow out the structure; they have no real meaning in an ode not meant to be actually sung or chanted. As for passionate feeling, the subject on which Gray writes may well seem too remote and bookish to excite it. Yet it must be conceded that this academic poet had for great literature, especially that of Greece and Rome, and for the great names of the classic past an enthusiasm such as others bestow on the most stirring causes of their own times. This ode and others of his poems are almost a mosaic of quotations and reminiscences from Greek, Latin, Italian, and earlier English poets, not to mention less obvious sources; yet these are not merely welded together with fine taste, but to a large extent fused into a really impressive whole by a glow, if not a blaze, of ardent feeling.

A native of northern Greece, Pindar wrote in the Greek dialect which was used along the north-western

coast and islands of Asia; the region being called Æolis or Æolia, and the dialect Æolian. Hence a special type of Greek music the "Æolian" got its name, and here flourished great lyric poets—such as Sappho and Alcæus. Æolian music and poetry are acknowledged by Pindar as having preceded and inspired him. He calls his song "Æolian"; the word, therefore, on Gray's lips means "Pindaric," but carries in it a suggestion of remoter and older things.

The word "Æolian" as applied to the "Æolian harp" has a different meaning—the harp of Æolus, god of the winds.

L. 3.—Helicon: A mountain range in Pindar's country, Bœotia; on it were two fountains, Aganippe and Hippocrene, sacred to the Muses, and therefore called here **harmonious**.

L. 9.—Ceres' golden reign: reign (Lat. *regnum*) a realm; Ceres, the goddess of corn and agriculture; hence the adjective 'cereal.'

L. 10.—Amain: with main force or power.

L. 12.—Nodding: a favourite eighteenth century epithet of trees and forests.

What is the meaning of the first stanza as a whole? Dr. Johnson professed himself unable to discover it. See all his unsympathetic criticisms in *Life of Gray*.

L. 17.—Thracia: a wild and barbarous region north of Greece; had a traditional connection with Ares, the war-god.

L. 21.—The eagle was Jove's bird.

Ll. 23—4.—Quenched, etc.: These lines were once humorously and happily applied to Pitt, Lord Chatham, when he dozed during a Parliamentary debate.

L. 27.—Idalia, or Idalium, in Cyprus, an island sacred to Aphrodite (later called Venus).

Velvet-green (so printed by Gray) was censured by Johnson, who would probably have refrained had he remembered that it had been used by Shakespeare, Pope, and other poets. Mr. Bradshaw quotes "the summer's velvet buds" from *Henry V.* Dr. Johnson (supported to some extent by Mr. Gosse) justifies his censure by a general principle, the adequate discussion of which would require more space than can here be given to it. "An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature," he says, "ennobles Art: an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature."

L. 30.—Antic is another form of 'antique,' but it acquired a specialized meaning of 'odd, fantastic,' and has lately become fixed as a noun.

L. 31.—Frolic : fixed as a noun, in prose at least; Tennyson in *Ulysses* has “a frolic welcome.” In German *fröhlich*=cheerful, merry.

L. 35.—Many-twinkling : a loosely-formed epithet; “flashing with many twinkles”; suggested by a line from Homer which Gray quotes. Thomson (quoted by Bradshaw) happily speaks of the “many-twinkling leaves” of the aspen-tree. Byron calls the waltz ‘muse of the many-twinkling feet.’

L. 38.—Sublime : Lat. *sublimis* (for *sublevimis*), uplifted.

L. 42.—Observe the sharp and effective transition in the subject and tone.

L. 46.—Fond : originally meant ‘foolish.’

L. 47.—Justify the laws of Jove : a pagan turn given to Milton’s and Pope’s ‘justify the ways of God to men.’

Ll. 48—53.—Poetry and music compensate man for his sorrows; they chase away care, as the Sun-God and his train chase the gloomy ghosts of Night. In these lines, which Dr. Johnson found over-loaded and bewildering, brevity and abruptness are carried to excess—qualities for which Pindar was supposed to be an example or an excuse. “C’est que j’imite un peu Pindare” was a humorous apology of La Fontaine’s in a similar case.

L. 50.—Boding : ill-boding.

L. 53.—Hyperion : the pronunciation with accent on the second syllable is fixed in English usage. As the ‘i’ is long in Greek, it would be more strictly correct to pronounce as if rhyming with ‘lion.’

Ll. 54—65.—In climes, etc. : “Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations; its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it [this is ambiguous]. See the Norwegian and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.” (Gray’s own note). Johnson’s sceptical comment is: “That poetry and virtue go always together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true.”

L. 64.—Glory pursue, etc. : Sense of shame, feeling of honour; exactly the Greek *αἰδώς*, less closely the Latin *pudor*.

Ll. 66—76.—Woods that wave : in these most harmonious lines, Gray gives full vent to his scholarly love for the scenes and names hallowed to his imagination by the master-pieces of classic poetry.

L. 66.—Delphi : in Northern Greece, a temple containing a famous oracle of Apollo, situated on the side of Mount Parnassus.

L. 68.—Ilissus : a small river, now more often dried up than not, flowing past Athens.

L. 69.—Mæander : in Phrygia (Asia Minor) famous for its winding course.

L. 73.—Gray was one of the first to feel the modern love for mountains and wild scenery. But here it is poetic reminiscence that endears to him the mountains of Greece.

Ll. 78—81.—Latian plains . . . Latium. Latin poetry and art flourished after, and largely in imitation of, those of Greece.

Tyrant power and coward vice may refer equally well to Rome's subjugation of Greece, or to the decadence of Rome herself and Roman literature.

L. 81.—When Latium . . . They sought. The text obviously implies that with the decadence of imperial Rome and close of her classic literature, it was all over with "the sad Nine" until they found a suitable home in the England of Shakespeare's time. But Gray in a note tries to force a more reasonable meaning into his lines. He talks of "Italy," of Dante and Petrarch. He is unwilling to seem to ignore the literary greatness of the mediæval Italians, and he acknowledges the debt owed to them by Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt and Spenser. This is, of course, to his credit, but does not quite save his lines. Again one may well ask—what of the rest of Europe? Had the Muses nothing to say to mediæval or later France or Spain, or Germany, not to mention the remoter Celtic or Norse lands? And again, if "tyrant Power" and "coward Vice" forbid the presence of these goddesses, it is not so clear why they felt at home in the England of Elizabeth, or of Cromwell, or of Charles II. But in truth the connection supposed by Gray of poetry with "liberty" (in any sense of that vague word) is as difficult to prove or define as its connection with "virtue."

L. 83.—Far from the sun and summer-gale : probably, "far from the sunny south."

L. 84.—Thy green lap : Albion's ; but there is an awkwardness in continuing the address to Albion from quite a detached triplet of stanzas.

Nature's darling : A description of Shakespeare inspired by the long current notion that the works ascribed to him are fruits of a natural genius to which knowledge and training were always lacking. So Milton:

If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild:

A characterization which fits amazingly ill the author of *Hamlet*, or of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, with their elaborate tragedy and cynicism.

L. 89.—Pencil: in old sense of Latin *penicillum*, a paint-brush. Shakespeare has scarcely been noteworthy as a painter of “the vernal year.” With more point did Gray say of Shakespeare in one of his letters that “every word in him is a picture.”

L. 95.—Nor second he. This is high praise of Milton, whose classic learning, academic spirit, and masterly use of the English language all appealed strongly to Gray. The passage is justly admired for its imaginative sweep and fine power of expression; it has been helped, however, by Lucretius (who wrote of the “*flammanitia moenia mundi*”) and by phrases of Milton himself; it has been also censured (perhaps unkindly) for its imaginative account of Milton’s blindness. Truth (it has been said) would have been more impressive than fiction: Milton really lost his eyesight in the (supposed) service of his country:

The conscience, Friend, to have lost them over-plied
In Liberty’s defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side

is Milton’s own boast. Yet (as Hales happily points out) he also loved to connect the loss with his supernal visions; he speaks of it as like “a shading by celestial wings.”

L. 103.—Gray had an extreme admiration for Dryden: the attraction, conversely to the case with Milton, was one of unlikeness. Timid, productive only with difficulty, he must have envied Dryden’s vigour and easy fertility.

“The car of Dryden, with its two coursers, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.” This criticism of Johnson’s is not a happy one, considering the history of the heroic couplet.

Ll. 107—110.—Dryden is still referred to, with abrupt change of imagery.

L. 112.—What daring spirit: refers, of course to himself.

L. 115.—Theban Eagle: Pindar; Thebes was the capital of his native State. The image is developed in splendid language, but the six following lines (the last) are surely the poorest in the ode.

L. 120.—With Orient hues, etc.: Bradshaw compares Wordsworth’s far finer line (‘Peele Castle’):

The light that never was on sea or land.

L. 123.—This conceit of quasi-humility is difficult to disentangle by explanation unless we take "great" as meaning merely "the rich and powerful." Bradshaw gives help by quoting a line from the poetess Katharine Philips (1631—1664):

Still show how much the good outshone the great.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Although avowedly and formally an imitation of a Satire of Juvenal's,* this poem of Johnson's is strongly marked by originality. It gives us in carefully-finished form the results of his own most habitual broodings—those thoughts on life which found prose expressions in *Rasselas*. "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow": to such is addressed the poem no less than the story. They are equally gloomy.

The scene of *Rasselas* was laid somewhat outside the range of Christian hopes and promises; if we look for these to brighten *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, we are somewhat disappointed. "It must be owned," says Lord Macaulay, "that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantage [over Juvenal], and has decidedly fallen short of the sublimity of his pagan model." It would lead us too far to enquire why this strong and devout Christian should yet have failed to lay firm hold on the certain and consoling hopes wherewith Christianity brightens earth's darkness. A portion of its despondency may be ascribed to public events then recent, some of which it distinctly alludes to. Johnson's sympathies were decidedly with the strong Tories, who leant towards Jacobite, High Church and even Catholic views, but who were then (in 1730) soured by the long-continued triumph of the Whigs and smarting under recent discomfitures. It must be admitted he sings them no song of hope—scarcely even one of consolation.

*The Tenth, written about 100 A.D.

Of the moral grandeur and noble feeling of the poem there can be no question. Such qualities have, of late, been little valued by current criticism, and Johnson's masterpiece has suffered some depreciation in consequence. Minds which have been trained to accept mere nonsense in melodious verse as great poetry, are necessarily enfeebled for the assimilating of high stern thought and its close-woven utterances. Such a generation may think this poem to be what Garrick once pronounced it, "as hard as Greek." As, on the other hand, the strong and sincere nature of Walter Scott cherished it with special affection, as Byron and Tennyson were alike in their admiration of it, so too the literary judgment of a future day, more concerned with the matter than the form of poetry, may admit more fully than ours does the poetic value of its strong thought and sincere feeling.

In its form, undoubtedly, a slight obscurity or stiffness, traceable to the effort towards strength and condensation, may be occasionally remarked. *Brevi esse laboro, obscurus fio*. A poem of the school of Pope, and sharing the limitations of that school, it is too much akin to oratory: it exposes rather than suggests, it has none of the subtle appeals to the imagination which belong to the highest poetry. Nor has it equalled its Juvenalian model in dramatic vividness and lively allusion. On the other hand, the march of ideas and expression of feeling have a long-sustained coherence and dignity, not to say splendour, which neither Juvenal nor Pope has equalled. The verse has the best quality of Pope's; the weak couplets are extremely few. In the vocabulary the clear vigour of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables alternate their effect with the majestic flow of classic polysyllables.

LI. 1—2.—**Let observation**, etc. : The idea, the couplet, the rhyme, all had been anticipated. Unkind criticism (in which Byron joined) has suggested that the two lines amount to no more than this: 'Let observation, with extensive observation, observe,' etc. Is this quite just?

L. 7.—**Vent'rous**. The spelling reminds us of the pedantic care taken by the eighteenth century versifiers to count and narrowly limit their syllables. It also reminds us of a change in pronunciation; now we say 'ventyurous'; Johnson's contemporaries said rather 'venterous,' so that the middle vowel was easily elided.

L. 13.—**Nations sink . . . darling schemes**. Holland, England, and France had suffered severely in their financial condition about thirty years before, owing to

the collapse of great commercial speculations, the principal of which were the English South Sea scheme and the French Mississippi scheme.

Ll. 14—15.—With the thought Hales well compares Pope's line: "Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer." (*Moral Essays*, ii., 147).

L. 15.—**Afflictive**: Johnson, like Thomson (see note on page 287), was very fond of this form of adjective.

L. 19.—**Impeachment**: a form of Parliamentary trial in England. It marked or closed the careers of the three statesmen mentioned in lines 130—1.

L. 21.—**But scarce observed**, etc. The transition is abrupt. The thought is: "Apart from illustrious instances, wise and brave men are constantly falling victims to other men's greed for wealth. This greed tempts to every crime (23—26); it makes the wealthy insecure and therefore wretched" (27—44).

Lines 21—22 are faultily condensed and obscure. "The general massacre of gold" is taken by itself, a phrase susceptible of many interpretations.

Knowing: wise. Cp. Pope's compliment: 'And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write.' Now used only in a trivial sense.

L. 29.—**Where rival kings**, etc. In writing this paragraph Johnson was thinking of the very recent effort of the Stuarts to recover their lost thrones. For 'wealthy traitor' he had first written 'bonny traitor' (in allusion to Scotch leaders such as Lord Lovat). The Jacobite sympathies of Johnson peep out especially in the phrase "confiscation's vultures" (l. 36).

Ll. 37—8.—**The needy traveller**: the adjective is not happily chosen to accompany "serene and gay," nor does the noun "toil" fit well into the picture. Johnson's couplet fails to rival Juvenal's celebrated line:

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

L. 38.—**Heath**: The word in Johnson's day naturally suggested highwaymen and their frequent attacks on travellers.

L. 46.—**Tainted gales**: a hunting scent is all that is implied. So Thomson:

The spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose
Draws full upon the latent prey.

L. 49.—**Democritus**: of Abdera, called the "laughing philosopher," in contrast to Heraclitus, "the weeping philosopher." Johnson doubtless remembered (as Mr.

Payne suggests) Prior's lines, beginning "Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth."

Ll. 53—60.—**Where want**, etc. : amid the narrow and uniform scenes and manners of a small Greek town.

L. 57.—**Mock debate**. During the long domination of the Whig oligarchy (it lasted with very brief interruptions from 1688 to 1760) Parliamentary forms of debate were often only a mockery.

L. 61.—**Modish** : variable according to 'modes' or fashions.

L. 63.—**Attentive**, etc. : attentive to descry truth, etc.

L. 72.—**State** : not kingdom, but 'state of life' : **canvass** : to examine, scrutinize.

L. 76.—**They mount**, etc. : observe the perfect beauty of this line, to which its position contributes.

L. 79.—**The sinking statesman** : Johnson is especially thinking of the slow and long-expected downfall of Sir Robert Walpole, completed in 1742 after twenty years of great power.

L. 83.—**Descends the painted face** : one may recall Goldsmith's amusing account of the inn-keeper at Islington who took successively the French King, the Queen of Hungary, and the King of Prussia for his sign-board patrons (*The Bee*, No. VI.). **Palladium** : a protective influence like the image of Pallas in Ancient Troy.

L. 92.—**Sign**, etc. : Johnson, with the Tories, wanted a vigorous foreign policy.

Ll. 93—98.—The Whigs and their great leader Walpole maintained their power by the purchase of votes and constituencies and by undisguised bribing.

L. 97.—**Weekly libels** : corresponding to the daily ones of our time.

Septennial ale = ale distributed much too freely at parliamentary elections which (by statute) recurred every seven years.

L. 98.—**Full** : satisfied.

L. 99.—The transition to Wolsey is made almost unintelligible by the interposition of the preceding paragraph, which is a digression difficult to excuse. But see line 76 and its context.

L. 106.—**Claim leads to claim, and power advances power** : a favourite trick of style among eighteenth-century poets ; see line 304 : 'year chases year, decay pursues decay.'

Ll. 109—120. Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* will be the student's best illustration of these lines. In 1529 Wolsey's fall began. He had risen to a height of power and wealth and lived with a splendour and magnificence

unparalleled in any subject of a powerful monarch. Only one earthly prize remained ungrasped—the tiara of the Supreme Pontiff; and that he was eagerly intriguing to win. Had he obeyed his conscience in the matter of the King's criminal pursuit of a divorce, he might have fallen with honour; he might, indeed, like Fisher and More, have exchanged temporal dignities for a crown of martyrdom. As it was he fell an unpitied victim to a tyrant's arbitrary will and the ambition of the tyrant's mistress. He died in November, 1530, at Leicester Abbey, when on his way to appear at London on a charge of high treason. Shakespeare gives thus his last words:

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

L. 121.—Speak thou . . . the wisest justice. Thought to have been perhaps Johnson's Lichfield friend, Dr. Gilbert Walmsley. Of him, among some more unmixed compliments, Johnson wrote: "He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet, difference of opinion did not keep us apart."

LI. 125—6.—For why did Wolsey, etc.: much finer lines than the anticipation of them in Dryden's *Juvenal*:—

Raised a top-heavy tower of monster height,
Which, mouldering, crushed him underneath the weight.

L. 129.—Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. and Charles I., assassinated by Felton at Portsmouth in 1628.

L. 130.—Harley, Earl of Oxford, who came into power at the head of the Tories in 1710. His party was ruined at the death of Queen Anne; he was stabbed, impeached, imprisoned, and died in 1724 after much bodily suffering.

L. 131.—Hyde: a firm partisan of weak and ungrateful Stuart kings; created Earl of Clarendon by Charles II., but exiled with Charles's consent in 1667. "**To kings ally'd**"; he was the grandfather of two queens-regnant of England.

L. 135.—The college rolls: called *matriculæ* (a diminutive of *matrix*) in the mediæval universities, whence the expression to 'matriculate.'

LI. 135—164.—No part of Johnson's poem shows us so much of himself as these lines; they are instinct with strong personal feeling; they retain the pathos which melted Johnson's own stoicism into tears when once he attempted to read them aloud,

L. 139.—Bodley's dome: the university library at Oxford, founded or restored by Sir Thomas Bodley about 1600. "Dome" used frequently by eighteenth century poets for "house" or "palace": Latin **domus**. The German **dom**, "cathedral," represents the Latin **domus Dei**.

L. 140.—Bacon's mansion.—"There is a tradition that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge (of the Isis) will fall when a greater man than Bacon shall pass under it."—Johnson's note. The fulfilment of the prophesy has been prevented by the pulling down of the old building, which had become obviously dangerous.

Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar, who died in 1272, a few years before the great Dominican philosopher, Thomas Aquinas, was a hardly less remarkable though far less influential representative of mediæval thought. He was singularly researchful and original, as well as boldly aggressive. He was misunderstood and thwarted by minds not attuned to his scientific ideas—ideas curiously like those promulgated by his great namesake three hundred and thirty years later: and although Pope Clement IV. extended protection and encouragement to him, he ended his days in disgrace and his works were left in obscurity.

L. 145.—Science: learning in general, **L. scientia**.

L. 150.—Sloth: Johnson often confessed his liability to be tempted by this vice, "this frigid opiate" as he calls it in his *Rambler* (v. 207). In his prayers and good resolutions it was marked out for special vigilance and attack. "While you," he writes to Bennet Langton, "have been riding and running, and seeing the tombs of the learned and the camps of the valiant, I have only stayed at home, and intended to do great things, which I have not done."

L. 154.—Thy shade: thy hours of darkness and retirement. Fits of the severest melancholy depression haunted Johnson throughout life, and made him habitually anxious as to the stability of his reason. The character of the Astronomer in *Rasselas* (c. XLV.) is a reflex of his own thoughts on this subject. In a letter to Warton, asking "what becomes of poor dear Collins" (the poet), he goes on to say that "the moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune and the transitoriness of beauty: but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire."

L. 160.—Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol. At first Johnson had written, far less strikingly, "the garret and the gaol." His experiences with Lord Chesterfield suggested the change, which immortalizes an episode already rendered world-famous by his letter to that nobleman. Johnson did more than any other man to break that system of patronage which looms so large in the lives of himself, Goldsmith, Collins, Savage, and others. Savage's description of it may be quoted in part:

No! there to seek, is but to find fresh pain,
 The promise broke, renewed, and broke again;
 To be, as humour deigns, received, refused:
 By turns affronted, and by turns amused;
 To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
 To lose the health, which should those thoughts inspire;
 To starve on hope: or like cameleous, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air:
 . . . Oh, to be there, to tread that friendly shore,
 Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more!

—*The Poet's Dependence.*

Nowadays it is a huge reading public, not an individual, whom the rising poet has to win by flattery, trickery, or merit.

L. 161.—To buried merit. These fine lines allude to the bust erected to Milton in Westminster Abbey, 1737, 'merit' alludes to Milton's literary celebrity, not to his political character: and the erection of the monument, like Johnson's lines, marked the gradual softening of political animosity. The lines were suggested by Savage:

Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust
 Arise the sculptured tomb and laboured bust:
 Vain pomp! bestowed by ostentatious pride,
 Who to a life of want relief denied;

together with the same poet's lines to his mother:

Perhaps been poorly rich and meanly great.

The trick of style is Pope's, who describes Cæsar as 'ignobly vain and impotently great'; Voltaire as 'wisely careless, innocently gay'; and man in general as 'a being darkly wise and rudely great.' The allusion applies equally to Butler, to whom a monument was erected in 'Poet's Corner' sixty years after his death. (Mr. E. Payne's note). Often quoted has been the epigram to which the treatment of the author of

Hudibras inspired Samuel Wesley (father of the two Methodist reformers):

While Butler, needy wretch, was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turned to dust
Presented with a monumental bust,
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread and he received a stone!

L. 164.—Thomas Lydiat (1572—1646) was a student of books and of nature, almost comparable to his contemporary Lord Bacon for his multiform and deep learning. He obtained some college and ecclesiastical preferments, but was buffeted by the revolutionary turmoil which broke upon churches and colleges, and died in indigence.

Galileo Galilei (1564—1642), too noteworthy a personage to be adequately dealt with in a note. His 'end' was far from being what Milton and many succeeding writers have represented it—one of imprisonment or even actual ill-usage. He was in "free custody" in a palace chosen by himself, where he could freely receive his friends, and where the infirmities of old age (he was past seventy) were the sole theme of his complaints. There have been very many worse-treated 'martyrs of science,' e.g., the astronomer Tycho Brahe.

L. 166.—**Glitt'ring eminence**: shown by the context to mean the ecclesiastical primacy of England.

L. 168.—**Laud**. The student may contrast this High-Church and Tory view of King Charles' Primate with the much more unjust depreciation of him by Macaulay (*Essay on Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden*). Art, genius, and learning had but little to do with Laud's execution, though they had shed some lustre on his life. His crime was the endeavour to crush Puritan dissent, in pursuance of a dream of unity in the Anglican Church.

L. 177.—**Gazette**: accented on first syllable. Gazettes, that is brief compendia of news, often in letter form, dated back in England to 1642. The *Gazette de France*, still surviving, began in 1631. The name is from the Italian *gazzetta*, meaning either a magpie or a very small coin.

L. 179.—**The rapid Greek**: Alexander the Great.

L. 187.—**Mortgaged States . . . everlasting debt**. War is the great source of enormous debts incurred by States. The war which the French Revolution brought upon France involved an expenditure of 7,000,000,000 francs above the normal during four and a half years. The recent English war in South Africa cost £250,000,000. The practise of systematic State-borrowings for such

expenditure began in England in the wars of William III. against France. At the date of Johnson's poem, the English National Debt had mounted to £78,000,000. In 1910 its net amount was estimated at over £720,000,000.

L. 191—222. The recent brilliant career of Charles XII. of Sweden, and still more recent brilliant narrative of it by Voltaire, had profoundly impressed Europe; and Johnson wrote these lines under the influence of more vivid feelings than could have animated his precursor Juvenal in picturing the glories and downfall of Hannibal. It is no wonder that they are exceptionally impressive. Charles reigned from 1697 to 1718. During that time he conceived and entered upon plans of conquest as vast as those of Alexander or (afterwards) of Napoleon. But, like the latter, he matched himself in vain against the vast empire of Russia (then ruled by Peter the Great). As a refugee in Turkey he had to condescend to the intrigues of ante-chambers and seraglios. He had again taken up arms when his career was suddenly closed by a shot fired during his siege of the small fortress of Frederickshall, in Norway, whether casually or by a traitor from his own camp is a still unsolved question.

L. 195.—O'er love, o'er fear, etc. Charles was remarkable among royal conquerors for the austerity of his life.

L. 203.—Gothic standards. The Goths were among the barbarian tribes who invaded the Roman Empire from Asia. Especially after 426 B.C. they spread over part of east Central Europe, and extended their conquests into Sweden, where a district in the south is still called Gothland. "The Swedes," says Gibbon, quoted by Mr. Payne, "have in every age claimed the kindred glory of the Goths. In a moment of discontent against the court of Rome, Charles XII. insinuated that his troops were not degenerated from their brave ancestors, who had already subdued the mistress of the world."

L. 219.—A barren strand. Contrast the more cheerful reflections of Pericles in his funeral oration on the Athenians who had fallen in the Peloponnesian War: "Every land is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it merely an inscribed monument at home that tells of their valour, but even in a foreign soil their memory, even though unwritten, is perpetual, living rather in the minds of all than in piled stones."

L. 222.—Adorn a tale: such as Voltaire's.

L. 223.—Pompous woes : the expression is very faultily condensed and obscure. The two following examples show what Johnson really meant.

L. 224.—Persia's tyrant : the appellation has here rather the ancient sense, 'an absolute monarch,' than the modern. Xerxes is used by Juvenal also to point his moral. In 481 B.C. he invaded Greece with an enormous army ; he was completely defeated by Leonidas and his 300 men at the narrow pass of Thermopylæ.

L. 232.—Rather did Xerxes lash the wind and throw chains into the sea.

L. 241.—The bold Bavarian. The succession to the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the empire of Austria (dating from 1806) is a partial successor, had become practically hereditary in the House of Hapsburg (Dukes of Austria). The Salic Law against female inheritance was generally supposed to bind the succession to the Duchy and certainly bound the succession to the empire ; but the Emperor Charles VI. (1716—1741) had worked hard to obtain the consent of the Powers to a "Pragmatic Sanction" in favour of his daughter Maria Theresa⁽¹⁾ as Archduchess of Austria and of her husband Francis of Lorraine as Emperor. No sooner had he died than Europe was distracted between her claims and those set up by Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who was supported by an "unexpected legion" of nations (France and Spain) that had accepted the Pragmatic Sanction. He was crowned at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, in 1741, and in 1742 at Frankfurt by his brother the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne. Meantime Maria Theresa threw herself on the loyalty of the Hungarian nobles. Young and beautiful, wearing the Hungarian national dress, with the sacred crown of King Stephen⁽²⁾ on her head, and a sabre by her side, bearing her infant child in her arms, she entered their Diet, and adjured them to embrace her cause. Fired with enthusiasm, they drew their swords and exclaimed with one voice : "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresia !" (Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa). The cry was re-echoed far and wide, and from that day her cause was in the ascendant. Johnson appears to suppose that Maria Theresa claimed the imperial crown for her own head, and the error has always been a common one.

(1) The name is properly spelt 'Teresa.'

(2) St. Stephen, King of Hungary, came to the throne in 997, and laboured zealously in Christianizing and civilizing his subjects.

L. 249.—The fierce Croatian, etc. Campbell has outdone the sonority of this couplet by his own in the *Pleasures of Hope*:

When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars.

"The terrible names of the Pandour, the Croat, and the Hussar then first became familiar to Western Europe," says Macaulay; they were hardly a civilized soldiery. The name "hussar" was introduced into the British army in 1759. The word is Hungarian; a doublet of *corsair*, from Latin *corsus*.

L. 254.—Steals to death: in 1745 "the unfortunate Charles," says Macaulay, "vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary estates and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end." (*Essay on Frederick the Great*).

L. 255.—Enlarging life, etc.

'Jove, grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back; I ask no more.'
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.

—Dryden's *Juvenal*, 188.

L. 268.—Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain. A line in which the sounds admirably help the expression of the sense. Johnson perversely denies (or almost denies) the possibility of this in his comments on certain well-known imitative lines of Pope.

L. 270.—Witnessed: gave evidence that Orpheus was near and moving them by his marvellous music.

L. 271.—Attend: *L. attendere*, pay attention to.

L. 282.—Improve: foster, increase. Addison (quoted by Mr. Payne) addresses Dryden thus:

And Juvenal, instructed in thy page
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.

Johnson echoes the phrase; but have the two words the same meaning in each writer? "Rage" in Addison might easily mean "poetic inspiration," as in many writers of the century; if not, however, then 'improve' probably bears its modern meaning.

L. 301.—New sorrow rises, etc. This picture of the sorrows of old age has been far surpassed by Victor Hugo's passionate lament in his *Feuilles d'Automne*:

Vieillir enfin, vieillir! comme des fleurs fanées
Voir blanchir nos cheveux et tomber nos années,
Rappeler notre enfance et nos beaux jours flétris,
Boire le reste amer de ces parfums aigris!

Etre sage, et railler l'amant et le poète,
 Et, lorsque nous touchons à la tombe muette,
 Suivre, en les rappelant d'un oeil mouillé de pleurs,
 Nos enfants qui déjà sont tournés vers les leurs;
 . . . Vieillir en regrettant la jeunesse ravie,
 Mourir en regrettant la vieillesse et la vie!
 Où donc est le bonheur, disais-je? Infortuné!
 Le bonheur, ô mon Dieu, vous me l'avez donné!

L. 315.—Descend 'the stream of time.'

Lydia's Monarch, Croesus, who, displaying to Solon, the Athenian statesman and philosopher, the treasures which made him proverbial, was cautioned to consider how his career might end. It ended disastrously.

L. 317.—**John Churchill**, Duke of Marlborough (1650—1722), conspicuous as a great commander during the wars of William and Anne, was shaken by paralytic strokes during the last eight years of his life. He consequently disappointed the hopes which the Jacobites had conceived of his assistance on the death of Anne. 'The stream of dotage,' however, is an expression which exaggerates the facts.

L. 318.—The melancholy over-clouding of Swift's brain first showed itself in the savage misanthropy and love for unclean images which disfigure some of his writings. He sank into a state of alternating melancholy and fury, and from 1741 till his death in October, 1744 (at the age of 78) was under legal guardians and surveillance.

L. 320.—**Birth**: child: so **partus** in Latin.

L. 321.—Johnson might have found more striking and interesting examples of the calamities caused by beauty and moral frailty. Lady Vane was an insignificant personage whose name was linked by scandal with that of the unimportant Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II.

Sedley, Catherine, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, was the object of a violent passion on the part of James, Duke of York, who on ascending the throne as James II. created her Countess of Dorchester. She was said to be neither beautiful nor otherwise notable. This allusion, however, reminds us that the character of James II. is an historical puzzle. Reputed in early life a very brave man, he afterwards incurred the stigma of cowardice. A sharer till past middle age in the licentious amusements of his brother's court, he died with the reputation of a saint.

L. 345.—Mr. Payne thinks '**sedate**' qualifies 'man.'

L. 346.—**Darkling**: not a participle, but an adverb. So 'grovelling,' from which, however, the verb 'to grovel' has been invented.

L. 349—end. This seems a somewhat cold and philosophical account of prayer to come from so earnest a Christian as Johnson. But perhaps it is the typically classical style rather than the matter which is unsatisfactory.

L. 354.—**The secret ambush:** the danger lurking in some seeming good we are inclined to pray for.

LI. 361—364.—**For love,** etc. The language and imagery of these four lines are dull and confused; the couplet which follows is better, and the concluding one ends the poem very effectively.

L. 362.—**Transmuted:** a term of the alchemists.

L. 366.—**These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain.** "*Deus jubendo monet et facere quod possis et petere quod non possis, et adjuvat ut possis,*" says pithily the Council of Trent, echoing St. Augustine.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

RETALIATION.

A few weeks before Goldsmith's death in 1774, a party of his friends, meeting at the St. James' Coffee-house, fell into the sport of writing mock-epitaphs upon him. At the next meeting, when he was present, these were read out. From the somewhat varying accounts of the affair it would appear that he was hurt by them, though, as was his way, he showed no ill-humour then or afterwards. The epigram which was most successful and which alone has survived was David Garrick's:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll;

—a satirical description which Boswell, Macaulay, and many since have harped upon and exaggerated. (See *Lives of Goldsmith*, by R. A. King and Frankfort Moore, or briefer treatment in my Brochure *Goldsmith and his Biographers*). The poet, thus assailed, deferred his revenge, and (perhaps at their invitation) set to work on a reply, with which he desultorily occupied himself till a few days before his death, and which he left unfinished. Influenced by a recollection of the famous picnic dinner of Scarron (whose *Roman Comique*, among other hack-work, he had just been translating) he began by likening his friends to dishes. Then changing his

plan, not without some awkwardness in the transition, he imagines them all laid prostrate before him, and sets before us that incomparable series of epigrammatic character-sketches which remains to-day our most graphic picture-gallery of his immediate contemporaries. Johnson is conspicuously absent, perhaps because, though one of the company, he had not joined in the initial attack—perhaps, also, because the poem is unfinished. Gladly, too, should we have welcomed Goldsmith's sketches of Gibbon, Percy, Boswell, and some others, but it is much that we have been left such admirable portraits of Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, and Cumberland.

L. 1.—Scarron: French poet, novelist, and humorist, a man of no very high character, who, during a life of many pains and trials (1611—1660) never lost his capacity for jesting. He married Mlle. d'Aubigné, who subsequently, with the title of Mme. de Maintenon, became celebrated as the confidante and wife of Louis XIV.

Observe that for the rhythm of the line "Scarron" must have a slight accent on the second syllable. The metre of the poem is trisyllabic, with commonly a pause equivalent to one syllable between the lines (similarly a syllable is omitted at the opening of line 1). "Hypermeter" is found only between lines 39—40 and 132—3. Note that in trisyllabic metre inversion of the accent hardly ever occurs; in this it differs strikingly from disyllabic and most of all from blank verse.

L. 5.—Our Dean: Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Killaloe, then of Limerick. He appears to have been much liked by Johnson and others of the Club.

L. 6.—Our Burke: The celebrated statesman Edmund Burke. In 1765 Burke had come prominently into public life as Secretary to the Prime Minister (of one year's standing) Lord Rockingham, and Member for Wendover. In 1768, he began to figure as a country gentleman, having bought the estate of Gregories in Buckinghamshire. In 1774 he was in the thick of an almost hopeless campaign in favour of peace with America.

L. 7.—Our Will: William Burke, Ministerial Secretary, M.P., and afterwards Official in India.

L. 8.—Dick: Richard Burke; became Recorder of Bristol.

L. 10.—Douglas: Dr. John, Canon of Windsor, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury; a Scotchman who distinguished himself chiefly as a detector of forgeries and

inaccuracies in the work of other Scotch writers, notably in the attempts of a certain Lauder to show that Milton was a mere plagiarist. Douglas was present as army-chaplain at the Battle of Fontenoy in 1745.

L. 11.—Garrick: the celebrated actor; 1716—1779; fellow-townsmen of Johnson, and one of his three pupils at Lichfield. He did much to raise the British stage from an artistic and also from a moral point of view, especially by popularizing the dramas of Shakespeare, whom he called "the god of my idolatry."

L. 14.—Ridge: a member of the Irish Bar, known (according to a custom which survived O'Connell's time) as "Counsellor John Ridge."

Reynolds: Sir Joshua, the most celebrated of English painters. He pursued his artistic career steadily from 1741 to 1792, beginning with deep study of the Italian Masters, becoming the first President of the Royal Academy, and painting a vast number of pictures, chiefly portraits. Goldsmith's picture of him is one of many testimonies to his worth as a man.

L. 15.—Hickey: an Irishman, described by Goldsmith as "a special attorney" and "a most blunt pleasant creature."

L. 28.—This portrait of Burke has been universally admired. To have hit off, while seeming merely to jest, the essential characteristics of so great a man, was a triumph of clear sight and skilful pen, one which has very seldom been rivalled when artist and subject were contemporaries. To justify Goldsmith's points by a study of Burke's performances as orator or statesman would be a task exceeding the scope of these notes. We shall confine ourselves to a few very simple explanations.

L. 32.—To party gave up: to the Whig party and that particular section of it which acknowledged Lord Rockingham as chief.

L. 34.—Tommy Townshend: an obscure Member of Parliament; *not* the much more important Charles Townshend, largely responsible for the troubles with America.

L. 42.—To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor: to do things at the wrong time and in the wrong way—especially in a superfine way.

L. 48.—Though the coachman might be expected to drive wildly, yet, as a matter of fact the coach took only the most humdrum course.

L. 50.—Spontaneous: quite indeliberate, and, as nothing indeliberate counts as morally bad or good, quite without merit.

L. 58.—Old Nick. “Nicor” was a primitive English word for a goblin or water-spirit. It survives in the prov. English “Nixies,” and in the popular appellation of Satan.

L. 62.—Terence: Publius Terentius Afer: a Roman dramatist; (195—160 B.C.). Born at Carthage, and brought a slave to Rome, he was early liberated, taking the family name of his master Terentius. His genius being encouraged by the Scipio family, he became famous for his comedies, six of which survive. They display elegance and refinement rather than strength.

Cumberland, along with Hugh Kelly, was a leading representative of the school of sentimental *bourgeois* comedy, then (about 1760) popular all over Europe. Its vogue interfered with the success of Goldsmith’s comedies, the fun in which was thought to be too crude! It is laughed at in the tavern scene of *She Stoops to Conquer*; and it is excellently hit off in one passage (among others) of *The Critic*:—

The heroine makes a speech, then ‘bursts into tears and exit!’ ‘What!’ asks Dangle, ‘is this a tragedy?’ ‘No,’ answers Sneer, ‘that’s a genteel comedy; not a translation—only taken from the French; it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from beginning to end.’

L. 67.—Dizen: usually ‘bedizen’: to fit up or adorn.

L. 68.—Rout: in the sense of a large evening party or reception, common in Dickens but now growing obsolete.

L. 78.—No wonder if (as we are told) old **Cumberland**, surviving into the nineteenth century, plumed himself on this early portrait of himself, which he had come to think of as entirely laudatory.

L. 86.—The Rev. Dr. William **Dodd**, whose career was of the strangest. A man of much ability, but of ill-governed passions, he adopted the clerical profession, which he adorned by his pulpit eloquence, but disgraced by several scandals. Of his numerous publications, one, *The Beauties of Shakespeare*, has often been reprinted. In 1777, bankrupt in character and in purse, he was found guilty of forgery, and in spite of the compassionate efforts towards a reprieve made by Dr. Johnson and others, was (in accordance with the laws of the day) hanged at Tyburn.

Kenrick: a miscellaneous writer, of whom Johnson contemptuously said to Goldsmith: “He is one of the many who have made themselves public without making themselves known.” Towards those great men and others he showed himself malignant and scurrilous. He

founded the *London Review*, compiled an English Dictionary, and thought he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion.

L. 87.—Macpherson.—Dr. Johnson's decided views on the fraudulent and valueless character of *Fingal*, *Temora* and their companions were generally shared by his associates. The present condemnation would include Macpherson's acknowledged prose works.

L. 88.—I shall compile. Goldsmith here shows his own humorous sense of the hasty and merely 'pot-boiling' character of his 'Histories' and the like forced labours.

L. 94.—Scotsmen meet, etc. Scotsmen have always earned the praise or blame of clannishness regardless of merit. That the Scotch are "in a conspiracy to cheat the world," was plainly implied by Dr. Johnson to a Scotch acquaintance; the Irish being, on the contrary, "a fair people: they never speak well of each other."

L. 105.—Compare the character of Pope, of whom it was said that he preferred to eat his dinner by stratagem.

L. 115.—Hugh Kelly: an Irishman of humble origin; first a stay-maker; then play-wright; then barrister; he died at the age of thirty-eight! His *False Delicacy*, in the fashionable lachrymose style, held the stage successfully against such works as *The Good-Natured Man*. Kelly was the only acquaintance of Goldsmith's whom we hear of as a mourner beside the grave of his old rival.

Woodfall: a critic and printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, wherein Garrick was lavishly puffed.

L. 117.—Grub Street: Near Moorfields, London; now called Milton Street; became noted towards the end of the seventeenth century as the abode of literary hacks and unsuccessful authors.

L. 118.—Roscius: a famous Roman actor, the friend and contemporary of Cicero; died B.C. 62, leaving an immense fortune. While chiefly distinguished in high comedy, he seems to have combined all the histrionic gifts.

L. 124.—His Kellys: his obsequious panegyrists.

L. 134.—His trumpet: Reynolds used an ear-trumpet, being extremely deaf. This defect was the result of a cold caught while studying the frescoes of the Vatican.

AUSTIN DOBSON

POSTSCRIPT TO RETALIATION.

This attempt to supply Goldsmith's missing portrait of the great Dictator of the Club has caught much of the easy grace and point of *Retaliation*. Some contrasts are also interesting to consider. The opening is curiously like Soame Jenyns' *Epitaph*.

L. 9.—Prig : a word rarely heard in Ireland, although the character is nowhere less liked : a precise, didactic, unhumorous person.

L. 14.—When his pistol, etc. Goldsmith addressed the complaint thus happily-worded to the Doctor himself.

L. 20.—Nought of the bear : again a saying of Goldsmith's.

L. 21.—Anfractuosities : a word not (as it happens) found in Johnson's Dictionary. Has he ever used it? "Anfractuous" he defines as "winding, mazy, full of turnings and windings."

L. 24.—He softened to Beauty. Dr. Johnson was far more at home in ladies' society, and far more a favourite with ladies, than readers of Macaulay could easily suppose. We may quote on this head a good paragraph from Boswell.

'He said Mrs. Montague has dropped me now, sir; there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by.' He was certainly vain of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them when he chose. Sir J. Reynolds agreed with me that he could. Mr. Gibbon, with his usual sneer, controverted it, perhaps in resentment of Johnson's having once talked with some disgust [i.e. dislike] of his ugliness—which one would think a philosopher would not mind. Dean Marlay wittily observed: 'A lady may be vain when she can turn a wolf-dog into a lap-dog.'

L. 26.—Again Goldsmith is drawn upon.

LI. 29—30.—'Faults—thoughts': a rhyme quite characteristic of the eighteenth century. The pronunciation 'faut' is still frequently heard in Ireland.

SOAME JENYNS

EPITAPH ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

An epitaph very different from what Goldsmith would have given us. Soame Jenyns, M.P. and Lord of

Trade, wrote many things in prose and verse, including *The Art of Dancing* and the *Nature and Origin of Evil*. The latter work—a somewhat superficial attempt to deal with very arduous problems—provoked Johnson to a review which is one of his most brilliant and telling performances. Naturally the author was ready to repay the critic with sharp epigram: and in these lines he shows a talent which was less at home in graver compositions.

JAMES MACPHERSON

TEMORA.

Temora: stands for the Irish *Teamhair*, modern “Tara.”

An Epic Poem, according to Aristotle, who had chiefly Homer before his thoughts, is a poem of some length, concerned with an action which is one, complete and great; it should intermingle history and fiction, and give pleasure by means of characters, manners and the marvellous.

Ll. 1—6. The vagueness, not to say the contradictions, in these indications of place and time will be remarked.

L. 6.—Cairbar. Cairbré the Cat-head was a well-known figure among the celebrities of the Ossianic circle.

L. 9.—Ghosts of this kind play a very large part in Macpherson’s poems; there is very little that resembles them in genuine Ossianic remains. Cairbar is supposed to have murdered the young Cormac.

Ll. 17—18.—Moilena: not as (M. describes it) a sea-side region in Ulster, but a plain (rather famous in Irish annals) including Durrow in King’s County.

The numerous other Celtic names here occurring may be left without special comment. Macpherson deals with them quite arbitrarily as to both spelling and geography.

L. 38.—Fingal. This famous hero, the father of Ossian (Oisín) flourished in Alba (Western Scotland) in the third century A.D.

L. 39.—Morven: thus ‘kingdom’ is an invention of Macpherson’s; so is **Selma** (l. 100); both names recur frequently in his pages.

Ll. 43—44.—His forward spear. “If a man upon his first landing in a strange country kept the point of his spear forward, it denoted that he came in a hostile

manner, and accordingly he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendship, and he was immediately invited to the feast, according to the hospitality of the time." (Macpherson's note).

L. 63.—the son of Ossian: Oscar.

Ll. 78—79.—Who has heard my words? "I have not been boastful."

Ll. 95—96. This extremely fine image appears to be Macpherson's own. At least the present editor has sought and enquired in vain for definite anticipations of it in earlier poets.

BALLAD.

THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

This ballad commemorates a picturesque deed of treachery alleged to have been committed in the year 1631 by the wife of Sir James Crichton, of Frendraught Castle in Aberdeenshire. The victims were members of the Gordon family of Huntly. The Lady Frendraught was herself a Gordon, and this circumstance renders still less probable the improbable crime ascribed to her.

With a vigour and skill worthy of all praise, the unknown poet of the people has given form and animation to what must have been for him a vague hearsay story.

The version we give mainly conforms to a MSS. supplied by a friend resident in Perthshire, in which (as in the neighbouring Aberdeenshire) various forms of the legend have long circulated. We have also utilized Professor Child's texts in his monumental collection of English and Scotch Ballads. We have omitted one or two repetitions—not without regret, as popular poetry makes a distinctive use of repetition. We have not reduced the language to any definite standard of time or place; considerations of rhyme, euphony, and simplicity have often determined a somewhat inconsistent choice of forms.

L. 4.—Lord John of Gordon, son of the Marquis of Huntly: George Gordon of **Rothiemay**, his kinsman.

L. 15.—Trepanned: ensnared, beguiled. This word is connected with trap, and comes from O. French **trappan**. Quite different is **trepan**, the surgical term, which is from Latin **trepanum**, Greek *τροπάω* to bore a hole.

L. 16.—Fey: under the shadow of coming death; a remarkable word: A.S. **faege** (connected with German

feige—cowardly): in dialect usage it has for some centuries conveyed especially the sense of reckless gaiety as a sign of approaching doom. My MSS. reads: 'i' my fey' = by my faith; but this can hardly be correct.

L. 18.—**Boun**: from A.S. **buan**, to prepare, cultivate. Long ago corrupted into **bound** in standard English!

L. 23.—**Dowie**: gloomy, dreary. A northern form of **dully** (or **dull**; the rare Sc. form **dolly** being a connecting link).

L. 25.—**Deen**: a very exceptional form of the past participle of **do**. **gedén** occurs, but very rarely, in O.E.

L. 26.—**Strack**: struck. **Dang**: pt. of **ding**, to knock, fling.

L. 34.—**Boun**: this is for **bound**, from French **bondir**, of Latin orig.

L. 37.—**Wire=window**: doubtless a barred window.

L. 51.—**Arms**: to be pronounced here with trilled 'r,' as a kind of dissyllable.

L. 61.—**White fingers**. Allusion to refined male beauty is made more often or more seriously in the literatures of rough and manly ages than in those of more effeminate days. This may seem strange, but is easily intelligible. In the former case it is not felt, in the latter case it is, that such praise may detract from the hero's credit for manliness.

L. 78.—**Win**: used in all the many senses of the modern verb **get**.

WILLIAM COWPER

ODE TO APOLLO.

The metre of this little piece is not an easy one; but Cowper writes it with his characteristic ease.

Phœbus Apollo: Φοῖβος Απόλλων, 'the radiant one'; 'the destroyer.' Son of Jupiter and Latona, twin-brother of Diana; god of the sun; on account of his omniscience, god of divination; on account of his rays and perhaps other heavenly phenomena (Cowper supposes the rainbow), god of archery; sender of the pestilences caused by heat; as his priests were the first physicians, god of the healing art; and, since he communicated oracles in verse, god of poetry and music, presiding over the nine Muses. (This account embodies some theory that is doubtful or imperfectly investigated).

L. 13.—Viewless : for 'invisible': an inaccurate compound, but fully justified by usage of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, etc.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

The 'Olney Hymns' were written by Cowper between 1771 and 1773 in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Newton. Association with a Calvinist enthusiast did not prove propitious for the poet, on whose mind the night of religious despair had already cast threatening shadows. The hymn we now give—the last that he composed—was written under the presentiment of an attack which for nearly seven years made him incapable of intellectual work. The circumstances give a peculiarly pathetic interest to its expression of humble trust in God.

The images and teachings of the poem are culled from a variety of places in Holy Scripture. Intended for the devotion of the humblest, the hymn is too simple to require textual comment.

Mrs. Browning in her poem *Cowper's Grave* has taken up with great feeling the tragedy of Cowper's career, his hopes and his despair :

O poets, from a manise's tongue was poured the deathless
singing;
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was
clinging!
With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven had
won him.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

From *Songs of Innocence*. The Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation in its most winning point of view is here touched on, but the writer hardly realised this, and his expression falls short of such a theme. Cloudiness of ideas and words is characteristic in various degrees of nearly all Blake's poems—a peculiarity they share with some great and innumerable weak poems.

A DIVINE IMAGE.

From *Songs of Experience*. Expresses in words of painful intensity, "what man has made of man" too often.

The human heart its hungry gorge. Apparently, the meaning is that while the human face is the impenetrable cover of hidden fires within, the human heart is the "gorge" or orifice wherein the furnace flames are concentrated and burn hottest.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SERAPHIM.

One can feel that this is beautiful poetry, without feeling much curiosity as to abstruse symbolical meanings intended by its author; nor will (in fact) inquiry into those meanings much enhance our pleasure or admiration. Notable is the metre, which, Æolian-harp-like, floats vaguely but sweetly; it was indeed a "music of the future" for the lyres and ears of Blake's own generation. To attempt to analyse it would lead us into considerations and questions too difficult and complex for these notes; it must suffice to say that the lines ought to be regarded as normally of seven iambic feet each. The abrupt breaking off of our citation is, of course, regrettable; the excuse must be that the remaining 126 lines of the poem afford no better stopping-place.

L. 32.—Meekin: word apparently invented by Blake as a convenient diminutive of "meek": no lexicographer seems to have noticed it.

ROBERT BURNS

THE TWA DOGS.

Although Burns is doubtless at his greatest as a lyric poet, yet the present poem shows many indications of the qualities which made his best lyrics almost supreme in their kind.

L. 1.—More than one **King Coil** was fabled of in the lists of tales of old British kings. But Coil, or Kyle, or Kil, or Cul, in place-names stand sometimes for the Irish *gabál* (with dimin. *gabúin*), a strait, sometimes for *coill*, a wood (not to speak of the cases where Kil stands for a cell or church). 'Coila' was an old or poetic name for the coasts of Ayrshire.

L. 3.—**Bonie:** often spelt 'bonny,' pronounced in Scotland much as 'bony' is in Ireland. Etym. doubtful:

descent from French 'bon' not clear. Found in Shakespeare, Dryden, etc. : never got into classic prose.

L. 5.—Dog : A word of exclusively English origin. Du. *dogge* Fr. *dogue*, etc., all derive from late O.E. *docga*, no cognate forms to which can be traced. Possibly it was a name for an individual dog, like "Towser" or "Tray," and possibly connected with 'dugan'—to be strong.

L. 5.—Throng : busy. Same word as the noun 'throng' : A.S. *thringan*, to press, crowd.

L. 6.—Foregathered : met, associated. The prefix here has an intensifying effect : so the cognate German *Ver*, Latin *pro*.

L. 8.—Keepit : Sc. dial. often preserves a long vowel which modern English has shortened. So Nth. E. 'Deevil' (Sc. *Deil*), English 'Devil,' O.E. 'Déofol.'

L. 9.—Lug : ear ; also handle, flap, connected (as something to pull by) with the verb 'lug,' with 'luggage,' 'lug-sail,' etc.

L. 10.—Dog : Pron. in Sc. and N. Irel. so as to rhyme easily with 'lug.'

L. 11.—Whalpit : whelped.

L. 12.—The island famed for dogs and cod-fish is well known.

L. 13.—Braw : appears to be a N. form of 'brave' (of obscure origin) with 'contamination' of the Celtic 'breag,' 'fine.'

L. 16.—The fient a pride : The devil a bit of pride.

L. 17.—Collie : a Scotch sheep-dog : probably the same as 'coaly' = black. "Colley" in M. Engl. is used for 'soot' ; in Scotland for a 'blackbird.' Shakespeare speaks of "the collied night."

L. 18.—This line describes the ploughman, not the dog. Is Burns thinking of his "ain sel"? **Billie**, a fellow, companion. Etymology unknown. Cp. perhaps, **jackeen**.

L. 20.—Luath : the name of Cuchullin's dog in Macpherson-Ossian's "Fingal." Ir. *luat*—swift.

L. 23.—Gash : sagacious. Professor Hales proposes etymology from 'sagacious' ill-pronounced. Professor O. Bergin suggests to me connection with Irish *ḡaoir* = prudence. '**Tyke**' : better **tike** : a cur or low-bred dog. O. Norse *tík*.

L. 24.—Lap : leaped : A.S. *hléapan*, *hléop*. **Sheugh** : ditch, trench. **Dyke** : better **dike**. Etym. connected with 'dough,' 'lady,' and 'fiction!'

L. 25.—Sonsie : cheerful. Ir. *Sonasaigh*, from *Sonas*—good luck.

L. 25.—**Baws'nt**: also **bausand**: with a white stripe or spot. A common name in the north for a badger; also used for a white-faced cow, etc. The word has hitherto been a puzzle to Burns commentators: quite recent researches have enabled me here to follow it up. The word is of French origin: Fr. **baucenc**: Ital. **baizano** (Fr. **balzan**)=horse with white feet: L. Lat. **baltenus** and **balteanus**; Lat. **balteus**=a belt. From **balteus** come the German **balz**; English **belt**; Gaelic **balt**. **Balteus** is probably of Etruscan origin. See Meyer-Lubke, p. 62, and authorities there cited.

L. 27.—**Touzie**: shaggy. **Towse**, to pull roughly, dishevel, bustle about; hence 'Towser,' a name for a dog.

L. 29.—**Gawcie**: thick, big: confined to North. Etym. dub.

L. 30.—**Hurdies**: hind-quarters.

L. 32.—**Pack**: close. Cp. 'throng.' **Unco**: very: same as 'uncouth'; original meaning 'strange,' 'fearful.' **Whiles**: sometimes: gen. case like 'needs' or 'else.'

L. 33.—**Snowkit**: smelled out. 'Snoke' or 'snook' are found in parts of England. A remarkable number of words connected with the nose begin with 'sn': sniff, snub, sneer, etc., etc.

L. 34.—**Moudiewerts**: moles. Both words are corruptions of **moldwarps** (animals which throw up earth). O.E. **weorpan**; German **werfen**, to throw. **Howkit**: dug out. Conn. with **holes**, **hollow**. See note line 38.

L. 37.—**Daffin**: making fun.

L. 38.—**Knowe**: knoll. So 'haud' from 'hold,' 'goud' for 'gold.' More characteristic of England than of Scotland; thus **owd**=old, but Sc. **auld**, **bowd**=bold, but Sc. **bauld**. So French with Latin **l**: **beau** from **bellus**, **autre** for **alter**, **chaud** for **calidus**, etc. So **solder** is commonly pronounced '**sawder**.'

L. 44.—**Ava**: at all: etym. 'of all.' "Dinna sweer ava"="Swear not at all."

L. 45.—**Racked**: stretched, strained. "The landlords there shamefully rack their tenants," says Spenser (V. of Ireland).

Rent: Fr. **rente**, from a nasalized pronunciation of Lat. '**reddita**.'

L. 46.—**Kain**: Rent paid in kind, not in money. Irish **cain**=law, tribute, fine. Zimmer suggests etym. from Lat. (Gk.) **canon**—a rule. **Stents**: dues or rates. O.Fr. **estente**.

L. 51.—**Steeks**: N. form for **stitches**: **stick** is but another form. So N. **kirk** for S. **church**; etc.

L. 52.—Geordie: a coin of King George. **Keeks:** peeps; apparently dial. varieties of the same word. Cp. Latin **quinque** as variant of Skt. **penj.**, Greek **πέντε**; also Cornish **Pīran** as variant of Ir. **Kieran**.

L. 55.—Stechin: sticking in; cramming. The present part. in 'in' is not a corruption of the S.E. 'ing': it is a relic of the older 'and' or 'inde,' of which latter the S.E. 'ing' is itself but a corruption.

L. 56.—Pechan: stomach.

L. 57.—Ragout: pron. 'ragoo': Fr. **ragôuter**=to revive a taste: Lat. **re, ad** and **gustus**.

Trashtrie.—In the **trie**, the 't' is an intrusive consonant which naturally slipped in owing to the position of the organs in passing from **sh** to **r**; like the **b** in **remember**, the **d** in **M'Kendry** for **McHenry**. **Rie, ry,** or **ery** is a very common termination of Greek or Latin origin, signifying collectivity.

L. 59.—Wee blastit wonner: Shrivelled little monster or freak.

L. 66.—Fash't: Troubled, distressed; from O.F. **fascher**.

L. 67.—Biggin: piling up. **Big** is a word of obscure etym. Norse **bugge** means a strong man.

Dyke in Scotland as in Ireland often a thing raised up by digging, not a hollow dug out.

L. 70.—Smytrie: "A numerous collection of small individuals." (Jamieson quoted by Hales). The stem is **smyte**—a small bit. In East England '**smither**'=light, small rain, and '**smithers**,' fragments, atoms. "Smash the bottle to smithers," says Tennyson's *Northern Cobbler*. I do not know why the N.E.D. and other authorities doubt that here is the origin of the interesting dial. word **smithereens** or **smidereens**, which is found in Ireland, Scotland, and many parts of the N.W. and centre of England. The termination is certainly Gaelic; that, however, is not a sufficient reason for the appearance of the word in a well-known omnium gatherum of alleged Irishisms.

Wee: a word of difficult history. Apparently a mere side-form of **way**. It appears as **way** in some districts. 'Thai went a little wee,' 'wait a wee,' 'I'm a way doubtful about it.' On the other hand it seems difficult to disconnect it from **weeny**; and it is equally difficult to disconnect **weeny** with the G. **wenig**—little. But **wenig** (Goth. **wainags**) is connected with S. **weh**, E. **woe**, not with **way**. The form **weeshy** has also to be considered. **Weans:** very common in North of Ireland. In Scotland **bairns** is more often heard. Thought to be from the

verb **wean**, but this seems unlikely. Scarcely connected with '**weeny**.' See last note.

L. 71.—Darg: day-work.

L. 72.—Thack and rape: thatch and rope. Easily understood by anyone who has seen a thatched cottage.

L. 75.—Maist: most; here for **almost**.

Maun: also **mun**: Norse form for **must**.

L. 76.—Starve: die: O.E. **steorfan**, German **sterben**.

L. 79.—Buirldy: strong, well-knit.

Chiels: children: then (like similar words in other languages) used for servants, lads, fellows.

hizzies: **huzzies**: contraction for 'housewives.'

L. 82.—huffed: scolded, bullied: the word is originally imitative of blowing, like **puff**.

L. 86.—Brock: a badger.

L. 90.—Thole: endure—A.S. **tholian**.

Snash: abuse.

L. 92.—Poind: distrain, seize on: same as (im)pound, or pond from A.S. **pund**, **pyndan**.

L. 98.—Poortith: doubtless (as Hales with others suggests) the 'th' is an Anglifying termination added to a word which did not need it—Fr. **povreté** or **poureté**, Lat. **paupertatem**.

L. 99.—Accustomed with: observe the idiom.

L. 106.—Grushie: thick, thriving; radically the same as **gross**, **grow**, and **great**.

Unhappily, Robert Burns' life and poetry did more to weaken than to strengthen the happy and wholesome family life which was then a just boast of Scotland, and which none have pictured more touchingly than he.

L. 108.—Just: the frequent use of this adv. with adj. or descriptive phrase, as here, is peculiarly Scotch and American.

L. 109.—Nappie: strong good ale, having a good 'nap' of froth—a 'head'—upon it.

L. 113.—Patronage: the misuse of the power of nominating pastors to cures.

Wi' kindling fury. Burns' lax living naturally brought him into conflict with the Kirk. He met its representatives with fierce sarcasm in *The Holy Fair*, and often railed at the Calvinistic theology of all and the hypocrisy of some.

L. 116.—Ferlie: wonder. As noun, adj., verb or adverb, the word was in general M.E. use, but died out mysteriously. Met in Shakespeare. It was pronounced like 'farlie'; and so may be heard occasionally in the north of Ireland still; "to spy farleys"=to pry into secrets. From A.S. **faerlie**—fearful.

L. 117.—Hallowmass: the Mass of All Hallows, the Feast of All Saints. The names lingered on of Catholic devotions and festivals hallowed by religion, long after Puritanism had succeeded in exterminating the reality.

L. 118.—Kirns: feasts for the home-bringing of the harvest. A doubtful word of but recent occurrence. **Churn** or **Kirn** was a name given to the last handful of corn cut down.

L. 120.—Unite: singular or plural verb is equally difficult here.

L. 121.—Blinks: glances, the word is not so dignified in classic English.

L. 125.—Ream: the old English word for **cream**. The connection between the two, if any exists, is a puzzle. **Cream** appears to be from (or developed parallel with) Fr. *crème* (O.F. *cresme*; Ital. Sp. Port. *crema*). *Crème* is from the Lat. (Gk.) **chrisma** (being thus a doublet of **chrism**), probably with contamination of Latin **cremor** (or **cremum**), 'thick juice.' Furthermore some forms like **krama** and **grama** occurring in the Alpine dialects are believed by some (*e.g.* Meyer-Lubke) to point to a Gallic origin: **crama** = 'cream.' We have thus an embarrassing number of origins for **cream**. But none of them helps us to understand **ream**.

L. 127.—Luntin: smoking: German **lunte**, a match for kindling. Mid. German **lünden**—to kindle.

Mill: a snuff-box. It is said that the box was formerly used for **grinding** the tobacco leaves in. **Mill**, German **Mühle**, etc. come from Latin **molina** (*molere*—to grind): **milne** and the surname '**Milner**' are still found in East E. dialects.

L. 128.—Was the pipe 'handed round'? Perhaps Burns means that the tobacco was.

L. 129.—Cantie: cheerful. Probably conn. with **cant**, in sense of talking, rhyming. **Cant** is prob. from the Latin **cantare**. **Crackin:** chatter; also boasting. **Crous:** merry; in Mid. England **Crus**—wrathful. Perhaps same as **cross**! **Cross** is from the Latin **crucem**, through Irish **crois** (pronounced '**crush**.')

L. 130.—Rant: to make loud excited noise.

L. 136.—Fawsont: seemly, respectable. Perhaps same as 'fashioned.' Cp. Chaucer's **fetys**—elegant, from the Latin **factitius**.

L. 140.—Aiblins: perhaps. Not an old word; apparently from 'able' with adv. suffix (l) in; O.E. lang, lung, ling, seen in **darkling**, **grovelling**: genit. termination 'es.'

Throng, etc. : busy at parliamentary duties.

L. 142.—Indentin : bargaining away, as by a deed of contract called 'indenture.'

L. 143.—Haith : faith, as in the following line : **beth** in N. of Ireland. There is no class of words more liable to corruption than those containing oaths. Affectation, caprice, and the desire to soften profanity all give them curious twists. 'Faix' is a frequent Anglo-Irish version of 'Faith.'

L. 148.—A mortgage : ('dead pledge') is a conveyance of land or other property by a debtor to a creditor as security for payment of a debt ; the property to be re-conveyed in payment of the debt within a certain period.

L. 149.—Daft : a word unknown to Shakespeare or Dr. Johnson, is, very oddly, a doublet of **deft** ; from O.E. **gedæfte**—'gentle,' 'mild.' Piers Plowman has **daffe**=idiot.

L. 154.—Rives : destroys, squanders. **Entails**, properties settled in such a way that they cannot be alienated or bequeathed at pleasure.

L. 156.—Fecht wi' nowt : at Spanish bull-fights. Scotch **nowt** or **nolt**=English **neat**, Norse **naut**=cattle ; Old English **neotan**, German **nützen**=to possess, use. Quite another word is '**nowt**'=naught, nothing.

L. 156.—Bouse or booze (and always so pronounced) perh. from **Du bûsen**, from **buisse**—a drinking-cup. To drink deeply. A "bousening well" was one in which people were drenched as a cure.

L. 159.—Drumly : or **drumbly**, or **drobly** : perh. conn. with **trouble**, Latin **turbula** : perh. with Anglo-Saxon **drof**, muddy, dirty—the meaning here. **German waters** : as at Homburg, Ems, Wiesbaden.

L. 165.—Harass : perhaps from O.F. **harer**=to set a dog on.

L. 166.—Fient hait. **Hait** is the same as **whit**, **wight**, **aught**, A.S. **awiht**.

L. 174.—Limmer : mistress. Etym. unknown : first part may be **leof**=dear.

L. 176.—Moor-cock—poor folk. Suitably enough to the subject and the style, Burns' rhymes in this poem are free and easy—occasionally replaced by assonances such as 'Luath—you have,' 'comin—Lun'on,' and here ; more often by mere approximations, as 'Cæsar—pleasure,' 'horse—purse,' 'wonner—dinner,' 'little—cattle.'

L. 179.—Steer : stir. "What's a the steer, kimmer?" = "What's all the stir, gossip?" in the old song.

L. 182.—The gentles.—So we say 'the nobles.' But

we do not say 'the ignobles' or 'the humbles.' 'The respectables' is merely colloquial. 'The goods' is said only of things. Is there any principle pervading the matter?

L. 180.—**Fear**: conn. with **ferlie**: O.E. **faërlíc** = terrible.

L. 183.—'I am—envy 'em.' 'Envy' had still for Burns something of the fluctuating accent it had for Shakespeare and Waller. (See Trench, *E. P. and P.*, p. 107).

L. 186.—The pains of rheumatism are the almost inevitable trial of the rustic when youth is past. Observe how all through this poem one feels that Burns is the real rustic, not the sympathetic or acute observer (like a Gray or a George Eliot). He is speaking from first-hand knowledge and his own feelings of things that belonged to his daily life.

In the following lines (187—192) observe a different kind of merit, which, indeed, pervades the poem—clear good-sense, touched with humour and expressed with point. This rustic had rare natural gifts, but he had also studied Pope, Dryden, and Addison to good purpose.

L. 191.—**Sturt**: start, vex. Du. **storten**, G. **stürzen**.

L. 196.—Note scansion of this line.

L. 197.—**Dizzen**: dozen: her appointed task of wool-spinning.

Lines 207—8.—The men divide for sports, combine for drinking bouts. **Sowther**: solder (cp. knowe, etc., L. 38).

L. 214.—**Jad**: jaud, yaud, or jade: probably from Norse **jalda**=a mare or nag.

L. 215.—**Wee bit**: little, a common Scotch combination.

L. 217.—**Lee-lang**: live-long. The passion for card-playing is the most marked feature in English social life of the 18th century.

L. 224.—**Gloamin**: only dialectically different from 'glooming': an Anglo-Saxon word that lingered on in rustic language till (quite lately) its beauty attracted 'gentry,' and, decked with a final 'g,' it was brought into high literary use. To Mr. Calverley in 1872 it seemed affected:—

When the gloaming is, I never
Made the ghost of an endeavour
To discover, etc., etc.

—In the Gloaming.

L. 225.—**Bum-clock**: ‘boom-beetle,’ which at evening ‘wheels his droning flight’ (Gray). ‘Clock’ in this sense is of obscure origin.

L. 226.—**Rowtin**: bellowing: **loan** or **loaning** or **lonin** = lane; also in Ireland.

L. 229.—**Took aff . . . his way**: took here is intrans. = went. In Ireland: “If iver I do aught to disoblige it, off it takes.” (Miss Barlow, quoted in Wright).

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Canto 2.

The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805. In our introductory note we have referred to its extraordinary popularity, and the causes of this success. In his own preface Scott tells us of the circumstances of its origin. He had been working with enthusiasm among the ballad remains of Scotland, and became seized with the desire, inevitable when a mind of creative power is placed among such stimulating material, to produce something of his own, in which the interesting themes and scenes of the old tales and songs should be reproduced with a glow of personal feeling and in a garb which should recommend them to the modern reader. Especially did he wish to illustrate the ancient life of the Border between Scotland and England. The tale he selected grew out of traditions concerning a certain Gilpin Horner, a “goblin page,” and he devised a kind of framework which gives its name to the poem. He supposes the tale to be sung for Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, somewhere about the year 1700, and suggests that a minstrel, the last of the race, chanting at such a time, “might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his ancient model.” “The plan of the ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude than would be consistent with the plan of a regular poem, as regards digressions concerning scenery and manners, easy variety of verse-measures, and preternatural machinery which, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a poem which did not

partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad or Metrical Romance.”⁽¹⁾

For his easy and novel metre, Scott was following, as he acknowledged the example of Coleridge, whose *Christabel* (as yet unpublished) he had heard recited in 1798. As to the metre of *Christabel*, see comments on page . Here we will remark that Scott used the licences claimed by Coleridge much more freely than the latter did. The opening of the *Lay* seems full of reminiscences of *Christabel*:—

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell,—
Jesu, Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

But not in such interior scenes, nor in the elaborate ‘gramarye’ with which he would thrill us; ‘Not in the wizard twilight Coleridge knew,’ nor in the interweaving of delicate lines and hues, is Scott usually at his best. He is rather a master of broad effects, of simple and direct appeal; he is a chronicler carried along by the animation of the tale he tells us. “I am sensible,” he says of his own work, “that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition.” Undoubtedly Scott undervalued the effect of the *labor limae* and thoughtful revision upon any work of art. Excessive painstaking may be the snare of some; but there is a just and golden mean for the production of work which is to be excellent and enduring. The *Lay* was produced, we are told, at the rate of about a Canto a week; nor was Scott one who allowed the other wheels of life to stand still while a poem or novel was being wrought out. Such literary habits may easily go with health and success; but usually great works of genius, such as the Book of Job, the *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost* are brought into the world with very different pains and labours.

(1) It may be noted that the “Metrical Romance” as it flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, was usually the product of learned or courtly circles; its “rudeness,” therefore, if any, was something very different from the rudeness of the popular ballad.

To another respect in which Scott comes short of the greatest names we have alluded in the Introductory Note. He is too detached from some of the greatest aspect of his themes. He plays, for example, with the preternatural, and uses it as mere stage property. This point is well touched on by Messrs. Stuart and Elliott,⁽²⁾ who quote Ruskin's opinion (given in *Modern Painters*, vol. 3, part 4). "Nothing," he says, "is more notable or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity to steady belief on anything. He cannot even resolve hardly to believe in a ghost or water-spirit: always explains them away in an apologetic manner, not believing, all the while, even in his own explanation." Ruskin finds in this a reflection of the age in which Scott lived. A kindred weakness of that age of "Romantic Revival," which Ruskin finds characteristic of Scott, is "its habit of looking back, in a romantic and passionate idleness, to the past ages, not understanding them all the while, nor desiring to understand them." It would take us too long to criticize this criticism; only we would suggest to the student to see for himself how far it is applicable to the *Waverley Novels* as well as to the poems of Scott. Furthermore we would suggest that Scott's studies of the past, however imperfect and "idle," contributed powerfully to such real and strenuous things as the Oxford Movement in religion, the revival of Gothic architecture in art, and finally, in the material world, the tourist invasion of Scotland.

The incident narrated is supposed to take place about the year 1553.

L. 1.—Melrose. The famous Abbey situated on the river Tweed about 20 miles inland from Berwick. It was founded by King David I. of Scotland, in the 12th century, and occupied by Cistercian monks brought from Yorkshire. It was repeatedly destroyed and as often restored. The present buildings date mainly from the 15th century, but vandalism of every kind has—almost up to the present day—dealt very cruelly with their beauty. The name **Maolros** = 'the bald headland.'

The first line should be read and scanned:

If thou / would'st view / fair Mel / rose aright.

But Scott occasionally accents the second syllable of 'Melrose.'

(2) In Macmillan's edition of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

L. 6.—Oriel: oriel-window; a window projecting outwards, the **shafts** being the mullions or upright stone divisions between the lights of the window. O.F. **oriol**, meaning a recess.

L. 16.—St. David: David I., King of Scotland, a munificent founder of abbeys.

L. 19.—Deloraine: Sir William of, sent by the magic-loving Lady of Buccleuch on a mysterious errand.

"A stark-moss-trooping Scot was he," a type of the rough Borderer.

L. 21.—Wicket: a small gate forming a portion of a larger one. The "wicket" in the game of cricket was so called from its original resemblance to such a gate.

L. 29.—Living: an endowment for support of an ecclesiastic. The construction of lines 29–30 is ambiguous, and "gifted" is in any case strangely employed.

L. 39.—Aventayle: same as mod. Fr. **eventail**; but the latter means a fan, the old word the moveable front-part of a helmet. They represent a supposed late Latin word **exventaculum**, from **ex**—out, and **ventus**—wind.

L. 45.—This monk is a somewhat theatrical personage. Scott had no real knowledge of monastic life. The construction of this speech is very confused.

LI. 59–61. "Wouldst thou . . . drie," and still have to "wait thy latter end with fear"—so great the sin committed—then mayst thou "follow me."

Drie: or dree, to endure, here to 'spend.' A.S. **dreogan**.

L. 67.—Foray: the same word as **forage**, connected with **fodder** and **food**.

L. 68.—Can I none. **can** orig. past tense of A.S. **cunnan**, German **können**; cogn. with Latin (g)**nosco**, **notum**, etc.

L. 69.—Speed me: me is dative.

L. 80.—Spreading herbs, etc. This is a beautiful stanza. Its brilliance of style, rhythm and rhyme, its vivid picturesqueness and romantic imagination show Scott at his best. Observe the alliterations in lines 83, 84, 92—3: the internal rhyme or assonance in 86 and 88; the effect of brightness gained by the rhymes in 'i' and 'ee.' (Doubtless the word 'bright' recurs too often).

L. 86.—Streamers: The northern lights, or *Aurora Borealis*.

L. 95.—Chancel: the east end of a church, where should stand the high altar: so called because of a grating formerly used to separate it from the nave. Latin 'cancelli'—grating.

All that follows is an excellent description of the interior of a Gothic church.

L. 99.—Fleur-de-lis, etc. : trefoil and quatrefoil ornaments.

L. 100.—Corbels : projections from which the arches spring.

L. 104.—Scutcheon : Shield-like plate for a coat-of-arms or inscription. Ultimately from Latin *scutum*. **Banner riven** : banner torn in battle, and then hung up in a church.

L. 109.—Chief of Otterburne : James, Earl of Douglas, who in warring against the Percies was triumphant, but slain on the field of Otterburne, in 1388.

L. 110.—Knight of Liddesdale : another Douglas of rather atrocious memory.

LI. 116—20. The philologist will note the help given by these lines, as well as 101—3, to the etymology of *truss* from *thyrsus*. See recent dictionaries.

L. 133.—Paynim : pagan. Scott probably thinks of the monk as a crusader against the Moors in Spain.

L. 135.—Now strange, etc. This is absurd : a monk of Melrose must have been in constant familiarity with arms and armed men.

L. 138.—Michael Scott. "Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie, flourished during the thirteenth century . . . By a poetical anachronism he is here placed in a later era. He . . . appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician . . . Dante mentions him as a renowned wizard." (Scott). The place of his grave was disputed. His magic books were generally supposed to have been buried with him ; yet some said, centuries later, that they were still extant, but dangerous to read or even to open, on account of the evil spirits invoked in them.

L. 140.—Salamanca's cave. The learning and paganism of the Arabs in Spain had left many strange traditions, and Salamanca (afterwards famous as a university city) was esteemed a haunt of professors of magic. A cave, supposed to be their favourite resort, was walled up by order of Queen Isabella about 1490.

L. 142.—Notre Dame. The celebrated church in Paris. Pronounced 'Dame' to rhyme with 'fame.' The number of foreign names traditionally pronounced in an English manner was formerly far greater than present usage allows.

L. 145.—Eildon Hills, "Michael Scott," writes Sir

Walter, "was once upon a time much embarrassed by a spirit for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand."

L. 155.—Evening close. Evening is here used adjectively.

L. 163.—Branksome: more correctly Branksholm, was a fortress of the Scotts of Buccleuch.

L. 172.—Woe: seems to have no meaning here.

L. 186.—"Authors who treat of natural magic talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres."—Scott. The rest of his note is full of curious information. But is it well done of a romantic poet to annotate himself in this sceptical tone?

L. 198.—Passing: surpassing.

L. 208.—Mail: armour of steel links.

L. 214.—Palmer. See note on Chaucer, line 13.

Amice: "a hood or cape, covering the head and shoulders, made of, or lined with, grey fur. It was (sometimes) worn by pilgrims From O. Fr. **aumuce**, Fr. **aumusse** compare Spanish **almucio**. The prefix **al** is supposed to be the Arabic article, the second part of the word being Teutonic, the same as the German **mutze**, cap. Scotch **mutch**. **Amice**, in this sense, must be distinguished from another **Amice**, meaning a square white linen cloth worn by Catholic priests about the neck and shoulders (and occasionally over the head): This word is the same as French **amict**, Latin **amictus**, from **am—ambi**, around and **jacere** to **throw**; so that **amictus** is a garment thrown round the neck." (Stuart and Elliott).

L. 215.—Baldric: a shoulder-belt.

L. 221.—Shook: for **shaken**; so in 225 **rode** for **ridden**. Both irregularities frequent (at least the former) in Shakespeare.

L. 235.—Brotherly: here used as an adverb.

L. 238.—Speed thee: Cp. L. 69. In 269 **speed** has a somewhat different sense, "to offer up fervently."

L. 270.—Convent: used correctly, as the Latin **con-**

ventus, for the *personnel* or community of a religious house.

L. 277.—**Abbaye**: spelt and accented as if French. But the French **abbaye** (from **abbatiam**) is trisyllabic, and would rhyme with **see**.

LI. 282—94.—All critics and readers have admired the beauty of this transition from gloom to brightness, from the haunted Gothic interior to the smiling world of dawn.

L. 287.—**Carter Fell**: One of the Cheviot Hills.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE CUCKOO

The first three stanzas are omitted; their absence may be regretted, yet they contain no idea not found in those which we quote.

In the lines telling of the "golden time" revived for the poet by the returning voice of the cuckoo, he anticipated some of the ideas developed on a much grander scale in his *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Childhood*. *The Cuckoo* was written in 1802, the *Ode* in 1836.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

This poem, written in 1804, was suggested by the actual sorrows of a poor widow in the town of Penrith, who used to ask every stranger that passed by if he had any news of her absent son—her only one, of whom for many years no tidings had reached her.

L. 43.—**My apprehensions come**, etc. "The piteous and perfect lifelikeness of these magnificent lines every heart and eye of man or woman may recognize: but the lover of poetry whose love is according to knowledge must recognize also their unsurpassable greatness and nobility of style." This is Mr. Swinburne's eulogy—not the only one he has expended upon this poem.

Remarkable as it is, however, in its combination of simple pathos with nobly-poetic thought, the poem is not *realistic*: it lies perhaps too far on the *other* side of perfection. Such phrases as "to keep an incommunicable sleep," "thou inheritest the lion's den," are very

far from the actual language which a poor uneducated sailor's mother would use. The fact is the stranger when contrasted with Wordsworth's strongly-expressed views as to a poet's fitting vocabulary.

For examples of admirable work on the realistic side of poetry, dealing in homespun terms with the lives of the poor or outcast, one might read Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*, Kingsley's *Three Fishers* and *The Sands o' Dee*, not to speak of more modern work. Compare with the style of Wordsworth's *Margaret* these utterances of Hood's poor needlewoman :

Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim:
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
'Till o'er the buttons I fall asleep
And sew them on in a dream.

Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives.
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

This is the realistic style.

L. 56.—An incommunicable sleep: a sleep which cuts off communication. The expression is beautiful; as little amenable to strict interpretation, however, as Cowper's "church-going bell," which Wordsworth severely reproved, or "walking-stick" or "swimming-match."

Ll. 62—3.—night—infinite: a bad rhyme.

SONNET.

This sonnet is notable on account of both its matter and its form. As for the form, except for the continuity of octave and sestet, the strictest Petrarchan form is exemplified. As to its matter, this piece illustrated Wordsworth's habitual estimate of external nature as the great consoler and teacher of mankind,

and—still more definitely—a mood of dissatisfaction and despondence which was not common with him.

His complaint and his somewhat shocking recurrence to Paganism as a source of consolation indicate an imperfect comprehension of Christianity. It did not come home to Wordsworth that the Christian system most fully accomplishes what paganism could not do—unites the divine and human, the visible and invisible, into a true harmony and happy synthesis. In its teaching concerning the Incarnation, saints, guardian angels, intercession for the dead, consecrations, and blessings, it shows us inferior natures bound to superior by countless golden chains, and open founts of consolation infinitely preferable to the poetic elevations preached by Wordsworth, to half-pantheist, half-materialist dreams which can be helpful at best but to few. All nature is indeed an expression infinitely varied, feeble but truthful, of the Creator and his attributes; very little of this message, however, can be deciphered without the key that religion supplies. See note on *Christabel*, l. 291.

L. 1.—The world : of men and business ; strongly contra-distinguished to "Nature"—the sea, the moon, the winds, the flowers.

L. 10.—Pagan : from Latin *pagus*, a village or country place, reminds us of the lingering on of pre-Christian superstitions in remote districts when they were "out-worn" in cities. Cp. **heathen** from **heath**. The fact harmonizes ill with Wordsworth's view of the elevating influence of contact with external nature.

L. 13.—Proteus : a sea-divinity fabled to turn into a great many shapes. He represented the ever-changing variety of the sea.

L. 14.—Triton. An attendant on the ocean-god Poseidon or Neptune.

FRAGMENT FROM "THE RECLUSE."

Wordsworth cherished throughout a great part of his life the design of writing a great philosophical poem to be called *The Recluse*. Its immense and daring programme is here set before us. Part II. was completed and given to the world in 1814 under the name of *The Excursion*. A Prelude (of over 8,000 lines) appeared after Wordsworth's death. Of Part I. only the lines quoted remain : they are given to us by the poet as "its conclusion," and appeared with *The Excursion* in 1814.

L. 24.—The bard, holiest of men : Milton. "The worst line in Wordsworth," wrote Aubrey de Vere in 1846, "is that in which he calls our Mahometan poet 'holiest of men.'" The panegyric refers to the poet of *Paradise Lost* rather than to the man : but in any case is strangely exaggerated. In *Paradise Lost* Milton shows himself an Arian, not a Christian ; the real hero of his poem is Satan, the prototype of rebellion and sin. In Satan is incorporated much of the spirit of Milton himself, who "seems to have thought," as Dr. Johnson emphatically put it, "that man was made for rebellion and woman for submission"—notions certainly more "Mahometan" than "holy." "It happened to him," says Professor Raleigh, "as it has happened to others who have found themselves in a position where Satan could do them a service ; before long, as if by the mediæval compact, the relations are reversed, and the poet is in the service of the devil." It is merely a "dull convention," Professor Raleigh thinks, to call *Paradise Lost* a "religious poem" (Milton, p. 88). Elsewhere (p. 259) he denies that Milton is rightly called "Christian." But Wordsworth is simply echoing the popular English Protestant tradition, besides expressing a strong personal admiration for his distinguished precursor. They are alike among great poets in their soaring aspirations, their total lack of humour, their conscious preparation for what they thought a divine mission.

L. 25.—Urania : The 'heavenly' Muse, from Greek Οὐρανός

In the lines that follow we find the poet's notion of his high mission and purpose expressing itself with a certain wildness of exaggeration. What sense, one may ask, is there in "passing unalarmed" by the throne of Jehovah, while one is to feel "fear and awe" when one looks "into our minds, into the mind of man"? But doubtless Wordsworth could explain his language more or less satisfactorily. He would probably say that the image of God as presented to him by poetic anthropomorphism is not so awe-inspiring as the image that meets him in the actual works of God and above all in man's soul.

L. 33.—Jehovah : or Yahweh, a Hebrew name for God.

L. 34.—Empyrean : belonging to the heaven of fire (Greek πῦρ according to the Ptolemaic and mediæval astronomy. The word is usually (as here) accented on the antepenult: **empyrean** more commonly on the penult.

L. 35.—Chaos and Erebus: Hebrew and Greek names for utterly formless disorder and darkness.

L. 41.—The main region. The theme was a noble one, but dangerous for a poet, as tempting to too great abstraction, with consequent dullness and lack of appeal. Philosophic poems have seldom escaped these snares; and Wordsworth's own *Excursion* fell into them all.

L. 44.—Delicate spirits: artists of every kind.

L. 48.—Fortunate fields: the Hesperides, or happy western isles, the hope of finding which tempted out old Celtic voyagers.

L. 54.—In love and holy passion. Here is a striking expression of Wordsworth's characteristic doctrine of the harmony between man and nature, and the part which the latter has to play in moulding human goodness and human happiness. To quote parallel passages would be an endless task. Well known is the couplet:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

These are fine lines from *The Prelude*:—

Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blessed by faith: what we have loved
Others will love, and we will teach them how,—
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things,
(Which, mid all revolutions in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged.)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

L. 63.—How exquisitely, etc. This is a noble optimism. But there is also a despondency (not a pessimism!) which noble minds can feel: a mood in which the imperfections, incongruities, and crimes of a necessarily-imperfect, fallen, and sinful world darken into a vision of evil calculated (in Newman's words) "to dizzy and appal," and overwhelm hopeful thoughts.

L. 69.—The creation: the splendid works of human genius: such "creations" as the Pyramids, the Iliad, the telephone or the aeroplane.

L. 72.—Forgoing: leaving, omitting. Same prefix as in *forlorn*, *forget*, etc.: cp. German *ver*.

L. 75.—Madding: acting madly. Observe the alliteration in this line and many others. The elaborate

splendour of the style in such a passage as this contrasts curiously with the rustic simplicity which Wordsworth, in his earlier theorizings, had advocated as the sole becoming garb of poetry.

L. 84.—The human soul of universal earth: an expression of Wordsworth's vague pantheism. There is an element of the chimerical in all this hieratic solemnity. What precisely is the "prophetic spirit" invoked, does it deserve invocation, or can it hear? In line 100, no doubt, the "dread Power" wears more of a personal and Christian aspect.

Wordsworth is here (as he himself reminds us) echoing expressions of Shakespeare. In Sonnet 107 Shakespeare writes:—

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come
Can yet the lease of my true love control

by suggesting that it must die.

L. 88.—A gift of genuine insight: a bad phrase, because pure prose—words without imagery, feeling, or suggestions.

Ll. 89—93.—Imagery is astrological.

Ll. 95—96.—Contemplated—contemplating: It is hard to say how Wordsworth wished these words to be pronounced and scanned.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

CHRISTABEL.

The name "Christabel" was taken from the ballads of Dr. Percy's collection. It suggests the meaning "fair one of Christ"; but probably, like some other names which have the euphonious syllable "bel" for their ending, it is not formed on any exact philological principles. "Isabel" appears to be a rather wilful transformation of "Elizabeth"; and in the language from which it comes—Spanish—"Lucifer" has rather oddly become "Luzbel." Mr. Ferguson, F.S.A., suggests "Christabila," 'firm in Christ,' as a probable origin.

The name "Geraldine" first became famous about the 13th century in connection with the Norman family of

FitzGerald—'sons of Gerald' or 'Gerard'—who settled in Ireland at the end of the 12th century. The name "Gerhard" is Teutonic, and means "a stout lance." As a lady's name "Geraldine" gained celebrity in 1557, when were published Lord Surrey's poems glorifying a mistress so named.

This poem grew in Coleridge's mind out of many suggestions—old ballads, old romances, curious old speculations on magic, and tales of creatures half-human, half-bestial, sometimes demoniac; then again from suggestions of natural scenery of Somerset and Cumberland, usually the harvest of his own eye, occasionally caught from other minds (as from Dorothy Wordsworth's diary); and not least from Catholic ideas of the invocation of the Saints and the help they lend to the virtuous will in its warfare against evil. Coleridge himself tells us that while writing the poem, especially part 2, he was constantly haunted by the beautiful lines of Crashaw's *Hymn to the Admirable Saint Teresa*. It is difficult to trace in *Christabel* any clear reminiscence of Crashaw's poem: the meek and somewhat passive 'heroine' is very unlike the heroic Teresa. Yet in her own way *Christabel* is a beautiful type of the Catholic maiden. As such, she is more Christian, more human, and more winning than the "Lady" of Milton's *Comus*, who is a sort of personification of virginity, partly pagan and partly Puritan.

Undeterred by the fragmentary condition of the poem, critics have sought and found in it a "guiding thought." This they have specified as the power of purity and innocence to withstand and conquer evil; an idea which had been worked out in various allegories of Spencer, and in Milton's *Comus*. But poetry—especially such as Coleridge's—does not easily lend itself to such abstract summarizing.

LI. 1—55.—Observe how completely, and yet how simply and naturally every detail tends to the general effect of placing us in a strange world, not one fantastically different from others, nay, truly a portion of ours, but viewed through a mystical cloud-light, "the wizard twilight Coleridge knew" (William Watson).

L. 57.—*What sees she there?* It seems difficult to believe that Coleridge meant this line to be scanned as having four feet. Such a scansion would be too repugnant to the ordinary conception of metre as something involving alternation of rising and falling. In general the metre of the poem is far more regular than the

Preface would lead one to expect. There are places, too, where it is difficult to see that Coleridge fulfils the promise of his introduction as to the shortening or lengthening of his lines for definite purpose and effect. Why the brevity of:

"And Geraldine is my name."

Why the length of:

"Where an army in battle array had passed out."

It may furthermore be objected to such lines as

"And my name is Geraldine"

that the promised four accents are lacking. No competent reader would allot four stresses to this line or to:

"Whom her father loves so well," or

"She had dreams all yesternight," or

"And in silence prayeth she," or

"Sounds as of a castle bell," or

"And I beseech your courtesy."

They may be admirable, but do not square with C's. theory. Other lines may be explained as having their due weight made up by length of vowels or by secondary stresses, as:

"From the lovely lady's cheek."

Some such lines occur in the most admirable passages, as:

"Like a youthful hermitess
Beauteous in a wilderness."

Other lines, again, seem heavily overladen with long vowels and syllables demanding at least a secondary stress. For example:

Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall

which would surely gain immensely by the omission of the last word—a mere rhyming expletive. Again:

"And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity."

where the monosyllables seem tumbling over each other, and the hypermeter has no relation to the sense.

In part 2 these extreme metrical irregularities almost wholly disappear or reappear with startling over-emphasis. This is associated with a slight but unmistakable falling off in the strength of inspiration. Alas, a great change had come over the poet between 1797 and 1800; he was already a broken man, a victim of opium and depressed spirits!

Coleridge ranks as one who made an epoch in English metre; yet his own performance in verse was very unequal, and his theories remained cloudy and not happily illustrated by his practice. It was, therefore, unfortunate that Coleridge should have based a depreciation of Tennyson's early poems on the ground that the young man had undertaken to "write verses without very well understanding what metre is." Tennyson was in fact already giving promise of becoming what he presently became—a more careful, deliberate, and accomplished craftsman in metre than Coleridge himself.

L. 7.—A toothless mastiff which, etc. (In the first ed.) 'Hath a toothless mastiff bitch.' These were doubtless some of the lines which lead the irritated critic of the *Monthly Review* in 1817 to accuse Coleridge of constantly attempting to "dignify meanness of conception, to versify the flattest prose, and to teach the human ear a new and discordant system of harmony." Nor did Charles Lamb admire the animal thus introduced; he comically suggested as an improvement:

"Sir Leoline, the Baron round,
Hath a toothless mastiff-hound."

It is not necessary to admire this section with its slightly over-emphasized trivialities; but the student should remark (1) its first hint of mysterious powers abroad, and its deft introduction of the heroine's lost mother; (2) that an artist rightly sets off the brighter and more vivid parts of his picture by darker and duller patches.

L. 129.—The lady sank: because no devil could pass without aid the holy emblem [the Cross or Crucifix] over the threshold. There is a profound moral in this popular belief, as Dr. Garnett remarks. "The devil cannot come into a house unless you bring him in yourself."

L. 248.—In his earliest version Coleridge had made this mysterious horror more definite and less mysterious—at the same time incomparably less poetic and impressive.

L. 252.—A stricken look : Geraldine here seems at the mercy of some malign influence stranger than herself. She has inclinations to relent, to yield to the goodness of Christabel.

L. 279.—Tairn or tarn : a mountain pool or small lake. It is a North of England word. The first part of the poem has been suggestive of Coleridge's Somerset surroundings ; the second will be distinctly north country ; this word suggests the transition.

L. 303.—The Catholic doctrine of the intercession and help of the Blessed Virgin, the saints and the angels is often beautifully touched on or dwelt on by Coleridge. No doctrines lend themselves more naturally to poetry. When they have been cleared away by puritanism or rationalism we meet such laments as those of Wordsworth and Keats over the disappearance of old pagan mythologies.

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished . . .
But still the heart doth need a language.”

So wrote Coleridge following Schiller (Piccolomini II., IV.). They did not see that the religion of the Incarnation supplied far more “fair humanities” than the falsehoods of polytheism. In the popular heart, the human tendency to believe in invisible protective powers and influences, when not guided by enlightened faith, sinks easily into petty superstitions. ‘Lucky numbers’ and ‘mascots’ take the place of the saint and the angel, the relic and the blessing.

In Part II. we find that all the powers, mental and physical, of Christabel are subdued by a fascination, a subtle psychical force exercised by the snake-woman, so that she cannot give any reason for the horror the latter now excites in her, and even her appearance and demeanour come to reflect those of her spiritual foe. It is a delicate and interesting anticipation of modern observations on hypnotism and suggestion. Perhaps however it brings down somewhat painfully the Christabel of Part II. from the ethereal level of the Christabel of Part I.

The termination of the poem leaves many threads to be disentangled, with few hints as to how the tale was to be completed. Sequels have been attempted by

various writers, but none of them deserves much attention.

Many of my notes have been helped by those of Miss M. A. Keeling in the Clarendon Press edition of Coleridge's poems.

THOMAS MOORE

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

An airy trifle : the charmingly neat expression of something too light to be called love.

L. 2.—The glow-worm does not often take a prominent part in an Irish scene!

L. 4.—**Morna** : An Ossianic pseudo-Irish name, which Moore picked up (as he tells us) in a poem translated from the Irish.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

The 'mistress' is, of course, the Catholic Church. The thin disguise here adopted seems to have given Moore courage to express with more earnestness and intensity than anywhere else his hereditary and personal feelings as an Irish Catholic.

The metre with its regular mingling of trisyllabic and disyllabic feet was something new in English. Moore's desire to fit perfectly his words to tunes led to some happy experimenting of this kind.

L. 13.—**Thy vows are frail** : thou dost not sufficiently inculcate respect for truth and fidelity. Such an accusation would come with particularly ill grace from Irish Protestants, whose chiefs had been responsible for the notorious violation of the Treaty of Limerick.

L. 18.—**Liberty shineth** : Moore quotes St. Paul (2 Cor. III. 17)—"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty."

FAREWELL TO THEE!

This pretty elegy (which concludes the *Fire-worshippers*) illustrates the elaborate "local" adornment of Moore's Oriental pieces, but also something

more real—feeling, melodious verse, and a touch of the patriotic symbolism which renders all the *Fire-worshippers* a poem as much Irish as Persian.

L. 1.—Araby, Arabia. The heroine is the daughter of a bigoted Moslem: she has loved, but loved unhappily, one of the outlawed race of Ghebers, or Fire-worshippers. By Ghebers we are to understand Irish Catholics: their leader Hafed,

A young, warm and dauntless chief,
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored
For happy homes and altars free,
His only talisman the word,
His only spell-word Liberty,

is an ideal figure made up from Moore's recollections of Wolfe Tone and of his old college companion, Robert Emmet: while something of Emmet's betrothed, Sarah Curran, mingles with the picture of the lamented heroine.

L. 2.—A Peri: a graceful and amiable creature of the Mohammedan mythology, generally conceived of as female: supposed to be sprung from evil spirits and excluded from eternal bliss.

L. 3.—Oman's green water: the Persian Gulf.

L. 7.—Wind of the south: the Simour, which untunes lutes by the violent changes it induces in the atmosphere. The word "lute" is Arabian—Al 'ūd.

L. 9.—Green sunny highlands: are such characteristic of Arabia?

L. 12.—The sea-star: a very questionable monster: a large star-fish "at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays": so says (Moore tells us) "Mirza Abu Taleb."

L. 17.—Iran: an old name for Persia, but in this poem used for "Erin." These are two strikingly fine lines.

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

The metre of this *jeu d'esprit* reads like a parody of Moore's own graceful anapaestics, as we have just read them in *Araby's Daughter*.

As to its subject Moore thus gives it in a supposed "letter to the Editor of the *Times*":—

"SIR,—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an avalanche,

where he had remained, *bien frappe*,⁽¹⁾ it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.—Yours, etc.,

“LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.”

L. 1.—Eldon. The Tory Lord Chancellor, then in his 75th year, John Scott, Lord Eldon, had long been a favourite butt of Moore and other Whig wits. Consistently bigoted and obstructive in politics, he was nevertheless a lawyer of real distinction; he had raised himself from the humblest condition to the highest rank by unremitting industry, and deserved the praise of consistency and honesty. In his later years he became lachrymose, and his habit of shedding tears during the exercise of his judicial functions brought on him a good deal of ridicule (as in stanza 6 of this poem).

L. 16.—Lonsdales and Hertfords: Tory Peers of the day.

LORD BYRON

WATERLOO

This passage from *Childe Harold* (III., stanzas 21—30) is a splendid illustration of Byron's power of narrative blended with passionate emotion; it is instinct with that “romantic” power which has led to his being so generally over-estimated by foreign readers—comparatively or wholly insensible to his barbarisms of style. Those barbarisms, as we shall see, are by no means wanting even in so well-sustained a specimen of his writing as the present. The Spenserian stanza is used by Byron with vigour and effectiveness. Increased difficulty in metre does not seem to have led him into a corresponding frequency of faults or roughnesses in style. In such stanzas as the second, fifth, and seventh of this extract, he deserves the full credit of having drawn from the Spenserian lyre a music totally unlike Spenser's own and anticipated by no other poet.

The theme of the opening stanzas is a ball which was given at Brussels by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond on the 15th June, 1815.

(1) *Bien frappe*: a phrase taken from the art of keeping wine in good condition; ‘well iced.’

This Duke was a remarkable personage. As Colonel Lennox he had had the "honour" of fighting a duel with the Duke of York, son of the King and Commander-in-Chief. Succeeding to the Dukedom in 1806, he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1807, and remained till 1813, gaining great popularity, and leaving the name of 'Richmond' or 'Lennox' to various streets and institutions. After Waterloo he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, but died in 1819 while holding that office, his death being caused by the bite of a fox.

His daughter, Louisa, who became Lady Louisa Tighe, and lived at Woodstock, Co. Kilkenny, used to recall up to her death in the year 1900 the famous ball, at which she had (as a mere child) been present, and at which the Duke of Wellington had hastily borrowed her little watch, his own having gone out of order. With her watch he went through the great days of Quatre Bras and Waterloo; it naturally became a valued family relic.

The Duke of Wellington arrived late at the ball. He had learnt the news of the French advance. He was anxious to avoid all appearance of surprise or haste; the secret was gradually communicated, and the officers were quietly drafted off "to join the dreadful revelry" which was to hold Europe in anxious suspense during the next four days. Even "the iron Duke" must have felt the dramatic pathos of those hours. Brussels during those days had enclosed, and the Duchess of Richmond's ball-room had gathered together, a multitude of aristocratic and otherwise brilliant personages as perhaps no European metropolis had ever before seen assembled within its walls. Whether the booming of the French cannon was actually heard by the dancers is doubtful. But they knew that Napoleon was at hand, and that a die of unparalleled moment was about to be cast. So sudden was the change from ball-room to battle-field that some of the officers never changed evening-dress for uniform, but fought in the clothes in which they had danced.

L. 22.—Brunswick's fated chieftain: the Duke of Brunswick. His father had been in command against the armies of the French Republic and Napoleon from 1791 to 1806, when he had fallen in battle. His son is represented by Byron as having a presentiment of a similar destiny. He went forth from the Brussels ball to the field of Quatre-Bras and was killed as soon as the armies engaged.

L. 26.—Mutual eyes: an original and forcible expression; eyes full of reciprocated feelings. But sweet in the next line seems a poor, weak epithet.

L. 46.—"Cameron's gathering": the 'gathering cry' of the Highland clan of the Camerons. 'Lochiel,' the name of their chief's estate, and consequently (according to Highland custom) the name of himself.

Albyn: Gaelic name of Scotland, Irish 'Albanach,' which is also rendered 'Albany.'

L. 52.—Which instils : this is awkward. ‘Memory’ is doubtless nominative.

L. 54.—Evan : an illustrious Cameron who fought at Killiecrankie.

Donald, grandson of Evan, fought and was wounded at Culloden, the battle against which (according to Campbell’s poem) he had been warned by a wizard ; he afterwards entered the service of France.

L. 55.—Ardennes : “The wood of Soignies,” comments Byron, “is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo’s *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakespeare’s *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence [of the German tribes] against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.” In all this there is much inaccuracy ; but who can complain of the poetic instinct which caught at the beautiful spondaic name “Ardennes” to lead in this beautiful stanza ?

The beauty, as usual even with Byron’s best, is not without flaw. The clause beginning “which now” lacks a verb ; and “mass” is certainly not a happy word. In the following stanza “which when rent” lacks grammar and elegance. On the other hand observe the force of *contrast* and *animation* in the description, the variety of stresses and of vowels, the happy, though characteristically sceptical use of what has been called by Ruskin “the pathetic fallacy.” How far is it a ‘fallacy’ for the poet to represent inanimate nature as “grieving” for or with man ? Says Scott :

Call it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies.

But the explanation he gives is not very satisfactory (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, v. 1—40). Wordsworth is the best exponent of this doctrine. Others, like Leopardi and Heine, have complained of Nature as the serene and un pitying spectatress of man’s sorrows. See Coleridge, No. 47.

THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH.

Written (Byron tells us) in November, 1821, on the road from Florence to Pisa, and addressed to Mme.

Guiccioli. Contrast its sentiments with those of Browning's *Paracelsus* (quoted later on). In either case metre and matter are perfectly matched.

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

L. 1.—Egeria. Numa, the second king of Rome, to whom was attributed the foundation of law and religion, claimed to have been inspired and instructed by a nymph named Egeria, whom he met in a grotto on the south side of Rome, and whose name is still recalled by a dell and a fountain.

L. 5.—Nympholepsy: a kind of madness supposed by the Greeks to fall on those who ventured too near the haunts of the nymphs. Similar beliefs are found in other countries. The line is interpreted by Tozer thus: "the hallucination arising from some foolishly-cherished hopeless love."

LI. 10—27. These stanzas are a specimen of pure or mere description—that is, description neither coloured by, nor tending to, any particular feeling. Their most special merit is the life and varied movement by which they are pervaded and brightened.

L. 48.—Tares of haste: entangling and destructive weeds hastily upsprung. Nothing can be more poignant than Byron's presentation of the folly and punishment of unrestrained passion: knowledge only too real meets with rare powers of expression. St. Augustine had gained the same bitter knowledge, and many a phrase in his *Confessions* anticipates these stanzas of Byron's. From Augustine Shelley has taken the motto of his *Alastor*: "*Nondum amabam et amare amabam, quaerebam quid amarem*": "Not yet had I loved, but I longed to love, seeking what I might love." But Augustine was happy in finding what he sought. Serene after storm, unlike the two modern poets, he pointed to the remedy and held out the hope. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our heart is restless until it rest in Thee."

L. 71.—O'er-informed: Byron had doubtless caught the word from Dryden, who uses it in his famous portrait of Achitophel (Shaftesbury):

A fiery soul, that, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

L. 1.—In seven (years): 1814—1821. The name of Waterloo alone suffices to convey the idea of the world of changes Byron alludes to.

L. 6.—Change grows too changeable, without being new. Discussing French politics about 1850, a Frenchman complained: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!" And, writing on the delightful monotony of the skylark's song, Father M. Russell says: "Nothing is so monotonous as change."

L. 8.—Except the Whigs. From the death of Fox in 1806 till the Reform Bill Ministry of Earl Grey in 1830, the Whigs were out of office.

L. 10.—Byron summarizes the facts about the Great Pyramid very well. Khufu, whose name is misrepresented as Cheops, a king of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, reigned and built the Great Pyramid about 3600 B.C. He is said to have been a very wicked man.

L. 29.—Hoyle: for generations a supreme authority on games of cards. Born in England 1672. "According to Hoyle" became a proverb for correct procedure.

L. 31.—Marlborough: see note on p. 299. Byron's compliment to M's biographer is ironical. At present the best-known life of the great general is that by Lord Wolseley (1894).

L. 39.—A little breath: compare the French lines, written later:

La vie est vaine:	La vie est brève:
Un peu d'amour,	Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine,	Un peu de rêve
Et puis—bonjour!	Et puis—bonsoir!

L. 43.—How little do we know that, etc.: Ophelia had said (*Hamlet*, iv., v.): "We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

The nobility of this concluding stanza will not escape notice. None but a great poet could have written it.

My notes to Byron have been helped by those of Messrs. Darmesteter (Paris, 1882), Rolfe (Boston, 1886), Tozer (Oxford, 1885), Morris (London and New York, 1889).

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

HELLAS.

In 1822, when Shelley was residing at Pisa, he was caught by the wave of enthusiasm which was then rising throughout Europe for the cause of Greek independence.

The struggle for the liberation of Greece from her Turkish oppressors must always interest, as in 1821 it interested, all who enjoy the accumulated gains, but especially the intellectual culture, of modern civilization. "We are all Greeks" wrote Shelley in his preface to *Hellas*. "Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their roots in Greece. But for Greece, Rome, the instructor, the conqueror, the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolators!" There is much truth in this; but it undoubtedly expresses an exaggerated and one-sided estimate of Greek influences which has moulded many powerful minds, coloured many eras of thought, and still plays a part in neo-pagan hostilities to Christianity. The Catholic religion, in particular, with its unequalled train of civilizing consequences, owes nothing of its essence (as St. Paul expressly insists) to Greek subtlety and Greek wisdom. Shelley himself has in one place recognised how in two of the capital elements of civilization Christianity has marked an undeniable advance on the highest Greek conceptions.⁽¹⁾ But when these and many other reservations have been made, there remains an immense debt which the modern 'heir of all the ages' must admit he owes to ancient Greek civilization. That civilization has influenced, sometimes vitally, the literature, philosophy, and art of every succeeding era and nation of the world. "The literature of Greece," says Cardinal Newman, "continued into, and enriched by, the literature of Rome, together with the studies which it involves, has been the instrument of education, and the food of civilization, from the first times of the world down to this day."⁽²⁾

(1) In his *Essay on Love*. The relations of the sexes and the abuse of slavery are the two points as to which he offers a reluctant tribute to Christian reform of the world.

(2) *Christianity and Letters: I. of a U.*, page 261. See there interesting reflection on the relative positions of Athens, Jerusalem and Rome. In the *University Sketches* there is a much fuller study of Athenian influences.

Such being the debt of mankind to Greece, it was inevitable, especially since the Renaissance revived interest in her literature and art, that her downfall and her enslavement under the anti-Christian and barbaric rule of the Turk should excite deep compassion; and that the dawn of hopes for her deliverance should rouse to ardent sympathy the spontaneous feelings of Europe, but especially of minds intellectually and politically progressive.

The domination of the Othman Turks had hung over Greece and her isles (with an interval of Venetian rule) since 1453, and had been partly a ruthless centralized tyranny and a partly half-organized domination of local brigands. Its very atrocity had one good effect—that of making Greece a nation: it welded together by ties of sympathy the warring communities of ancient Hellas. During the 18th century a gradual decline of Turkish power had been accompanied by progress among the Greeks in wealth and political institutes. At its close they were naturally affected by the restlessness which the events of the French revolution had diffused throughout the civilized world. Seeds of national life which seemed sterile but required only their hour of sunshine began to germinate; the vices which long enslavement had fostered were found to be not wholly ineradicable.

Up to the year 1808 the chief opponent of Greek efforts towards freedom had been Ali Pacha, the almost independent ruler of Albania, a man singularly able, energetic, astute and cruel. But in that year there ascended the throne at Constantinople a new and no less formidable adversary. This was Sultan Mahmud the Second, who (under the slightest veil of reticence) is the principal character in Shelley's drama. During his reign from 1808 to 1839 he gradually enfolded the qualities of a powerful, if by no means estimable, ruler. But neither his cruelties (the Greeks have named him "the butcher") nor his diplomacy could overcome the internal weakness of Turkish Government, or prevail finally against the forces which combined for the regeneration of Greece. His best ally throughout the conflict was the mutual distrust which hampered every move of the European Great Powers.

In 1821 the flame of rebellion, which had long been flickering at a thousand scattered points, burst into open war. Some of the subsequent incidents are recounted (in poet-fashion) by Shelley. What further interest the author of *Hellas* might have taken in the struggle was

prevented by his death in 1822. In 1823 his friend Byron sailed for Greece to help the hard-pressed rebels, then in sore straits. In 1827 their cause won a decisive victory in the naval battle of Navarino. With that success their storied country entered upon a new epoch, one of progress not wholly disappointing, but, needless to say, very unlike the glorious vision conjured up in Shelley's concluding chorus.

It was a peculiarity in Shelley's theme that he wrote of a war which was not only contemporary but entirely unfinished. Scott, triumphant in telling of battles long ago, had failed in dealing with Napoleonic wars, even though Waterloo was past when he wrote: Æschylus had succeeded with his *Persæ*, but the struggle between Greece and Persia had reached what proved its close in the glorious victory of Salamis. The vagueness of the unaccomplished was perhaps happily suited to Shelley's peculiar genius; indeed, he never achieved a similar success in dealing with the completed facts of history.

L. 1.—The opening chorus was suggested by Calderon's play, *El Principe Constante*, at the opening of which a chorus of Christian captive women are induced to sing for the pleasure of the Moorish princess Feni, by the princess's maid, Zara. During Shelley's last years a strong and increasing hold on him was gained by the Spanish priest-dramatist. "Some of Calderon's works," he wrote, "certainly deserve to be ranked among the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind."

L. 8.—**Away, unlovely dreams, etc.** The Indians and the Greeks well illustrate two contrasting types of servitude.

L. 28.—**The mighty mistress: Freedom.**

L. 29.—**Her sated snake: Remorse.**

Ll. 38–46.—**Yet were life, etc.** The construction is ambiguous—at least till the end is reached. The sense runs thus:—"Life would be—truth would be—love would be—if liberty, etc."

Ll. 46–75. One should, perhaps, apologise for intruding on the brilliant poetry of this chorus with prosaic or sceptic comment. Its abridged history of Freedom, however, tempts to and may require some remarks.

What Freedom had to do with the Creation is not very evident; it was rather the complementary principle of Order that triumphed over the "banded anarchs" of chaos. The word "anarch" is interesting. It defies logical explanation; hence was fittingly in-

vented by Milton for his marvellous description of chaos, whom he personifies as "the Anarch old"; hence, fittingly again, it is of frequent recurrence in the cloud-world of Shelley's poetry.

L. 50.—Imaus. Pronounced so as to rhyme with "chaos." "Thermopylæ" has been already commented upon (p.297). **Marathon** in Attica was the scene of the great battle in 490 B.C., in which the Athenian forces defeated a huge Persian army. At "Philippi" in Macedonia, the forces of Republicanism made their last stand (unsuccessfully) against the heir of Julius Cæsar's domination. **Milan** in northern Italy, often appeared in history as a centre of Italian resistance to the encroachments of German Emperors.

L. 61.—Is quenchless good English?

L. 63.—Florence. Where popular government often strove against the aggressions of great families, such as the Medici.

Switzerland. Where Liberty throughout ages justified her name of "The Mountain Nymph."

L. 71.—Atlantis. The name of a fabled island in the Atlantic Ocean, afterwards applied to America. The War of Independence (1776—1782) is, of course, alluded to.

L. 72.—Sanguine steams. The horrors of the French Revolution.

L. 75.—Spain, and the vague complex of countries called **Germany** were in 1821 in a state of extreme and prolonged unrest.

Ll. 92—3. The rhyme and phraseology of this couplet were already a little hackneyed: thus Campbell had written twenty years earlier:

The combat deepens; on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave.

L. 146.—Some say that this is he, etc. The best known legend concerning the "Wandering Jew" is that Our Lord, when sinking under the burden of His cross, would fain have rested at the door of a man named Ahasueros, but was by him driven away with unfeeling brutality. Then Christ (or, according to others, an angel) foretold to him that in punishment for his sin he should himself wander without rest until the end of the world.

L. 173.—Marmora. The sea of: near Constantinople.

L. 185.—The omnipotent hour. A touch of Oriental fatalism.

L. 191.—Kings are like stars, etc. A reproduction of one of Lord Bacon's profoundly poetic images: "Rulers and great men are like the heavenly bodies; they are the objects of much reverence, and are never at rest." (*De augmentis scientiarum*, vi. iii. *Imperia*). Shelley venerated Bacon, whom in his *Defence of Poetry* he ranks among the great poets, with Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and Calderon.

Ll. 192—205. The doctrines of transformism and re-birth often occupied Shelley's thoughts. Characteristic of pagan Eastern theology, they have no appropriateness in a chorus of Greek Christian captive women. Dramatic fitness to the supposed speakers is indeed hardly to be sought in these thoroughly Shelleyan choruses.

The remarkable acknowledgement of Christ's supreme place in religion and history which occupies the following lines (206—233) is highly interesting as coming from the pen that had formerly written the *Defence of Atheism* and *Queen Mab*; it remains interesting in spite of the fact that Shelley expressly disclaimed it as a personal utterance.

L. 212.—The orient planet. The rising sun.

L. 224.—So fleet, etc.: cp. Milton's hymn on the Nativity.

L. 232.—Their waters . . . blood. A connection might seem here insinuated between the downfall of Greece's paganism and her subsequent calamities as a nation. It was, of course, non-Christian invaders who ruined and oppressed her.

L. 240.—That Patriarch. In March, 1821, the Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox (State) Church, Gregorios, was compelled by the Turkish Government to pronounce a solemn curse against the Hetairia, or political club which had been the chief instrument of the Greek patriot leaders in bringing on rebellion. Only a month later the calculating cruelty of the Sultan devised and carried out another method of striking terror into his unwilling subjects: the Patriarch, a man of venerable age and personally much respected, was sentenced to death as an accessory to the designs of the rebels and hanged at the gate of the patriarchate in Constantinople, with his sentence pinned to his breast. (See Finlay's *History of Greece*, vol. vi., or *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. xi.).

L. 259.—Cursed be the hour. He curses the time of past victory, which has left only a hopeless thirst for like triumphs.

L. 262.—Ceraunia: Mountains to the north-west of Greece, now called Monti della Kimàra.

L. 276.—Phrygian Olympus: Not that in Thessaly, the fabled abode of the gods.

Ll. 284—291.—Moldavian serfs . . . Danube's day. The Greeks had great hopes of being effectively aided against the Porte by its Christian subjects in the Danubian lands, Wallachia and Moldavia, and of reviving with their help the mediæval Greek Empire of Constantinople. But these populations hated the Greeks almost as much as the Turks, and the insurgent efforts made along the Danube, chiefly directed by the incapable Prince Ypsilanti, proved abortive. In lines 357—447 Shelley describes the last splendid stand made there by the remnant of the Greek forces.

L. 285.—Allah-illa-Allah: More correctly *Lâ ilâha ill' Allâh*; a Mahommedan profession of faith and war-cry, meaning: "There is no God but Allah."

L. 294.—The Anarchies of Africa: The Mahommedan pirates of North Africa.

L. 299.—The Queen of Ocean: England. Her sons who frown on Freedom . . . The old copies had commas before "who" and after "Freedom." Dowden omits them. It makes a great difference in the sense.

L. 303.—Russia. This is an excellent picture of the attitude of Russia during the Greco-Turkish struggle. Dread of her aggrandizement was the chief obstacle to any gratification of the pro-Greek sentiment which pervaded Christendom.

L. 307.—Recreant Austria. Shelley, perhaps, applies this epithet in memory of Austria's having deserted the rest of Europe to side with Napoleon. From 1815 to 1848, Metternich, Austria's leading statesman, was the chief brain of diplomatic Conservatism, and revolutionaries and "Liberals" usually detested Austria more than any other power.

L. 314.—Key of gold. The power of wealth.

L. 358.—Bucharest. A principal town of Wallachia, now the capital of the kingdom of Roumania.

L. 398.—Base hyenas. Plunderers of the slain.

L. 417.—Ascribe to your bright Senate. A Latinism: 'ascribo' = to add a name to a list.

L. 429.—Obscene birds: Like the *volucres obscaenae*, the harpies, of Virgil: birds that prey on carrion.

L. 455.—The fleet. The naval action near Nauplia.

L. 467.—Icarian Sea: Its ancient name, from Icarus, fabled son of Dædalus. Flying on wings made by his father, he approached too near the sun, and the wax

fixing them to his shoulders was melted. He fell into these waters and was drowned: '*vitreo daturus Nomina ponto*,' as Horace says.

L. 476.—**Thracian wind**: northerly.

L. 480.—**Hydriote barks**: the fishers and sailors of the isle of Hydria had a reputation for courage and gallantry. One of the best-known ballads which Germany contributed to the cause of Grecian freedom was *Der Kleine Hydriot*, by W. Müller.

L. 527.—**Come what will . . . to-morrow and to-morrow**. One easily recalls:—

Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.

and

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.

Mahmud does indeed here remind us of Macbeth. But his closing scene is one of greater dignity and resignation. (See lines 744—759). Shelley has shown fine judgment in not degrading the oppressor of the Greeks. He might easily have made him a monster, but felt (as an artist) that he would proportionately have degraded the subject people whom he meant to idealize.

Ll. 537—40. **I would leave**, etc. . . . *i.e.* "I would leave the spirits of Evening to weave a shroud for the corpse of Day from other threads than mine."

L. 556.—**The rack**: the cloud-rack: prob. conn. with *rack*, to tear or pull out.

Ll. 560—8.—**Slavery . . . Liberty . . . Athens**. The splendour of imperial Athens rested upon a wide-spread basis of slavery and tyranny. See noteworthy article by Rev. J. M. Murphy in *Studies*, vol. i., p. 97 (M. H. Gill, Dublin).

L. 564.—**The free heart, the impassive soul**. Unfortunately, slavery (like unbridled freedom) has its cognate vices; 'the iron enters the soul' by degrees. Homer said not unwisely:

"Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away."

(*Odys.*, xvii., line 393 of Pope's tr. 323 of orig.).

L. 571.—**Thermae** is put here for Thermopylæ (θέρμαι = hot springs for Θερμοπύλαι = pass of the hot springs), where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans made so splendid a stand against Persian invasion in 480 B.C. **Asópus**, the river around which

raged the Battle of Platea (B.C. 479), as fatal to Persian land-power in Greece as Salamis and Mycale were to Persian sea-power.

L. 575.—Discord, Macedon, and Rome. Discord was the plague of Greece even in its palmiest days. Macedon established its half-barbarian supremacy under Philip and Alexander (d. 322 B.C.). Rome became mistress of Greece about 150 B.C.

L. 588.—Orphic: Gifted with magic power like the fabled music of Orpheus.

L. 589.—Titanian: Belonging to Titan, the old giant who warred against the gods.

L. 593.—Demons: Greek δαίμονες, spirits, good or evil.

Ll. 613—14.—Revenge and wrong bring forth, etc. Shelley may here be consciously reproducing the fine moralizings of Aeschylus in his *Agamemnon* and elsewhere; his lines are an expansion of the Aeschylean maxim, δρασάντι παθεῖν

"Fear!" with note of exclamation is a conjectural reading for which the present editor is responsible. The reading of the old edition is 'For'; this is weak and will not rhyme. If 'Fear' is correct, it is doubtless meant to rhyme to 'hear.' As written with a comma, it is an emendation of W. M. Rossetti's.

L. 619.—The unknown God. This refers to yet a third altar found in Athens, that "to the Unknown God," which gave St. Paul a text for his sermon on the Areopagus. (The expression has already occurred at l. 207).

Ll. 640—674.—The sage expounds a form of Eastern Pantheism—God is the one sole reality—mingled with a Fichtian Idealism—subjective thought is the sole reality.

L. 646—7.—Bastioned impregnably, etc. A fine poetic statement of the incapability of the human mind to apprehend space and its limits.

L. 652.—Is but a vision, etc. The language here is reminiscent of Prospero's famous words upon the "unsubstantial pageant faded," and the dissolution of "the great globe itself, with all which it inherit."

L. 689.—Mahomet the Second. In 1453 his capture of Constantinople marked the end of that Greek empire which had subsisted since the splitting up of the Empire of Augustus into Eastern and Western. 'Stamboul' is a contraction of the cry of the ferrymen "εἰς τὴν πόλιν" 'to the city'—Constantinople.

L. 693.—A later Empire.—The Ottoman, which fell in 1821 as the Greek fell in 1453.

L. 694.—A greener faith. The Moslem religion, apparently, though the description is curious.

L. 735.—The abrupt, but not premature vanishing of the phantom, the bursting in of the thrilling reality of the moment on what (it is hinted) was but a vivid illusion, is dramatically well-conceived—the only really dramatic touch in *Hellas*.

L. 759.—From Thule to the girdle of the world. From the farthest northern isle to the equator.

L. 761.—A nation's blood.—Awful atrocities were endured by the Greeks ere the war of independence closed. In 1824 the Turks exterminated in one massacre 40,000 inhabitants of the isle of Scio.

L. 769.—Love's folding star: Venus, the evening star, under whose rays sheep are penned in fold.

L. 779.—Pranked: Decorated, showily adjusted. Coriolanus uses the word metaphorically of the Tribunes:

I despise them;

For they do prank them in authority.

The verb seems lost to English prose.

Ll. 790—831.—These choral stanzas have attracted universal admiration. They might have been led up to more artfully—with more effect of contrast. There is, however, an effect of climax; the vague splendour of the preceding passages here give way to clearer outlines and more firmly-laid colours.

L. 800.—Tempe.—A beautiful vale near Olympia in Thessaly.

L. 801.—Cyclads: or Cyclades: islands in the Ægean Sea.

L. 802.—Argo: the ship which carried Jason on his adventurous expedition in search of the Golden Fleece—according to one of the earliest of Greek legends.

L. 807.—Calypso. The sea-goddess who long detained in her island the wise Ulysses. He, however, resisted her spells, and was faithful to his native land, Ithaca, and his aged wife, Penelope.

L. 810.—Laian rage. The tragic stories of the family of Laius, King of Thebes. Œdipus was its most celebrated and most unhappy member: his daughter Antigone was also a famous heroine of tragedy.

L. 812.—Sphinx. A monster half-woman and half-lioness, who beset the highway to Thebes, and proposed to travellers a riddle, on their failure to answer which she devoured them. Œdipus solved it, however; whereupon she flung herself down a precipice and was killed.

The riddle was: "What is it that walks on four feet in the morning, two feet at noon, and three feet in the evening?"

L. 280.—Saturn and Love.—The presiding deities of the fabulous golden age, which preceded the reign of Zeus or Jupiter.

This interesting stanza was left by Shelley in a somewhat confused state; thus the words "bright and good" were represented by a blank in the first edition. It has the fault of requiring annotation by the author; without the explanations he has given, we might easily have read into it meanings not at all his. "All who fell" are, it appears, the gods of pagan Greece, Asia, and Egypt; "one who rose" is Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the pagan world were amerced of their worship; "many unsubdued" are the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, America, etc.

L. 824.—Blood. Shelley had a horror of bloodshed, and was a vegetarian in diet.

L. 826.—In his closing stanza the poet gives way to a sense of the hopelessness of his hopes. It is a human touch which adds to his brilliant and unearthly visions a sympathetic appeal they would else have lacked.

JOHN KEATS

THE BOWER OF ADONIS.

This description of the sleeping Adonis and his surroundings has been well said to combine the richness of fine painting with the firm clearness of fine sculpture. Such scenes of sensuous splendour and gratification occupy, however, too large a space in the poetry of Keats and give it a somewhat unmanly and morbid character. The same tendency in a kind of converse form may be observed in the *Ode on Melancholy*.

L. 10.—Coverlids: this spelling suggests the etym. (which is probable) from O. Fr. *covrelit*.

L. 14.—The tenting swerve: an obscure expression. Perhaps, following Mr. F. T. Palgrave, we may take 'tenting' as expressing the lift and consequent tent-like form given to the coverlids by the knees of the sleeping Adonis. M. Lucien Wolff translates it by 'voûté'—arched.

L. 15.—Ankles pointing light. 'Light' is here an

adverb. M. Wolff is certainly wrong in translating: "*des chevilles lançant de la lumière.*"

L. 22.—**In streaked vases flush:** rich in streaked cup-like flowers.

L. 34.—For scansion cp. Shakespearian lines like:—

O, who can hold a fire in his hand.

L. 47.—**Latmian:** Endymion was a shepherd of Mt. Latmos, in Asia Minor.

L. 52.—**Presents immortal bowers.** It was Diana, the moon-goddess, who thus guided her favourite.

L. 57.—**Ariadne:** who became bride of the wine-god, Dionysus or Bacchus.

Ll. 58—67.—**Pears . . . cream . . . plums,** etc. The student need hardly be invited to admire this description. Observe, however, how mere material lusciousness is elevated by highly imaginative touches, such as "sad Vertumnus," "from Syrian trees," "in starlight." Of itself the taste, as it is the most definite, so is the least poetic of the senses.

L. 59.—**Vertumnus:** god of the seasons: 'he who turns himself.'

L. 60.—**Pomona:** goddess of fruit; from **pomum**=apple.

L. 67.—**Hesperides:** fabled guardians, in an island lying far west, of the golden fruit presented by Earth to Hera on her marriage with Zeus.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

The abruptness of the opening is effective and suited to the ode style, though chargeable with obscurity. Keats had indeed written a stanza to precede this one, but ultimately thought it unworthy of the rest of the poem. His conception of the subject "melancholy" fluctuates a little. That of the first and second stanzas is rather a fanciful and wanton toying with grief than anything that belongs to the depths of life and the soul. But in the third stanza is realized a source of sorrow deep hidden in material realities and beneath sensuous enjoyment.

The metre has a slight irregularity—in the varied placing of the rhymes in the second and third stanzas. The somewhat uncertain reference of the pronoun which opens the third stanza is another slight blemish—perhaps, though no critic has noticed it, the most serious in the poem.

Ll. 1—7. The poet accumulates objects associated with gloom, dulness and death.

Ll. 7—10.—**Owl—soul**: an 'eye-rhyme,' doubtless: yet in Keats' day 'sowl' was an admitted, though old-fashioned pronunciation.

Ll. 21—30. The thought of the transitoriness of all earthly beauty has seldom been better expressed. See also the *Ode to a Nightingale*, e.g.:

"Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Nor young Love pine at them, beyond to-morrow."

Less tragic is Goethe's pretty epigram *Die Vergänglichkeit*:

"Why do I wither so fast, great Jove?" came Beauty complaining,
"Naught have I made," said the god, "fair, but what fadeth and dies."

Youth and the dewdrops heard, Love heard and the roses; and,
weeping,

Sad for the changeless doom, turned they from Jupiter's throne.

L. 35.—**Ay in the very Temple of Delight**. Miss F. R. Havergal has expressed the idea in less figurative style:—

Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss;
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strong to this.

WILLIAM BARNES

THE ECHO.

L. 2.—**Overright**: opposite to.

L. 4.—**Avore**: before: this form with *v* is, of course, Southern. That with *f* was general, but is obsolete in good style.

L. 9.—**Chap**: fellow, lad. Short for chapman—a dealer, merchant. Cp. colloq. use of "customer."

Ll. 12—13.—**Sheen**: shine. **Slooe**: sloe.

L. 16.—**A mocken**: en is short for M.E. **ende**.

Ll. 21—30. "The manner in which this ominous echo, 'come in' breathes forth upon the doomed child its phantom-like summons from her future home within the grave, yet softens itself into the likeness of a mother's

voice calling her child to sleep, can hardly be too much admired." Sir F. H. Doyle, *Lect. on Poetry*, p. 68.

L. 23.: **Evenen**: evening, participial form from **even**. O.E. **aefen**, German **abend**.

L. 24.—**Wer**: was: 'r' in this tense is not so primitive as 'S.'

L. 31.—**Come**: came: A.S. **com**, irreg. preterite for **cam**, formed from plural **comon**.

L. 35.—**Vor all she smiled**: however much she smiled.

The poem ends on cheerful notes; yet there are tears; the *tone* of the echo-poem as a whole is admirably kept. The regret is tender and hopeful: the pleasure is not without melancholy.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

The allegory in this poem is plain enough and closely worked out. For those who have read the author's life the inclination to apply it to himself will be strong. Though the story of his excesses was greatly exaggerated by a calumnious pen, yet he was certainly a wayward and unfortunate child of genius.

The metre is peculiar. Lines of four, three, and two feet are intermingled with little regularity. But the poem will *read* well (giving the peculiar, slightly *broken* effect intended) if the reader will lend himself carefully to its sense and music.

L. 22.—**Porphyrogene**: one born in the purple: a modified form of the title 'Porphyrogenitus' given to some of the Greek Emperors of Constantinople.

L. 42.—**Red-litten**: **Litten** is not a correct past participle, as 'to light' was always a weak verb: thus A.S. **liehtan**, **lichtede**, **gelichted**.

Poe and Mangan were curiously alike as to both genius and career. Of particular interest in the present context is the development by both simultaneously of the arts of *refrain* and *repetition* in serious lyric. The following stanza of Poe's from his *Ulalume* (a poem illustrating his more ornate and eccentric style) may be compared with one from Mangan's *Wail of the Three Khalendeers* or any from his *Dark Rosaleen*. It will be

difficult to find an analogue to either in the poetry then being produced in England :

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through a region of sighs,
 She revels in a region of sighs:
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the lion
 To point us the path to the skies,
 To the Lethean peace of the skies:
 Come up in despite of the lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes:
 Come up through the lair of the lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes."

—(Poe: *Ulalume*).

La' laha, il Allah!
 Days indeed! A shepherd's tent
 Served us then for house and fold;
 And to whom we gave or lent
 Paid us back a thousand fold;
 Troublous years, by myriads wailed,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never when we gaily sailed,
 Singing, down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gaily, sailed
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

—(Mangan: *Wail of the Three Khalendeers*).

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

DARK ROSALEEN

Dark Rosaleen first appeared in *The Nation* of 30th May, 1846. It is based on an Irish poem, *Roisin Dubh*, ascribed to William Costello, of the Augustinian Friary at Ballyhaunis, who flourished about 1580. Mangan used (Mr. O'Donoghue tells us) the unrhymed version given in Sir S. Ferguson's articles on Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1834. Of the poem, as he knew it, Hardiman writes: "It is an allegorical ballad in which strong political feelings are conveyed as a personal address from a lover to his

fair one. The allegorical meaning has been long since forgotten, and the verses are now remembered and sung as a plaintive love-ditty. It was composed to celebrate our Irish hero, Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell of Tirconnell. By Roisin Dubh is meant Ireland." Others on the contrary say that the poem was originally a love-poem, and was twisted by interpolation from other ballads into an expression of political and patriotic emotion. However this may be, Mangan's flight into the highest lyric regions was little aided by any wings but his own.

Ll. 3—12.—The priests—the royal Pope—Spanish ale. During the second half of the sixteenth century the eyes of afflicted Ireland were turned in constant hope towards Spanish and Papal help. Her oppressor Elizabeth was the enemy of Rome and of Spain.

L. 73.—The Erne: flowing into Donegal Bay, in the land of Hugh Roe O'Donnell.

L. 77.—Slogan: a Celtic war-cry: properly *sluaghgairm*—'host-cry.'

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

This poem is based on a striking episode in Irish history of the year 1631. The audacity of Mohammedan corsairs from the Barbary States of North Africa and from the Levant, as well as that of their nominal ruler at Constantinople, was constantly encouraged by the divisions among the Christian governments whose business it was to repress them; nor was it always left unprovoked by pirates from Christian harbours.

Baltimore (*Baile-an-tigh-moir*—'town of the great house') is a fishing village, lying on the extreme south coast of Ireland, near Cape Clear, in a picturesque region, of which Mount Gabriel is the most striking feature. The "great house" from which its name derives, was the ancestral stronghold of the O'Driscolls (*Ó h-Éoinn-coit*), which overlooks it. That family, however, entirely lost its possession and power during the sixteenth century, and the village described so picturesquely by Davis was a nest of English settlers. Fairly prosperous and important up to 1631, after that date Baltimore remained a miserably poor village; yet it continued to return two members to the Irish Parlia-

ment till 1800. In 1880 its fisheries began to improve, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts generously helping to provide better boats.

L. 1.—Carbery: the barony in which B. is situated.

L. 2.—Gabriel: Mount Gabriel is a large mountain mass over 1,300 feet high. Its ancient name is *Cnoc Íorṫa*, at present often heard in the shortened form "Custa." *Cnoc Íorṫa* appears to mean "the hill of the encampment."* The origin of the present name seems unknown.

L. 3.—Inisherkin's crumbled fane. In 1470 an O'Driscoll built an abbey on Inisherkin (Inis Arcain), the island facing Baltimore, and gave it to the Franciscan friars. It did not stand long, however, for in 1537 in punishment for an act of piracy committed by the O'Driscolls, the citizens of Waterford ravaged the island, destroyed the abbey, and inflicted great injury on Baltimore and neighbouring villages.

The American city of Baltimore derived its name from Lord Baltimore, its founder; but his title appears to have come from a place in County Longford.

L. 13.—Dunashad: *Ḑún-na-ṫeao*, 'fort of the jewels,' an old name for Baltimore.

MRS. BROWNING

MY DOVES.

Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, for long years an invalid confined to her couch, naturally became much attached to the animal pets who brightened her solitude, such as the doves of the present poem, and *Flush*, *My Dog*, of another one.

ROBERT BROWNING

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

Theophrastus Aureolus Paracelsus, of the noble Würtemberg family of Hohenheim, born 1493, died 1541, was regarded by his own age as a charlatan; later investigators, while not wholly annulling that verdict,

*I owe this, with much other interesting archæological information, to Mr. J. Burke, B.L., Skibbereen.

have done fuller justice to his daring originality as a pioneer of medical studies. He horrified all orthodoxy by publicly burning the works of Galen, Aristotle, and other ancient authorities, but failed to make good his own superb claim to be the founder and architect of true science. His career was stormy and disastrous. In Browning's poem, Paracelsus becomes a type of noble but over-weening intellectual ambition. He flies aloft to the highest ideals, but falls, because too contemptuous both of human affections and of collective human wisdom. On the darkness of calamity a serener wisdom dawns, and its light soothes his end.

In drawing this character Browning certainly expressed a good deal of himself. Although but 23, and to some extent (happily as regards his style) under the influence of Shelley, his mind and literary manner were both remarkably mature.

L. 4.—As from without : as if some master from without, etc.

Ll. 20—21.—As turns a watersnake : I do not know why a water-snake is supposed to be particularly sensitive to the presence of fairies.

Fairies do not belong to genuine German mythology. The name came from Fr. *fee* (dial. *fei*), Ital. *fata*, Lat. *fatum*; no German equivalent was known in Paracelsus' time. The name "elf" was also a much later importation—this time from England—A.S. *aelf*.

L. 22.—Einsiedeln : in Switzerland, birthplace of Paracelsus.

L. 58.—Riveled : connected with *rive*: furrowed or crinkled. The word comes into Calverley's humorous parody of Browning (*The Cock and the Bull*):

Mark first the rationale of the thing;

Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed.

burgonet : a light convenient helmet; apparently from "Burgundy."

L. 59.—To the East : the knight seems to be conceived of as a Crusader.

Ll. 60—1.—Let us hear no more. The friend of Paracelsus recalls an earlier stage of the latter's views on life—a stage at which he shrank from distinction and notoriety. In lines 65—78 Paracelsus describes the sudden growth in himself of an opposite tendency.

L. 80.—Tritheim : known as Johannes Trithemius: a learned Benedictine abbot and alchemist, teacher of Paracelsus.

L. 95.—Unguided by thy brain *which the mighty sight*, etc. Observe the persistent omission of the relative. This, and similar omissions of connecting words, became a leading feature of Browning's style. As the irreverent parodist puts it:

I like to dock the smaller parts o' speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)

L. 97.—What: co-ordinate with task, governed by 'pursue.'

L. 104.—With their array: in the garb of a god.

L. 136.—Asking a life. That life is best spent in endless aspiration through an ever-widening sphere of possibilities became afterwards the leading theme of Browning's teaching. Thus, amid the quaint rhymes of *A Grammarian's Funeral*:

Others mistrust and say—"But time escapes,—
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's Time? leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever."
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain!
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
This hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects
Living and dying.

LI. 138—143.—I see my way, etc. These lines were a favourite quotation of the heroic General C. Gordon's.

SONG.

This "song" receives no explanation from its context in *Paracelsus*. One might well be curious to know what suggestions combined to build up in the poet's mind so original a lyric. The various perfumes named might easily lead the commentator far over strange fields.

Cassia (spike), **nard**, and **balsam** are often mentioned in the Bible: they are resinous vegetable products: so is **labdanum**—another form of this word being **laudanum**, a term which was invented by Paracelsus himself. **Aloe** is the name of a well-known spiky-leaved American shrub. **Sandal-buds** have really no value as perfumes; but the heart-wood and roots of the sandal-tree (*santalum*) are pleasantly aromatic, and in China are burnt as incense in temples and private houses.

L. 8.—Gain: of odours.

Ll. 15—16. Browning seems to have preferred another and more obscure version of these lines:

Mouldering her lute and books among,
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

AUTUMN.

In its technique this sonnet is admirable. Observe the varied rhymes, neither forced nor commonplace; the two effective proper names; the “feminine” endings, of which L. habitually made a wise use. There is a full stop, but no important break, at the octave; the general character of the sonnet is “run-on” not “two-part.” This some would consider a fault, as also the fact that it is purely descriptive. Note the scansion of lines 1, 5, and (especially) 14.

L. 2.—Samarcand: in Central Asia; capital of the empires of Timour (Tamerlane) and Genghis Khan: a centre of half-fabulous Oriental magnificence.

L. 5.—Charlemagne: crowned Emperor of the West by the Pope in 767: died 814: the most successful centralizing ruler in Europe after the old Roman Empire and before Napoleon. A legend prevalent in the Rhinelands represents him as rising once every year from his tomb at Aachen and from one of the city bridges blessing with outstretched hand the vineyards. (The rhyme gives the traditional Eng. pronunciation of the name).

L. 14.—Almoner: from O.F. **aulmoner** (whence also Mod. Fr. *aumonier*), one who is charged with the distribution of alms. Lat. **eleemosynarius**.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

AIDEEN'S GRAVE.

Aideen (ÉADAOIN), princess of the Tuatha de Danaan, daughter of Angus of Ben-Edar (Hill of Howth), died of grief for the loss of her husband, the heroic and beloved Oscar, son of Ossian (Oisín), who was slain at the battle of Gabhra (Gavra or Gowra) near Tara in Meath. It was about the year of Christ 285. The devoted wife is said to have been buried on Ben-Edar, near the dwelling of her father, and poetic tradition represents the Feinne (or Fenian) heroes as assisting at her obsequies. There may still be seen in Howth demesne a cromlech which legend has long pointed out as the sepulchre of Aideen. The most competent present-day opinion regards these monuments as sepulchral remains of the late stone age, which would throw back their origin to perhaps 2000 or more years before Christ. According to this view they have no more to do with the heroes of the Cuchullin or Ossian period than with the "giants" or "Danes," with whom rustic belief often associates them. But it is not impossible that a noble lady dying in the days of Cuchullin or Ossian may have been laid to rest in a pre-existing cromlech.

L. 1.—Cairn. A pile of rough stones set up as a landmark or memorial of any kind: the word is Gaelic. The monument on Howth Head is a cromlech (also a Gaelic word = 'crooked stone'), a very different thing from a cairn, being a pre-historic tomb consisting of a large flat stone laid horizontally on upright ones. Over such tombs, however, cairns or earthen mounds were sometimes piled.

For Ossian, his father Finn, his son Oscar, the fight at Gowra, and Ossian's disputes (two centuries later!) with St. Patrick one might consult many books in poetry and prose, in Irish and in English—among others Aubrey de Vere's *Legends of St. Patrick*, Mr. Rolleston's *High Deeds of Finn*, Standish O'Grady's *Finn and his Companions*.

L. 8.—The Danaan Druids. The Tuatha de Danaan were credited with half-divine nature and powers. It has been a common belief that the fairies are their modern representatives.

L. 10.—The grassy isthmus ridge. Where now stand Baldoye and Sutton.

L. 30.—The old Green Plain is said to have been open and cultivable from the beginning; unlike other plains, *μαῖσα* or *κλυανὰ*, which had to be freed from their primæval forests by the early colonists. Hence its appellation of the Old Plain. It extends over N.E. Dublin Co. and E. Meath. Its other name, Moynalty, (*μαῖς-ν'εαλτα*), means 'the plain of the bird-flocks.'

L. 52.—The angry Sand-Bull's roar. The sand-banks on either side of the estuary of the Liffey have obtained the names of the North and South Bulls, from the hollow bellowing sound there, made by the breakers in easterly and southerly winds. The North Bull gives its name to the adjoining district of Clontarf—*κλυαιν τὰ πύβ*—'Bulls' Meadow.'

L. 76.—The great green rath, etc. Oscar was entombed under a huge rath that occupied part of the field of battle. It cannot now be identified with certainty.

L. 77.—A cup of bodkin-pencilled clay: such an ornamental funeral urn for holding incinerated remains as may be seen in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. But in this passage F. was probably recalling some notable lines of Æschylus:—

"Whom they sent forth, they know: but instead of the living loved one, 'tis but a jar and ashes that reach his home. Ares, who traffics bodies for gold, holding for his scale the battle-spear, sendeth from Ilion dust from the fire, due weight for bitter tears, ashes once a man, pressed into the narrow compass of an urn."

—(*Agamemnon*, 441—451).

From this point to the end of the poem the full pathos of human caducity is brought home to us in multiplied touches that blend in harmonious unity. The mighty Oscar reduced to a little ashes, Aideen's faith and name wearing away with the chiselled stone, the bard's song forgotten, his successor in remote ages coming to a scene where all has changed, then the final reflections—'at least death, and the sorrow of death and the tears of bereavement are immortal on earth'—in such a theme and in his treatment of it Ferguson is no unworthy rival of great masters.

L. 86.—Ogham. An ancient Irish alphabet of some twenty characters used for inscriptions on the edges of rectangular stones.

L. 98.—Some child of chance. Ferguson is thinking of himself.

L. 115, etc.—Atharna: Bregia: Dun Almon. Here, as

throughout these comments, I shall make free use of Sir Samuel Ferguson's own excellent notes. Atharna was one of the ablest and most dreaded of the bards of Erin about the era of Christ. It was said that by him and for the use of his flocks the ford or weir of wicker-work was constructed across the Liffey, which gave to Dublin its ancient Irish name, *báile-áta-cliaic*, the town of the ford of the hurdles. He raised up war between Mesgedra and Conor MacNessa (Kings of Leinster and Ulster), but although Mesgedra was slain, Atharna's own poetical denunciations were more terrible to the Leinstermen than the swords of the Red-Branch Champions. For a year he brought fatalities upon them; neither corn, nor grass, nor leaf would grow in their fields.

The plain of Bregia (Ir. *bregia*) comprised a somewhat uncertain region in Dublin and Meath and running into Kildare and Wicklow: at times it was considered to be the district between the Liffey and the Boyne.

Dun Almon (Ir. *Almoun*) usually called the Hill of Allen, lies near the town of Kildare, and although but 676 feet in height is visible over an immense extent of country. It is often mentioned in old writings as having been the chief seat of Fionn Mac Cumhaill (father of Oisín) and his attendant heroes.

L. 126.—**Shall bid**: *which* shall bid.

L. 131.—**Mightier Druid host**. Those who were to bring the teachings and wonders of Christianity. **Druid** is a Celtic word meaning a magician, soothsayer, etc.; the Irish form is *Druid* (*dree*).

L. 150.—**Surcease**: pause, cease: a Shakespearian word. O.F. **sursise**, vb. **surseoir**.

The concluding lines are of fine classic simplicity.

ALFRED TENNYSON

ECHO SONG.

We are here introduced to four different worlds—the worlds of ancient chivalry, of wild nature, of fairyland, of love living in the human soul. More subtle and conjectural interpretations have been ventured on, but we need not discuss them. This delicate lyric does not say very much, but all it says or hints is touched into exquisite harmony.

"Our echoes roll," etc. refers especially to the transmission of ideas, impulses, passions from parents to children, from generation to generation.

With this Tennysonian optimism and ever-enduring music contrast the tragic conclusion of Christina Rossetti's poem (*Monna Innominata*, XIV.):—

Youth gone, and beauty gone, what doth remain?
The longing of a heart pent up forlorn,
The silence of a heart which sang its songs
While youth and beauty made a summer morn,
—Silence of love that cannot sing again.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

In this poem, as in the following, we find ancient story and myth happily used to express and respond to modern thought and feeling. Homer's *Odyssey*—the book of the adventures of Odysseus or Ulysses—is the source of both: but Homer has given mere hints to Tennyson. In the Ninth Book of the *Odyssey*, we are told how Odysseus, wandering for years after the fall of Troy, landed with his comrades in the country of the Lotos-eaters. The feeding on the fruit of the lotos produced the effect of totally depriving the eater of desire for active life: he sank into a dreamy passiveness; and so the comrades of Odysseus experienced, when they associated with the people of the land and ate of its fruit.

As treated by Tennyson, this legendary idea takes on a wide symbolism. It enables him to portray admirably a certain phase or mood of the modern mind, when in the face of the innumerable difficult problems of life, of the sense of helplessness created by scepticism, of the failures which strew the face of the world, it gives way wearily to a dejected or self-indulgent weariness, takes refuge in whatever easily-won pleasure the passing hour provides, and shirks the demands of duty. Disappointment gives up all struggle, the sceptic turns hedonist. Whenever men have lost fixed and living beliefs as to the end and purpose of life, when they recognise no beneficent Providence, no Will which sets the tasks of the toiler, guides them to good end, and guarantees infallibly their reward, then the philosophy of the Lotos-eaters must assert itself and appear logically unanswerable. *Omnia vanitas* is a sentiment containing so much truth that the sages and saints have proclaimed

it as well as the slothful and sinners. But the saints added: *praeter amare Deum et illi soli servire*: (Imitation I. 1); and even wise pagans understood that somewhere outside "the sphere of our sorrow" and our disappointments must be sought the stimulus and the sanction of man's toil and endeavour.

It is "the voice of the sluggard" that we hear once more in *The Lotos-Eaters*; but here he sings a varying descant of languor, disillusionment, and luxurious idleness with what subtle harmonies and melodious cadences!

L. 15.—All things have rest. Is this true? Shelley had said it before in exquisite though rarely-quoted verses:

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
 No bird so wild but has its quiet nest
 When it no more would roam:
 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
 Break like a bursting heart and die in foam,
 And thus, at length, find rest:
 Doubtless there is a place of peace
 Where my weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

Other poets, for example Goethe and Wordsworth, have drawn from Nature the lesson of a restless and ordered activity of well-doing at the bidding of Duty.

Wie das Gestirn
 Ohne Hast,
 Aber ohne Rast
 Es drehe sich jeder um die eigene Last.

L. 24.—The roof, etc. "Thou has subjected all things under his feet" says the Psalmist concerning man's divinely-appointed place on the earth.

L. 31.—Adown: A.S. of *dúne*—'from hill.' The prep. 'down' is but a contraction of this. Rare during centuries, 'adown' was brought back into poetic currency by Tennyson.

Ll. 35—6.—Days—place: a bad rhyme, which rather surprises here.

Ll. 41—49.—Death is the end, etc. This is the philosophy which mainly engages the Persian poet Omar Khayyam.

Ah, my beloved, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:
 To-morrow! Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's sev'n Thousand Years. . . .

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust unto Dust, and under Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

It was set forth eloquently, ages even before Omar, in the *Book of Wisdom* (chap. ii.) with the pithy comment: "for their malice hath blinded them."

L. 50.—The climbing wave: "If the sea is rough, the waves often appear to grow in height as they come near, and almost seem as if they were being driven up an incline. Small vessels such as the Greeks had, pitching in such a sea, may well be represented as laboriously climbing up a succession of waves." (Messrs. George and Hadow's note).

L. 58.—Which will not leave, etc. It was a land

"In which it seemed always afternoon."

(Introductory stanzas).

L. 60.—The Lotos: usually spelt (as in Latin) **lotus**. There were many plants known by this name. That meant here is not the Nile lily, the root of which has sometimes been used as food, which was sacred to Iris and Osiris and has since become a sacred and mystic flower in Buddhist mythology. The Lotos-eaters of Homer fed on a shrub which still grows on the north coast of Africa, and the fruit of which is still eaten there. This fruit is the **Zizyphus Lotus**, or jujube, called in Arab poetry "the fruit of Paradise."

L. 68.—An urn of brass.—The Greeks habitually consumed their dead by fire, and preserved the remaining ashes in urns of metal and earthenware. See *Aideen's Grave*, l. 77.

Ll. 74—87.—Like ghosts to trouble joy. The feeling of Tennyson's own English hero, Enoch Arden. But this passage is inspired by the Homeric account of Ulysses' actual experiences when he returned and found his house beset with suitors for his wife's hand and for succession to his property.

L. 81.—The gods are hard to reconcile: to those against whom they have once become hostile.

L. 87.—Pilot-stars: Greeks had not the mariner's compass.

L. 88.—Amaranth and Moly: fabulous flowers: **amaranth** means never-fading: **moly** was a specific against enchantments given to Ulysses by Hermes.

L. 97.—Acanthus: a plant with gracefully shaped leaves, said to have suggested the foliated capitals of

Corinthian columns. There appears no reason for calling it 'divine.'

L. 104.—Round and round, etc. Observe the change of metre at this point, slightly anticipating the change of sense and spirit. A touch of a more rebellious spirit inflames the languid victims of the Lotos and lifts the metre, up to line 125, where it sinks back into languor. The prevailing rhythm is seven-foot, the normal type being: But they smi'le'they fi'nd'a mu'sic cen'tred in'a do'le/ful son'g, and some lines, *e.g.*, 111, 119, seem to disappoint the ear by lack of syllables.

L. 106.—Starboard: O.E. *steorbord*, 'steering side' right of the steersman, looking forward. **Larboard:** O.E. *ladeboard* (etym. doubtful); now replaced by 'port.'

L. 107.—Wallowing monster: the whale, occasionally, though rarely, seen in the Mediterranean Sea.

Ll. 110, etc.—Careless of mankind: here is expressed the Epicurean notion of divine non-government. But the weary soldier-sailors go farther still, and find an excuse for indolence and selfishness in the suggestion that the gods are not only indifferent to human suffering and human lamentation, but take some pleasure in it.

L. 111.—Nectar: the drink of Olympus, as ambrosia was the food; forbidden to men as an elixir of immortality.

L. 123.—Hell: from root of O.E. *helan*—to hide. Hela was a goddess of the lower world in Norse mythology.

L. 124.—Elysian. The 'Elysium' conceived of by the ancients was but a shadowy, altogether "ghostly" place of reward: it could but faintly stimulate to endurance or action.

L. 125.—Asphodel: Greek *ασφόδελος*, a kind of lily. Doublet of *daffodil*, in which 'd' crept in from M. Fr. *fleur d'affrodille*: M. E. *affodille*.

ULYSSES.

In *Ulysses*, we see the man of strong will and restless intellect urged on, even while life is closing, by the desire of knowledge for its own sake, by impatience of idleness, narrowness and pettiness. He is of the same noble type as the hero of Longfellow's *Excelsior*. Of itself, it does not afford a complete philosophy of life. Of itself, it gives no guarantee of other end than wreck on the wild waves or freezing to death on the mountain top, but its energy and idealism are the noblest things

in man's merely natural range: and when supernaturally elevated, give us a Paul, a Xavier, or a Teresa.

"*Ulysses*," wrote Tennyson, "was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death [in 1833: but the text underwent revision], and gave my feelings about the need of going forward and learning the struggle of life." Was there, then, a touch, perhaps, of unreality—the young man of twenty-four placing his own feelings on the lips of one old and war-worn? However that may be, the poem is entirely admirable. The language is fully on a level with the poet's conception of the hero—with his unconquerable spirit, his longing for endless progress and enlightenment—all finely set off by the hinted background of his great and varied past. And the music of the blank verse moves with a Dorian majesty.

According to Homeric legend, Odysseus, chieftain of Ithaca, having taken part in the ten-years' siege of Troy and wandered long over many seas, regained at last his native island. He drove out his enemies, and settled down with his aged wife, the faithful Penelope, to rule the little realm. To represent him as growing impatient of his narrow rocky domain and insignificant duties, and longing once more for limitless adventure and experience, is a conception of Tennyson's own.

L. 3.—*Mete and dole*: these two monosyllabic verbs imply contempt for the royal business to be done among the uncultured islanders.

L. 10.—*Scudding drifts*: wind-driven foggy clouds.

Hyades: a Greek name meaning "rainy ones"; a constellation whose rising and setting were supposed to be accompanied with rain and storms.

L. Windy: Homer's constant epithet for Troy.

L. 20.—*That untravelled world, whose margin fades*. The horizon, ever promising a limit to the world, ever receding as it is approached, has a perennial interest for the childlike and the poetic mind: to the latter it has seemed a symbol of many human things.

L. 30.—*And this gray spirit yearning*, etc.: while this gray spirit is yearning, etc. This might seem an Irishism. Cp. the line in *The Burial of Sir John Moore* by the Irishman Wolfe: "And we far away on the billow." But the use of "and" with an absolute clause was not very rare in Mid. English. Thus Chaucer:—

What could a sturdy husband more devise
To prove her wifehood and her steadfastness,
And he continuing ever in sturdiness?

—(*Clerk's Tale*. IV. 91. Spelling modernized).

L. 33.—Telemachus. Something of Virgil's 'pius Aeneas' and something of Fenelon's 'Telemaque' may have helped to make up this character in Tennyson's mind. The young man (says Mr. G. S. Brett) is 'great in all that is small' and probably 'small in all that is great'; what the French would call *un bon petit jeune homme*.

L. 46.—My mariners. The introduction of those comrades of old days greatly heightens the effect of the picture. None of them could do or think like Ulysses, but they are capable of following his lead. Tennyson deliberately forsakes Homer, who represents the comrades of Ulysses as having all perished before his homecoming.

L. 47.—Frolic: this use of frolic as an adjective has long been unusual. German *fröhlich*—merry.

L. 53.—That strove with gods. During the siege of Troy the gods took part with the combatants, even to the extent of actually joining in the fighting.

L. 58.—Smite the sounding furrows: of the waves with the oar, which had often to supplement the sails of the ancient vessel. The phrase is Homeric.

L. 60.—The baths, etc. Another Homeric phrase. The Greeks conceived of the earth as a flat plain, surrounded by ocean. Into ocean sun and stars, as they set, descended.

L. 62.—Gulfs: akin to Greek *κόλπος*, a bosom, a deep hollow; then a large bay, also a formidable whirl-pool or vacuity.

L. 63.—The Happy Isles: the Greeks imagined such a region far out in the western ocean, as others also have done, *e.g.*, the Irish with their Hy Brasail. Real lands, such as the Canary and Azores Islands, traditions of vanished islands, and the vague suggestions of sunset clouds all contributed to build up this idea. Pindar (III. *Olympic*) thus describes the Isles of the Blest (I quote Messrs. George and Hadow's translation):—

"Alike by day and by night enjoying the sunshine, the good pass a peaceful existence, not ploughing land or sea with the toil of their hands for a scanty dole; but honoured of the gods who love righteousness they live a tearless life. And such as have thrice, on either side of the gate of death, kept their souls pure from all wrong, journey by the highway of Zeus, to where the ocean breezes ever play round the Isles of the Blessed. There blaze flowers of gold, on the trees and in the water, and with these they wreath their arms and necks. And among them are numbered Peleus and Cadmus; thither too, when she had won the heart of Zeus by her prayers, his mother brought Achilles, slayer of Hector, the pillar of Troy."

L. 68.—Temper: as of swords.

Ll. 66—70. Compare with this mood that of the glorified Satan of Milton (referred to here by Mr. Brett) *Paradise Lost*, I., 106—110.

All is not lost, the unconquerable will . . .
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

The sentiments of this poem may be compared with those of Longfellow's well-known *Psalm of Life*.

L. 4.—As things have been, they remain. The author of *Ecclesiastes* seemed to say so. "What is it that has been?—that which is to be. What is it that has been done?—that which is to be done. There is nothing new under the sun." Clough would encourage our "hopes" against this view. Which is right? The Christian apostolate, though nothing else has been so efficacious towards the general elevation of humanity, sides rather with the ancient preacher. Interested supremely in the individual soul, the purification, the perfection, the eternal life of the individual, it is sceptical about progress *en masse*, and in much that is hailed as improvement it discerns illusion.

Ll. 13—16. The image is not quite so satisfactory as that contained in the preceding stanza. The light is, after all, coming from only one source, and diffused only by *its* rays.

L. 14.—Comes, comes in. Is this a negligent and faulty repetition? The classic stylist, La Bruyère, has warned us against carrying dislike of repetition so far as to substitute for a well-chosen word one less accurate or effective. But the colourless word "come" can hardly fall under this canon of style.

AUBREY DE VERE

REX AETERNUS

May Carols appeared some two years after the author's reception into the Catholic Church and subsequent visit to Rome in 1851. Pope Pius IX. exhorted the thoughtful and gifted convert to write on the Blessed Virgin: and these poems were the response. In number nearly 170, their range is great—from high Platonic speculations to graceful vignettes of Shannon-side scenery.

De Vere may have had in mind while writing the piece here quoted some reminiscences of his favourite poet Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, notably of such lines as:

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens though Thee are fresh and strong.

Also, though he read and liked Goethe but little, De Vere here seems to recall the sublime hymn of the Archangels at the opening of *Faust*:—

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may . . .
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on Creation's day.

—(Shelley's Translation).



